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TORONTO



The History of the  
Valorous & Witty Knight-Errant  
Don Quixote of the Mancha

By Miguel de Cervantes

*Translated by Thomas Shelton*

IN THREE VOLS.—VOL. II

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THE DELIGHTFUL  
HISTORY OF THE MOST INGENIOUS KNIGHT  
DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

THE FOURTH BOOK CONTINUED

CHAPTER VIII

*Wherein is ended the History of the Curious-Impertinent:  
And likewise recounted the Rough Encounter and Conflict  
passed between Don Quixote and certain Bags of Red  
Wine*

A LITTLE more of the novel did rest unread, when Sancho Panza, all perplexed, ran out of the chamber where his lord reposed, crying as loud as he could, 'Come, good sirs, speedily, and assist my lord; who is engaged in one of the most terrible battles that ever mine eyes have seen. I swear that he hath given such a blow to the giant, my lady the Princess Micomicona her enemy, as he hath cut his head quite off as round as a turnip.'

'What sayst thou, friend?' quoth the curate (leaving off at that word to prosecute the reading of his novel). 'Art thou in thy wits, Sancho? What a devil, man, how can that be, seeing the giant dwells at least two thousand leagues from hence?' By this they heard a marvellous great noise within the chamber, and that Don Quixote

cried out aloud, 'Stay, false thief! robber, stay! for since thou art here, thy scimitar shall but little avail thee.' And therewithal it seemed that he struck a number of mighty blows on the walls. And Sancho said, 'There is no need to stand thus listening abroad, but rather that you go in and part the fray, or else assist my lord; although I think it be not very necessary, for the giant is questionless dead by this, and giving account for the ill life he led; for I saw his blood run all about the house, and his head cut off, which is as great as a great wine bag.' 'I am content to be hewn in pieces,' quoth the innkeeper, hearing of this, 'if Don Quixote or Don devil have not given some blow to one of the wine-bags that stood filled at his bed's head, and the shed wine must needs be that which seems blood to this good man.' And saying so, he entered into the room, and all the rest followed him, where they found Don Quixote in the strangest guise that may be imagined. He was in his shirt, the which was not long enough before to cover his thighs, and it was six fingers shorter behind. His legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and horrible dirty. He wore on his head a little red but very greasy nightcap, which belonged to the innkeeper. He had wreathed on his left arm the coverlet of his bed; on which Sancho looked very often and angrily, as one that knew well the cause of his own malice to it: and in his right hand he gripped his naked sword, wherewithal he laid round about him many a thwack; and withal spake as if he were in battle with some giant. And the best of all was, that he held not his eyes open; for he was indeed asleep, and dreaming that he was in fight with the giant. For the imagination of the adventure which he had undertaken to finish, was so bent upon it, as it made him to dream that he was already arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon, and that he was then in combat with his enemy, and he had given so many blows on the wine-bags, supposing them to be giants, as all the whole chamber flowed with wine. Which being perceived by the host, all inflamed with rage, he set upon Don Quixote with dry fists, and gave unto him so many blows that if



Cardenio and the curate had not taken him away, he would doubtlessly have finished the war of the giant; and yet with all this did not the poor knight awake, until the barber brought in a great kettle full of cold water from the well, and threw it all at a clap upon him, and therewithal Don Quixote awaked, but not in such sort as he perceived the manner wherein he was. Dorothea, seeing how short and how thin her champion was arrayed, would not go in to see the conflict of her combatant and his adversary.

Sancho went up and down the floor searching for the giant's head, and seeing that he could not find it he said, 'Now I do see very well that all the things of this house are enchantments, for the last time that I was here, in this very same room, I got many blows and buffets, and knew not who did strike me, nor could I see any body; and now the head appears not, which I saw cut off with mine own eyes, and yet the blood ran as swiftly from the body as water would from a fountain.' 'What blood, or what fountain dost thou tattle of here, thou enemy of God and His saints?' quoth the innkeeper. 'Thou thief, dost thou not see that the blood and the fountain is no other thing than these wine-bags which are slashed here, and the wine red that swims up and down this chamber? And I wish that I may see his soul swimming in hell which did bore them!' 'I know nothing,' replied Sancho, 'but this, that if I cannot find the giant's head, I shall become so unfortunate, as mine earldom will dissolve like salt cast into water.' And certes, Sancho awake was in worse case than his master sleeping, so much had his lord's promises distracted him. The innkeeper, on the other side, was at his wits' end, to see the humour of the squire and unhappiness of his lord, and swore that it should not succeed with them now as it had done the other time, when they went away without payment; and that now the privileges of chivalry should not any whit avail him, but he should surely pay both the one and the other—yea, even for the very patches that were to be set on the bored wine-bags.

The curate held fast Don Quixote by the hands, who believing that he had achieved the adventure, and was

after it come into the Princess Micomicona her presence, he laid himself on his knees before the curate, saying, 'Well may your greatness, high and famous lady, live from henceforth secure from any danger that this unfortunate wretch may do unto you; and I am also freed from this day forward from the promise that I made unto you, seeing I have, by the assistance of the heavens, and through her favour by whom I live and breathe, so happily accomplished it.' 'Did not I say so?' quoth Sancho, hearing of his master. 'Yea, I was not drunk. See if my master hath not powdered the giant by this? The matter is questionless, and the earldom is mine own.' Who would not laugh at these raving fits of the master and man? All of them laughed save the innkeeper, who gave himself for anger to the devil more than a hundred times. And the barber, Cardenio, and the curate, got Don Quixote to bed again, not without much ado, who presently fell asleep with tokens of marvellous weariness. They left him sleeping, and went out to comfort Sancho Panza for the grief he had, because he could not find the giant's head; but yet had more ado to pacify the innkeeper, who was almost out of his wits for the unexpected and sudden death of his wine-bags.

The hostess, on the other side, went up and down whining and saying, 'In an ill season and an unlucky hour did this knight-errant enter into my house, alas! and I would that mine eyes had never seen him, seeing he costs me so dear. The last time that he was here, he went away scot free for his supper, bed, straw, and barley, both for himself and his man, his horse and his ass, saying that he was a knight-adventurer (and God give to him ill venture, and to all the other adventurers of the world!) and was not therefore bound to pay anything, for so it was written in the statutes of chivalry. And now for his cause came the other gentleman, and took away my good tail, and hath returned it me back with two quarters of damage; for all the hair is fallen off, and it cannot stand my husband any more in stead for the purpose he had it; and for an end and conclusion of all, to break my wine-

bags and shed my wine : I wish I may see as much of his blood shed. And do not think otherwise ; for, by my father's old bones and the life of my mother, they shall pay me every doit, one quart upon another, or else I will never be called as I am, nor be mine own father's daughter.'

These and such like words spake the innkeeper's wife with very great fury, and was seconded by her good servant Maritornes. The daughter held her peace, and would now and then smile a little. But master parson did quiet and pacify all, by promising to satisfy them for the damages as well as he might, as well for the wine as for the bags, but chiefly for her tail, the which was so much accounted of and valued so highly. Dorothea did comfort Sancho, saying to him, that whensoever it should be verified that his lord had slain the giant, and established her quietly in her kingdom, she would bestow upon him the best earldom thereof. With this he took courage, and assured the princess that he himself had seen the giant's head cut off ; and for a more certain token thereof, he said that he had a beard that reached him down to his girdle ; and that if the head could not now be found, it was by reason that all the affairs of that house were guided by enchantment, as he had made experience to his cost the last time that he was lodged therein. Dorothea replied that she was of the same opinion, and bade him to be of good cheer, for all would be well ended to his heart's desire. All parties being quiet, the curate resolved to finish the end of his novel, because he perceived that there rested but a little unread thereof. Cardenio, Dorothea, and all the rest entreated him earnestly to finish it. And he desiring to delight them all herein and recreate himself, did prosecute the tale in this manner :

'It after befel that Anselmo grew so satisfied of his wife's honesty as he led a most contented and secure life. And Camilla did for the nonce look sourly upon Lothario, to the end Anselmo might construe her mind amiss. And for a greater confirmation thereof, Lothario requested Anselmo to excuse his coming any more to his house, see-

ing that he clearly perceived how Camilla could neither brook his company nor presence. But the hoodwinked Anselmo answered him that he would in no wise consent thereunto; and in this manner did weave his own dishonour a thousand ways, thinking to work his contentment. In this season, such was the delight that Leonela took also in her affections, as she suffered herself to be borne away by them headlongly, without any care or regard, confident because her lady did cover it, yea, and sometimes instructed her how she might put her desires in practice, without any fear or danger. But finally, Anselmo heard on a night somebody walk in Leonela's chamber, and, being desirous to know who it was, as he thought to enter, he felt the door to be held fast against him, which gave him a greater desire to open it; and therefore he struggled so long and used such violence, as he threw open the door, and entered just at the time that another leaped out at the window; and therefore he ran out to overtake him, or see wherein he might know him, but could neither compass the one nor the other, by reason that Leonela, embracing him hardly, withheld him and said, "Pacify yourself, good sir, and be not troubled, nor follow him that was here; for he is one that belongs to me, and that so much, as he is my spouse." Anselmo would not believe her, but rather, blind with rage, he drew out his poniard and would have wounded her, saying, that she should presently tell him the truth, or else he would kill her. She, distracted with fear, said, without noting her own words, "Kill me not, sir, and I will acquaint you with things which concern you more than you can imagine." "Say quickly, then," quoth Anselmo, "or else thou shalt die." "It will be impossible," replied Leonela, "for me to speak anything now, I am so affrighted; but give respite till morning, and I will recount unto you things that will marvellously astonish you; and in the meantime rest secure, that he which leaped out of the window is a young man of this city, betwixt whom and me hath passed a promise of marriage." Anselmo was somewhat satisfied by these words, and therefore resolved

to expect the term which she had demanded to open her mind; for he did not suspect that he should hear anything of Camilla, by reason he was already so assured of her virtue. And so, departing out of the chamber, and shutting up Leonela therein, threatening her withal that she should never depart thence until she had said all that she promised to reveal unto him, he went presently to Camilla, to tell unto her all that which his maiden had said, and the promise she had passed, to disclose greater and more important things. Whether Camilla, hearing this, were perplexed or no, I leave to the discreet reader's judgment; for such was the fear which she conceived, believing certainly (as it was to be doubted) that Leonela would tell to Anselmo all that she knew of her disloyalty, as she had not the courage to expect and see whether her surmise would become false or no. But the very same night, as soon as she perceived Anselmo to be asleep, gathering together her best jewels and some money, she departed out of her house unperceived of any, and went to Lothario's lodging, to whom she recounted all that had passed, and requested him either to leave her in some safe place, or both of them to depart to some place where they might live secure out of Anselmo's reach. The confusion that Camilla struck into Lothario was such as he knew not what to say, and much less how to resolve himself what he might do. But at last he determined to carry Camilla to a monastery wherein his sister was prioress; to which she easily condescended: and therefore Lothario departed, and left her there with all the speed that the case required, and did also absent himself presently from the city, without acquainting anybody with his departure.

'Anselmo, as soon as it was day, without heeding the absence of his wife, arose and went to the place where he had shut up Leonela, with desire to know of her what she had promised to acquaint him withal. He opened the chamber door, and entered, but could find nobody therein, but some certain sheets knit together and tied to the window, as a certain sign how Leonela had made an escape by that way. Wherefore he returned very sad to tell to

Camilla the adventure; but when he could neither find her at bed nor in the whole house, he remained astonished, and demanded for her of his servants, but none of them could tell him anything. And as he searched for her, he happened to see her coffers lie open and most of her jewels wanting; and herewithal fell into the true account of his disgrace, and that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune, and so departed out of his house sad and pensive, even as he was, half ready and unapparelled, to his friend Lothario, to recount unto him his disaster: but when he found him to be likewise absented, and that the servants told him how their master was departed the very same night, and had borne away with him all his money, he was ready to run out of his wits. And to conclude, he returned to his own house again, wherein he found no creature, man or woman, for all his folk were departed, and had left the house alone and desert. He knew not what he might think, say, or do; and then his judgment began to fail him. There he did contemplate and behold himself in an instant, without a wife, a friend, and servants; abandoned (to his seeming) of Heaven that covered him, and chiefly without honour; for he clearly noted his own perdition in Camilla's crime. In the end he resolved, after he had bethought himself a great while, to go to his friend's village, wherein he had been all the while that he afforded the leisure to contrive that disaster. And so, shutting up his house, he mounted a-horseback, and rode away in languishing and doleful wise. And scarce had he ridden the half-way, when he was so fiercely assaulted by his thoughts, as he was constrained to alight, and, tying his horse to a tree, he leaned himself to the trunk thereof, and breathed out a thousand pitiful and dolorous sighs; and there he abode until it was almost night, about which hour he espied a man to come from the city a-horseback by the same way, and, having saluted him, he demanded of him what news he brought from Florence. The citizen replied, "The strangest that had happened there many a day; for it is there reported publicly that Lothario, the great friend of the rich man, hath carried away the said Anselmo's wife



Camilla this night, for she is also missing : all which a waiting-maid of Camilla's hath confessed, whom the governor apprehended yesternight as she slipped down at a window by a pair of sheets out of the said Anselmo's house. I know not particularly the truth of the affair, but well I wot that all the city is amazed at the accident ; for such a fact would not be as much as surmised from the great and familiar amity of them two, which was so much as they were called, 'The Two Friends.'" "Is it perhaps yet known," replied Anselmo, "which way Lothario and Camilla have taken ?" "In no wise!" quoth the citizen, "although the governor hath used all possible diligence to find them out." "Farewell, then, good sir," said Anselmo. "And with you, sir," said the traveller. And so departed.

'With these so unfortunate news poor Anselmo arrived, not only to terms of losing his wits, but also well-nigh of losing his life ; and therefore, arising as well as he might, he came to his friend's house, who had heard nothing yet of his disgrace ; but perceiving him to arrive so wan, pined, and dried up, he presently conjectured that some grievous evil afflicted him. Anselmo requested him presently that he might be carried to his chamber, and provided of paper and ink to write withal. All was done, and he left in bed, and alone, for so he desired them ; and also that the door should be fast locked. And being alone, the imagination of his misfortune gave him such a terrible charge, as he clearly perceived that his life would shortly fail him, and therefore resolved to leave notice of the cause of his sudden and unexpected death ; and therefore he began to write it ; but before he could set an end to his discourse, his breath failed, and he yielded up his life into the hands of sorrow, which his impertinent curiosity had stirred up in him. The gentleman of the house, seeing that it grew late, and that Anselmo had not called, determined to enter, and know whether his indisposition passed forward, and he found him lying on his face, with half of his body in the bed, and the other half leaning on the table whereon he lay, with a written paper unfolded, and held the pen also yet in his hand. His host drew near unto him and, first

of all, having called him, he took him by the hand ; and seeing that he answered not, and that it was cold, he knew that he was dead ; and, greatly perplexed and grieved thereat, he called in his people, that they might also be witnesses of the disastrous success of Anselmo ; and after all, he took the paper and read it, which he knew to be written with his own hand, the substance whereof was this :

“ A foolish and impertinent desire hath despoiled me of life. If the news of my death shall arrive to Camilla, let her also know that I do pardon her, for she was not bound to work miracles ; nor had I any need to desire that she should work them. And seeing I was the builder and contriver of mine own dishonour, there is no reason ”—

‘ Hitherunto did Anselmo write, by which it appeared that his life ended in that point, ere he could set an end to the reason he was to give. The next day ensuing, the gentleman his friend acquainted Anselmo’s kinsfolk with his death ; the which had already knowledge of his misfortune, and also of the monastery wherein Camilla had retired herself, being almost in terms to accompany her husband in that forcible voyage ; nor for the news of his death, but for grief of others which she had received of her absent friend. It is said that although she was a widow, yet would she neither depart out of the monastery, nor become a religious woman, until she had received within a few days after news how Lothario was slain in a battle given by Monsieur de Lautrec, to the great Captain Gonzalo Fernandez of Cordova, in the kingdom of Naples ; and that was the end of the late repentant friend, the which being known to Camilla, she made a profession, and shortly after deceased between the rigorous hands of sorrow and melancholy : and this was the end of them all, sprung from a rash and inconsiderate beginning.’

‘ This novel,’ quoth the curate, having read it, ‘ is a pretty one ; but yet I cannot persuade myself that it is true, and if it be a fiction, the author erred therein ; for it



cannot be imagined that any husband would be so foolish as to make so costly an experience as did Anselmo : but if this accident had been devised betwixt a gentleman and his love, then were it possible ; but being between man and wife, it contains somewhat that is impossible and unlikely, but yet I can take no exception against the manner of recounting thereof.'

## CHAPTER IX

*Which treats of many Rare Successes befallen in the Inn*

WHILST they discoursed thus, the innkeeper, who stood all the while at the door, said, 'Here comes a fair troop of guests, and if they will here alight we may sing *Gaudeamus*.' 'What folk is it?' quoth Cardenio. 'Four men on horseback,' quoth the host, 'and ride jennet-wise, with lances and targets, and masks on their faces ; and with them comes likewise a woman apparelled in white, in a side-saddle, and her face also masked, and two lackeys that run with them a-foot.' 'Are they near?' quoth the curate. 'So near,' replied the innkeeper, 'as they do now arrive.' Dorothea hearing him say so, covered her face, and Cardenio entered into Don Quixote's chamber ; and scarce had they leisure to do it, when the others of whom the host spake, entered into the inn, and the four horsemen alighting, which were all of very comely and gallant disposition, they went to help down the lady that rode in the side-saddle, and one of them taking her down in his arms, did seat her in a chair that stood at the chamber door, into which Cardenio had entered : and all this while neither she nor they took off their masks, or spake a word, only the gentlewoman, at her sitting down in the chair, breathed forth a very deep sigh, and let fall her arms like a sick and dismayed person. The lackeys carried away their horses to the stable. Master curate seeing and noting all this, and curious to

know what they were that came to the inn in so unwonted an attire, and kept such profound silence therein, went to the lackeys and demanded of one of them that which he desired to know, who answered, 'In good faith, sir, I cannot tell you what folk this is; only this I know, that they seem to be very noble, but chiefly he that went and took down the lady in his arms that you see there; and this I say, because all the others do respect him very much, and nothing is done but what he ordains and commands.' 'And the lady, what is she?' quoth the curate. 'I can as hardly inform you,' quoth the lackey, 'for I have not once seen her face in all this journey; yet I have heard her often groan and breathe out so profound sighs, as it seems she would give up the ghost at every one of them. And it is no marvel that we should know no more than we have said, for my companion and myself have been in their company but two days; for they encountered us on the way, and prayed and persuaded us to go with them unto Andalusia, promising that they would recompense our pains largely.' 'And hast thou heard them name one another?' said the curate. 'No, truly,' answered the lackey; 'for they all travel with such silence, as it is a wonder; for you shall not hear a word among, but the sighs and throbs of the poor lady, which do move in us very great compassion. And we do questionless persuade ourselves that she is forced where-soever she goes: and as it may be collected by her attire, she is a nun, or, as is most probable, goes to be one; and perhaps she goeth so sorrowful as it seems because she hath no desire to become religious.' 'It may very well be so,' quoth the curate. And so leaving them, he returned to the place where he had left Dorothea; who, hearing the disguised lady to sigh so often, moved by the native compassion of that sex, drew near her and said, 'What ails you, good madam? I pray you think if it be any of those inconveniences to which woman be subject, and whereof they may have use and experience to cure them, I do offer unto you my service, assistance, and good-will to help you, as much as lies in

my power.' To all those compliments the doleful lady answered nothing; and although Dorothea made her again larger offers of her service, yet stood she, ever silent, until the bemasked gentleman (whom the lackey said the rest did obey) came over and said to Dorothea, 'Lady, do not trouble yourself to offer anything to that woman, for she is of a most ungrateful nature, and is never wont to gratify any courtesy, nor do you seek her to answer unto your demands, if you would not hear some lie from her mouth.' 'I never said any,' quoth the silent lady, 'but rather because I am so true and sincere, without guiles, I am now drowned here in those misfortunes; and of this I would have thyself bear witness, seeing my pure truth makes thee to be so false and disloyal.'

Cardenio overheard those words very clear and distinctly, as one that stood so near unto her that said them, as only Don Quixote's chamber door stood between them. And instantly when he heard them, he said with a very loud voice, 'Good God! what is this that I hear? What voice is this that hath touched mine ear?' The lady, moved with a sudden passion, turned her head at those outcries, and seeing she could not perceive him that gave them, she got up, and would have entered into the room, which the gentleman espying, withheld her, and would not let her stir out of the place: and with the alteration and sudden motion the mask fell off her face, and she discovered an incomparable beauty, and an angelical countenance, although it was somewhat wan and pale, and turned here and there with her eyes to every place so earnestly as she seemed to be distracted; which motions, without knowing the reason why they were made, struck Dorothea and the rest that beheld her into very great compassion. The gentleman holding her very strongly fast by the shoulders, the mask he wore on his own face was falling; and he being so busied could not hold it up, but in the end [it] fell wholly. Dorothea, who had likewise embraced the lady, lifting up her eyes by chance, saw that he which did also embrace the lady was her spouse Don Fernando; and scarce had she known him, when, breathing out a long and

most pitiful 'Alas !' from the bottom of her heart, she fell backward in a trance ; and if the barber had not been by good hap at hand, she would have fallen on the ground with all the weight of her body. The curate presently repaired to take off the veil of her face and cast water thereon : and as soon as he did discover it, Don Fernando, who was he indeed that held fast the other, knew her, and looked like a dead man as soon as he viewed her, but did not all this while let go Lucinda, who was the other whom he held so fast, and that laboured so much to escape out of his hands. Cardenio likewise heard the 'Alas !' that Dorothea said when she fell into a trance, and, believing that it was his Lucinda, issued out of the chamber greatly altered, and the first he espied was Don Fernando, which held Lucinda fast, who forthwith knew him. And all the three—Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea—stood dumb and amazed, as folk that knew not what had befallen unto them. All of them held their peace, and beheld one another ; Dorothea looked on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio, Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda again on Cardenio ; but Lucinda was the first that broke silence, speaking to Don Fernando in this manner : 'Leave me off, Lord Fernando, I conjure thee, by that thou shouldst be ; for that which thou art, if thou wilt not do it for any other respect ; let me cleave to the wall whose ivy I am ; to the supporter from whom neither thy importunity nor threats, promises or gifts, could once deflect me. Note how Heaven, by unusual, unfrequented, and from us concealed ways, hath set my true spouse before mine eyes ; and thou dost know well, by a thousand costly experiences, that only death is potent to blot forth his remembrance out of my memory. Let, then, so manifest truths be of power (if thou must do none other) to convert thine affliction into rage, and thy good-will into despite, and therewithal end my life ; for if I may render up the ghost in the presence of my dear spouse, I shall account it fortunately lost. Perhaps by my death he will remain satisfied of the faith which I ever kept sincere towards him until the last period of my life.' By this

time Dorothea was come to herself, and listened to most of Lucinda's reasons, and by them came to the knowledge of herself. But seeing Don Fernando did not yet let her depart from between his arms, nor answer anything to her words, encouraging herself the best that she might, she arose, and, kneeling at his feet, and shedding a number of crystal and penetrating tears, she spoke to him thus :

‘If it be not so, my lord, that the beams of that sun which thou holdest eclipsed between thine arms do darken and deprive those of thine eyes, thou mightest have by this perceived how she that is prostrated at thy feet is the unfortunate (until thou shalt please) and the disastrous Dorothea. I am that poor humble countrywoman whom thou, either through thy bounty, or for thy pleasure, didst deign to raise to that height that she might call thee her own. I am she which, some time immured within the limits of honesty, did lead a most contented life, until it opened the gates of her recollection and wariness to thine importunity, and seeming just and amorous requests, and rendered up to thee the keys of her liberty; a gift by thee so ill recompensed, as the finding myself in so remote a place as this wherein you have met with me, and I seen you, may clearly testify; but yet for all this, I would not have you to imagine that I come here guided by dishonourable steps, being only hitherto conducted by the tracts of dolour and feeling, to see myself thus forgotten by thee. It was thy will that I should be thine own, and thou didst desire it in such a manner, as although now thou wouldst not have it so, yet canst not thou possibly leave off to be mine. Know, my dear lord, that the matchless affections that I do bear towards thee may recompense and be equivalent to her beauty and nobility for whom thou dost abandon me.

‘Thou canst not be the beautiful Lucinda's, because thou art mine ; nor she thine, forasmuch as she belongs to Cardenio ; and it will be more easy, if you will note it well, to reduce thy will to love her that adores thee, than to address hers, that hates thee, to bear thee affection. Thou didst solicit my recchelessness, thou prayedst to

mine integrity, and wast not ignorant of my quality; thou knowest also very well upon what terms I subjected myself to thy will, so as there remains no place nor colour to term it a fraud or deceit; and all this being so, as in verity it is, and that thou beest as Christian as thou art noble, why dost thou with these so many untoward wreathings dilate the making of mine end happy, whose commencement thou didst illustrate so much? And if thou wilt not have me for what I am, who am thy true and lawful spouse, yet at least take and admit me for thy slave, for so that I may be in thy possession I will account myself happy and fortunate. Do not permit that by leaving and abandoning me, meetings may be made to discourse of my dishonour. Do not vex thus the declining years of my parents, seeing that the loyal services which they ever have done as vassals to thine deserve not so [dis]honest a recompense. And if thou esteemest that thy blood by meddling with mine shall be stained or embased, consider how few noble houses, or rather none at all, are there in the world which have not run the same way, and that the woman's side is not essentially requisite for the illustrating of noble descents. How much more, seeing that true nobility consists in virtue, which if it shall want in thee, by refusing that which thou owest me so justly, I shall remain with many more degrees of nobility than thou shalt. And in conclusion, that which I will lastly say is, that whether thou wilt or no, I am thy wife; the witnesses are thine own words, which neither should nor ought to lie, if thou dost esteem thyself to have that for the want of which thou despisest me. Witness shall also be thine own handwriting. Witness Heaven, which thou didst invoke to bear witness of that which thou didst promise unto me: and when all this shall fail, thy very conscience shall never fail from using clamours, being silent in thy mirth and turning, for this truth which I have said to thee now shall trouble thy greatest pleasure and delight.'

These and many other like reasons did the sweetly grieved Dorothea use with such feeling, as all those that were present, as well such as accompanied Don Fernando,



and all the others that did accompany her, shed abundance of tears. Don Fernando listened unto her without replying a word, until she had ended her speech, and given beginning to so many sighs and sobs, as the heart that could endure to behold them without moving were harder than brass. Lucinda did also regard her, no less compassionate of her sorrow than admired at her discretion and beauty, and although she would have approached to her, and used some consolatory words, yet was she hindered by Don Fernando's arms, which held her still embraced, who, full of confusion and marvel, after he had stood very attentively beholding Dorothea a good while, opening his arms, and leaving Lucinda free, said, 'Thou hast vanquished, O beautiful Dorothea! thou hast vanquished me; for it is not possible to resist or deny so many united truths.' Lucinda, through her former trance and weakness, as Don Fernando left her, was like to fall, if Cardenio, who stood behind Don Fernando all the while lest he should be known, shaking off all fear and endangering his person, had not started forward to stay her from falling; and, clasping her sweetly between his arms, he said, 'If pitiful Heaven be pleased, and would have thee now at last take some ease, my loyal, constant, and beautiful lady, I presume that thou canst not possess it more securely than between these arms which do now receive thee, as whilom they did when fortune was pleased that I might call thee mine own.' And then Lucinda, first severing her eyelids, beheld Cardenio, and having first taken notice of him by his voice, and confirmed it again by her sight, like one quite distracted, without further regarding modest respects, she cast both her arms about his neck, and, joining her face to his, said, 'Yea, thou indeed art my lord; thou, the true owner of this poor captive, howsoever adverse fortune shall thwart it, or this life, which is only sustained and lives by thine, be ever so much threatened.' This was a marvellous spectacle to Don Fernando, and all the rest of the beholders, which did universally admire at this so unexpected an event. And Dorothea, perceiving Don Fernando to

change colour, as one resolving to take revenge on Cardenio, for he had set hand to his sword, which she conjecturing, did with marvellous expedition kneel, and, catching hold on his legs, kissing them, she strained them with so loving embracements as he could not stir out of the place, and then, with her eyes overflown with tears, said unto him, 'What meanest thou to do, my only refuge in this unexpected trance? Thou hast here thine own spouse at thy feet, and her whom thou wouldst fain possess is between her own husband's arms. Judge, then, whether it become thee, or is a thing possible, to dissolve that which Heaven hath knit, or whether it be anywise laudable to endeavour to raise and equal to thyself her who, contemning all dangers and inconveniences, and confirmed in faith and constancy, doth in thy presence bathe her eyes with amorous liquor of her true love's face and bosom. I desire thee for God's sake, and by thine own worths I request thee, that this so notorious a verity may not only assuage thy choler, but also diminish it in such sort, as thou mayst quietly and peaceably permit those two lovers to enjoy their desires without any encumbrance all the time that Heaven shall grant it to them; and herein thou shalt show the generosity of thy magnanimous and noble breast, and give the world to understand how reason prevaieth in thee, and domineereth over passion.' All the time that Dorothea spoke thus to Don Fernando, although Cardenio held Lucinda between his arms, yet did he never take his eyes off Don Fernando, with resolution that if he did see him once stir in his prejudice, he would labour both to defend himself and offend his adversary and all those who should join with him to do him any harm, as much as he could, although it were with the rest of his life. But Don Fernando's friends, the curate and barber, that were present and saw all that was passed, repaired in the mean season, without omitting the good Sancho Panza, and all of them together compassed Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard of the beautiful Dorothea's tears, and it being true (as they believed it was) that she had said, he should not



permit her to remain defrauded of her so just and lawful hopes, assuring him that it was not by chance, but rather by the particular providence and disposition of the heavens, that they had all met together so unexpectedly; and that he should remember, as master curate said very well, that only death could sever Lucinda from her Cardenio; and that although the edge of a sword might divide and part them asunder, yet in that case they would account their death most happy; and that, in irremediless events, it was highest prudence, by straining and overcoming himself, to show a generous mind, and that he might conquer his own will, by permitting these two to enjoy that good which Heaven had already granted to them; and that he should turn his eyes to behold the beauty of Dorothea, and he should see that few or none could for feature paragon with her, and much less excel her; and that he should confer her humility and extreme love which she bore to him with her other endowments: and principally, that if he gloried in the titles of nobility or Christianity, he could not do any other than accomplish the promise that he had passed to her; and that by fulfilling it he should please God and satisfy discreet persons, which know very well how it is a special prerogative of beauty, though it be in an humble and mean subject, if it be consorted with modesty and virtue, to exalt and equal itself to any dignity, without disparagement of him which doth help to raise or unite it to himself; and when the strong laws of delight are accomplished (so that there intercur no sin in the acting thereof), he is not to be condemned which doth follow them. Finally, they added to these reasons others so many and forcible, that the valorous breast of Don Fernando (as commonly all those that are warmed and nourished by noble blood are wont) was mollified, and permitted itself to be vanquished by that truth which he could not deny though he would. And the token that he gave of his being overcome, was to stoop down and embrace Dorothea, saying unto her, 'Arise, lady; for it is not just that she be prostrate at my feet whose image I have erected in my mind. And if I have not

hitherto given demonstrations of what I now aver, it hath perhaps befallen through the disposition of Heaven, to the end I might, by noting the constancy and faith wherewithal thou dost affect me, know after how to value and esteem thee according unto thy merits. And that which in recompense thereof I do entreat of thee is, that thou wilt excuse in me mine ill manner of proceeding and exceeding carelessness in repaying thy good-will; for the very occasion and violent passions that made me to accept thee as mine, the very same did also impel me again not to be thine: and for the more verifying of mine assertion, do but once behold the eyes of the now contented Lucinda, and thou mayst read in them a thousand excuses for mine error; and seeing she hath found and obtained her heart's desire, and I have in thee also gotten what is most convenient—for I wish she may live securely and joyfully many and happy years with her Cardenio: for I will pray the same, that it will license me to enjoy my beloved Dorothea.' And saying so, he embraced her again, and joined his face to hers with so lovely motion, as it constrained him to hold watch over his tears, lest violently bursting forth, they should give doubtless arguments of his fervent love and remorse.

Cardenio, Lucinda, and almost all the rest could not do so, for the greater number of them shed so many tears, some for their private contentment, and others for their friends, as it seemed that some grievous and heavy misfortune had betided them all; even very Sancho Panza wept, although he excused it afterward, saying that he wept only because that he saw that Dorothea was not the Queen Micomicona, as he had imagined, of whom he hoped to have received so great gifts and favours. The admiration and tears joined, endured in them all for a pretty space; and presently after, Cardenio and Lucinda went and kneeled to Don Fernando, yielding him thanks for the favour that he had done to them, with so courteous compliments as he knew not what to answer, and therefore lifted them up, and embraced them with very great affection and kindness, and presently after he demanded of Dorothea

how she came to that place, so far from her own dwelling. And she recounted unto him all that she had told to Cardenio; whereat Don Fernando and those which came with him took so great delight, as they could have wished that her story had continued a longer time in the telling than it did—so great was Dorothea's grace in setting out her misfortunes. And as soon as she had ended, Don Fernando told all that had befallen him in the city, after that he had found the scroll in Lucinda's bosom, wherein she declared Cardenio to be her husband, and that he therefore could not marry her; and also how he attempted to kill her, and would have done it, were it not that her parents hindered him; and that he therefore departed out of the house, full of shame and despite, with resolution to revenge himself more commodiously; and how he understood the next day following, how Lucinda was secretly departed from her father's house, and gone nobody knew where, but that he finally learned within a few months after, that she had entered into a certain monastery, with intention to remain there all the days of her life, if she could not pass them with Cardenio; and that as soon as he had learned that, choosing those three gentlemen for his associates, he came to the place where she was, but would not speak to her, fearing lest that, as soon as they knew of his being there, they would increase the guards of the monastery; and therefore expected until he found on a day the gates of the monastery open, and leaving two of his fellows to keep the door, he with the other entered into the abbey in Lucinda's search, whom they found talking with a nun in the cloister; and, snatching her away ere she could retire herself, they brought her to a certain village, where they disguised themselves in that sort they were; for so it was requisite for to bring her away: all which they did with the more facility, that the monastery was seated abroad in the fields, a good way from any village. He likewise told that, as soon as Lucinda saw herself in his power, she fell into a swoon; and that, after she had returned to herself, she never did any other thing but weep and sigh,

without speaking a word ; and that in that manner, accompanied with silence and tears, they had arrived to that inn, which was to him as grateful as an arrival to heaven, wherein all earthly mishaps are concluded and finished.

## CHAPTER X

*Wherein is Prosecuted the History of the Famous Princess Micomicona, with other Delightful Adventures*

SANCHO gave ear to all this with no small grief of mind, seeing that all the hopes of his lordship vanished away like smoke, and that the fair Princess Micomicona was turned into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando, and that his master slept so soundly, and careless of all that had happened. Dorothea could not yet assure herself whether the happiness that she possessed was a dream or no. Cardenio was in the very same taking, and also Lucinda's thoughts ran the same race.

Don Fernando yielded many thanks to Heaven for having dealt with him so propitiously, and unwinding him out of the intricate labyrinth, wherein straying, he was at the point to have at once lost his soul and credit. And finally, as many as were in the inn were very glad and joyful of the success of so thwart, intricate, and desperate affairs. The curate compounded and ordered all things through his discretion, and congratulated every one of the good he obtained. But she that kept greatest jubilee and joy was the hostess, for the promise that Cardenio and the curate had made, to pay her the damages and harms committed by Don Quixote ; only Sancho, as we have said, was afflicted, unfortunate, and sorrowful. And thus he entered with melancholy semblance to his lord, who did but then awake, and said unto him,—

‘Well and securely may you sleep, sir knight of the heavy countenance, as long as it shall please yourself,

without troubling yourself with any care of killing any giant, or of restoring the queen to her kingdom; for all is concluded and done already.' 'I believe thee very easily,' replied Don Quixote; 'for I have had the monstrousest and most terrible battle with that giant that ever I think to have all the days of my life with any; and yet with one thwart blow, thwack I overthrew his head to the ground, and there issued so much blood as the streams thereof ran along the earth as if they were of water.' 'As if they were of red wine, you might better have said,' replied Sancho Panza; 'for I would let you to understand, if you know it not already, that the dead giant is a bored wine-bag, and the blood six-and-thirty gallons of red wine, which it contained in its belly. The head that was slashed off so neatly is the whore my mother; and let the devil take all away for me!' 'And what is this thou sayst, madman?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Art thou in thy right wits?' 'Get up, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'and you yourself shall see the fair stuff you have made, and what we have to pay; and you shall behold the queen transformed into a particular lady, called Dorothea, with other successes, which if you may once conceive them aright will strike you into admiration.' 'I would marvel at nothing,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for if thou beest well remembered, I told thee the other time that we were here, how all that succeeded in this place was done by enchantment. And what wonder, then, if now the like should eftsoons befall?' 'I could easily be induced to believe all,' replied Sancho, 'if my canvassing in the coverlet were of that nature. But indeed it was not, but most real and certain. And I saw well how the innkeeper that is here yet this very day alive, held one end of the coverlet, and did toss me up towards heaven with very good grace and strength, no less merrily than lightly. And where the notice of parties intercur, I do believe, although I am a simple man and a sinner, that there is no kind of enchantment, but rather much trouble, bruising, and misfortune.' 'Well, God will remedy all,' said Don Quixote. 'And give me mine apparel; for I will get up and go forth, and see those successes and

transformations which thou speakest of.' Sancho gave him his clothes; and whilst he was a-making of him ready, the curate recounted to Don Fernando and to the rest Don Quixote's mad pranks, and the guile he had used to bring him away out of the Poor Rock, wherein he imagined that he lived exiled through the disdain of his lady. He told them, moreover, all the other adventures which Sancho had discovered, whereat they did laugh not a little, and wonder withal, because it seemed to them all to be one of the extravagantest kinds of madness that ever befel a distracted brain. The curate also added, that seeing the good success of the Lady Dorothea did impeach the further prosecuting of their design, that it was requisite to invent and find some other way how to carry him home to his own village. Cardenio offered himself to prosecute the adventure, and Lucinda should represent Dorothea's person. 'No,' quoth Don Fernando, 'it shall not be so; for I will have Dorothea to prosecute her own invention: for so that the village of this good gentleman be not very far off from hence, I will be very glad to procure his remedy.' 'It is no more than two days' journey from hence,' said the curate. 'Well, though it were more,' replied Don Fernando, 'I would be pleased to travel them, in exchange of doing so good a work.' Don Quixote sallied out at this time completely armed with Mambrino's helmet (although with a great hole in it) on his head, his target on his arm, and leaned on his trunk or javelin. His strange countenance and gait amazed Don Fernando and his companions very much, seeing his ill-favoured visage so withered and yellow, the inequality and unsuitability of his arms, and his grave manner of proceeding; and stood all silent to see what he would; who, casting his eyes on the beautiful Dorothea, with very great gravity and staidness, said,—

'I am informed, beautiful lady, by this my squire, that your greatness is annihilated, and your being destroyed; for of a queen and mighty princess which you were wont to be, you are now become a particular damsel; which if it hath been done by particular order of the magical king



your father, dreading that I would not be able to give you the necessary and requisite help for your restitution, I say that he neither knew nor doth know the one half of the enterprise, and that he was very little acquainted with histories of chivalry; for if he had read them, or passed them over with so great attention and leisure as I have done, and read them, he should have found at every other step, how other knights of a great deal less fame than myself have ended more desperate adventures, seeing it is not so great a matter to kill a giant, be he ever so arrogant; for it is not many hours since I myself fought with one, and what ensued I will not say, lest they should tell me that I do lie; but time, the detector of all things, will disclose it, when we do least think thereof.'

'Thou foughtest with two wine-bags, and not with a giant,' quoth the host at this season. But Don Fernando commanded him to be silent and not interrupt Don Quixote in any wise, who prosecuted his speech, saying, 'In fine, I say, high and disinherited lady, that if your father hath made this metamorphosis in your person for the causes related, give him no credit; for there is no peril so great on earth but my sword shall open a way through it, wherewithal I, overthrowing your enemy's head to the ground, will set your crown on your own head within a few days.' Here Don Quixote held his peace, and awaited the princess her answer, who, knowing Don Fernando's determination and will that she should continue the commenced guile until Don Quixote were carried home again, answered, with a very good grace and countenance, in this manner: 'Whosoever informed you, valorous Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, that I have altered and changed my being, hath not told you the truth, for I am the very same to-day that I was yesterday; true it is, that some unexpected yet fortunate successes have wrought some alteration in me, by bestowing on me better hap than I hoped for, or could wish myself; but yet for all that I have not left off to be that which [I was] before, or to have the very same thoughts which I ever had, to help myself by the valour of your most

valorous and invincible arm. And therefore I request you, good my lord, of your accustomed bounty, to return my father his honour again, and account of him as of a very discreet and prudent man, seeing that he found by this skill so easy and so infallible a way to redress my disgraces; for I do certainly believe, that if it had not been by your means, I should never have happened to attain to the good fortune which now I possess, as all those noblemen present may witness; what therefore rests is, that to-morrow morning we do set forward, for to-day is now already so overgone as we should not be able to travel very far from hence. As for the conclusion of the good success that I do hourly expect, I refer that to God and the valour of your invincible arm.'

Thus much the discreet Dorothea said; and Don Quixote having heard her, he turned him to Sancho, with very manifest tokens of indignation, and said, 'Now I say unto thee, little Sancho, that thou art the veriest rascal that is in all Spain. Tell me, thief and vagabond, didst not thou but even very now say unto me that this princess was turned into a damsel, and that called Dorothea? and that the head which I thought I had slashed from a giant's shoulders was the whore that bore thee? with a thousand other follies, which did plunge me into the greatest confusion that ever I was in in my life? I vow' (and then he looked upon heaven, and did crash his teeth together) 'that I am about to make such a wreck on thee, as shall beat wit into the pates of all the lying squires that shall ever hereafter serve knights-errant in this world.' 'I pray you have patience, good my lord,' answered Sancho, 'for it may very well befall me to be deceived in that which toucheth the transmutation of the lady and Princess Micomicona; but in that which concerneth the giant's head, or at least the boring of the wine-bags, and that the blood was but red wine I am not deceived, I swear; for the bags lie yet wounded there within at your own bed's head, and the red wine hath made a lake in the chamber; and if it be not so, it shall be perceived at the frying of the eggs, I mean that you shall see it when master innkeeper's



worship, who is here present, shall demand the loss and damage.' 'I say thee, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that thou art a madcap; pardon me, and so it is enough.' 'It is enough indeed,' quoth Don Fernando, 'and therefore let me entreat you to say no more of this, and seeing my lady the princess says she will go away to-morrow, seeing it is now too late to depart to-day, let it be so agreed on, and we will spend this night in pleasant discourses, until the approach of the ensuing day, wherein we will all accompany and attend on the worthy knight Sir Don Quixote, because we would be eye-witnesses of the valorous and unmatched feats of arms which he shall do in the pursuit of this weighty enterprise which he hath taken upon him.' 'I am he that will serve and accompany you, good my lord,' replied Don Quixote; 'and I do highly gratify the honour that is done me, and the good opinion that is held of me, the which I will endeavour to verify and approve, or it shall cost me my life, or more, if more it might cost me.'

Many other words of compliment and gratification passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando, but a certain passenger imposed silence to them all, by his arrival to the inn in that very season, who by his attire showed that he was a Christian newly returned from among the Moors, for he was apparelled with a short-skirted cassock of blue cloth, sleeves reaching down half the arm, and without a collar; his breeches were likewise of blue linen, and he wore a bonnet of the same colour, a pair of date-coloured buskins, and a Turkish scimitar hanging at his neck in a scarf, which went athwart his breast. There entered after him, riding on an ass, a woman clad like a Moor, and her face covered with a piece of the veil of her head; she wore on her head a little cap of cloth of gold, and was covered with a little Turkish mantle from the shoulders down to the feet. The man was of strong and comely making, of the age of forty years or thereabouts; his face was somewhat tanned, he had long mustachios and a very handsome beard; to conclude, his making was such as, if he were well attired, men would take him to be a

person of quality and good birth. He demanded a chamber as soon as he had entered, and being answered that there was no one vacant in the inn, he seemed to be grieved, and coming to her which in her attire denoted herself to be a Moor, he took her down from her ass. Lucinda, Dorothea, the hostess, her daughter, and Martornes, allured to behold the new and strange attire of the Moor, compassed her about; and Dorothea, who was always most gracious, courteous, and discreet, deeming that both she and he that had brought her were discontented for the want of a lodging, she said, 'Lady, be not grieved for the trouble you are here like to endure for want of means to refresh yourself, seeing it is an universal vice of all inns to be defective herein; yet notwithstanding, if it shall please you to pass away the time among us' (pointing to Lucinda), 'perhaps you have met in the discourse of your travels other worse places of entertainment than this shall prove.' The disguised lady made none answer, nor other thing than arising from the place wherein she sat, and setting both her arms across on her bosom, she inclined her head and bowed her body, in sign that she rendered them thanks; by her silence they doubtlessly conjectured her to be a Moor, and that she could not speak the Castilian tongue. On this the Captive arrived, who was otherwise employed until then, and, seeing that they all had environed her that came with him, and that she made no answer to their speech, he said, 'Ladies, this maiden scarce understands my tongue yet, nor doth she know any other than that of her own country, and therefore she hath not, nor can make any answer to your demands.' 'We demand nothing of her,' quoth Lucinda, 'but only do make her an offer of our companies for this night, and part of the room where we ourselves are to be accommodated, where she shall be cherished up as much as the commodity of this place, and the obligation wherein we be tied to show courtesies to strangers that may want it, do bind us; especially she being a woman to whom we may do this service.' 'Sweet lady, I kiss your hands both for her and myself,' replied the Captive; 'and

I do highly prize, as it deserveth, the favour you have proffered, which in such an occasion, and offered by such persons as you seem to be, doth very plainly show how great it is.' 'Tell me, good sir,' quoth Dorothea, 'whether is this lady a Christian or a Moor? for by her attire and silence she makes us suspect that she is that we would not wish she were.' 'A Moor she is in attire and body,' answered the Captive; 'but in mind she is a very fervent Christian, for she hath very expressly desired to become one.' 'Then she is not yet baptised?' said Lucinda. 'There hath been no opportunity offered to us,' quoth the Captive, 'to christen her, since she departed from Algiers, which is her town and country; and since that time she was not in any so eminent a danger of death as might oblige her to be baptised before she were first instructed in all the ceremonies which our holy mother, the Church, commandeth; but I hope shortly (if it shall please God) to see her baptised with that decency which her quality and calling deserves, which is greater than her attire or mine makes show of.'

These words inflamed all the hearers with a great desire to know who the Moor and her captive were, yet none of them would at that time entreat him to satisfy their longing, because the season rather invited them to take some order how they might rest after their travels, than to demand of them the discourse of their lives. Dorothea, then, taking her by the hand, caused her to sit down by herself, and prayed her to take off the veil from her face. She instantly beheld the Captive, as if she demanded of him what they said, and he in the Arabical language told her how they desired her to discover her face, and bade her to do it; which presently she did, and discovered so beautiful a visage as Dorothea esteemed her to be fairer than Lucinda, and Lucinda prized her to excel Dorothea; and all the beholders perceived that if any one could surpass them both in beauty, it was the Moor; and there were some that thought she excelled them both in some respects. And as beauty hath evermore the prerogative and grace to reconcile men's minds and attract their wills

to it, so all of them forthwith dedicated their desires to serve, and make much of the lovely Moor. Don Fernando demanded of the Captive how she was called, and he answered that her name was Lela Zoraida ; and as soon as she heard him, and understood what they had demanded, she suddenly answered with anguish, but yet with a very good grace, 'No, not Zoraida, but Maria,' giving them to understand that she was called Maria, and not Zoraida.

These words, and the great effect and vehemency wherewithal the Moor delivered them, extorted more than one tear from the hearers, especially from the women, who are naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her then with great love, and said, 'Ay, ay, Maria, Maria.' To which she answered, 'Ay, ay, Maria, Zoraida mancange ;' that is, 'and not Zoraida.' By this it was grown some four of the clock in the afternoon ; and by order of those which were Don Fernando's companions, the innkeeper had provided for them as good a beaver as the inn could in any wise afford unto them. Therefore, it being the hour, they sat down altogether at a long table (for there was never a square or round one in all the house), and they gave the first and principal end (although he refused it as much as he could) to Don Quixote, who commanded that the Lady Micomicona should sit at his elbow, seeing he was her champion. Presently were placed Lucinda and Zoraida, and Don Fernando and Cardenio right over against them, and after the Captive and other gentlemen, and on the other side the curate and barber. And thus they made their drinking with very great recreation, which was the more augmented to see Don Quixote leaving of his meat, and, moved by the like spirit of that which had made him once before talk so much to the goatherds, begin to offer them an occasion of speech in this manner :

'Truly, good sirs, if it be well considered, those which profess the order of knighthood do see many great and unexpected things. If it be not so, say what mortal man alive is there that, entering in at this castle gate, and seeing of us all in the manner we be now present here, can judge

or believe that we are those which we be? Who is it that can say that this lady which sits here at my sleeve is the great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Heavy Countenance that am so much blabbed of abroad by the mouth of fame? therefore it cannot be now doubted, but that this art and exercise excelleth all the others which ever human wit, the underminer of nature, invented; and it is the more to be prized, by how much it exposeth itself, more than other trades, to dangers and inconveniences. Away with those that shall affirm learning to surpass arms; for I will say unto them, be they what they list, that they know not what they say; for the reason which such men do most urge, and to which they do most rely, is, that the travails of the spirit do far exceed those of the body; and that the use of arms are only exercised by the body, as if it were an office fit for porters, for which nothing were requisite but bodily forces; or as if in that which we that profess it do call arms, were not included the acts of fortitude which require deep understanding to execute them; or as if the warrior's mind did not labour as well as his body, who had a great army to lead and command, or the defence of a besieged city. If not, see if he can arrive by his corporal strength to know or sound the intent of his enemy, the designs, stratagems, and difficulties, how to prevent imminent dangers, all these being operations of the understanding wherein the body hath no meddling at all. It being therefore so, that the exercise of arms requires spirit as well as those of learning, let us now examine which of the two spirits, that of the scholar or soldier, do take most pains; and this may be best understood by the end to which both of them are addressed; for that intention is most to be esteemed which hath for object the most noble end. The end and conclusion of learning is—I speak not now of divinity, whose scope is to lead and address souls to heaven; for to an end so much without end as this, no other may be compared—I mean of human sciences or arts, to maintain distributive justice in his perfection, and give to every one that which is his own; to endeavour and

cause good laws to be religiously observed—an end most certainly generous, high, and worthy of great praise, but not of so much as that to which the exercise of arms is annexed, which hath for his object and end peace, which is the greatest good men can desire in this life. And therefore the first good news that ever the world had or men received, were those which the angels brought on that night which was our day, when they sang in the skies, “Glory be in the heights, and peace on earth to men of good minds.” And the salutation which the best Master that ever was on earth or in heaven taught to His disciples and favourites was, that when they entered into any house they would say, “Peace be to this house”; and many other times He said, “I give unto you My peace; I leave My peace unto you; peace be amongst you.” It is a good, as precious as a jewel, and a gift given, and left by such a hand; a jewel, without which neither on earth nor in heaven can there be any perfect good. This peace is the true end of war; for arms and war are one and the selfsame things. This truth being therefore presupposed, that the end of war is peace, and that herein it doth excel the end of learning, let us descend to the corporal labours of the scholar, and to those of him which professeth arms, and consider which of them are more toilsome.’

Don Quixote did prosecute his discourse in such sort, and with so pleasing terms, as he had almost induced his audience to esteem him to be, at that time at least, exempt from his frenzy; and therefore, by reason that the greater number of them were gentlemen, to whom the use of arms is in a manner essential and proper, they did willingly listen to him; and therefore he continued on with his discourse in this manner:

‘I say, then, that the pains of the student are commonly these: principally poverty (not that I would maintain that all students are poor, but that I may put the case in greatest extremity it can have), and by saying that he may be poor, methinks there may be no greater aggravation of his misery; for he that is poor is destitute of every good thing; and this poverty is suffered by him sundry ways,



sometimes by hunger, other times by cold or nakedness, and many times by all of them together ; yet it is never so extreme but that he doth eat, although it be somewhat later than the custom, or of the scraps and reversion of the rich man ; and the greatest misery of the student is that which they term to live by sops and pottage : and though they want fire of their own, yet may they have recourse to their neighbour's chimney, which if it do not warm, yet will it weaken the cold : and finally, they sleep at night under a roof. I will not descend to other trifles—to wit, the want of shirts and shoes, the bareness of their clothes, or the overloading of their stomachs with meat when good fortune lends them as good a meal—for by this way, which I have deciphered so rough and difficult, stumbling here, falling there ; getting up again on the other side, and refalling on this, they attain the degree which they have desired so much ; which many having compassed, as we have seen, which having passed through these difficulties, and sailed by Scylla and Charybdis (borne away flying, in a manner, by favourable fortune), they command and govern all the world from a chair, turning their hunger into satiety, their nakedness into pomp, and their sleeping on a mat into a sweet repose among hollands and damask—a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their labours, confronted and compared to those of the militant soldier, remain very far behind, as I will presently declare.'

## CHAPTER XI

*Treating of the Curious Discourse made by Don Quixote upon the Exercises of Arms and Letters*

DON QUIXOTE, continuing his discourse, said, 'Seeing we begin in the student with poverty and her parts, let us examine whether the soldier be richer ? Certainly we shall

find that no man can exceed the soldier in poverty itself ; for he is tied to his wretched pay, which comes either late or never ; or else to his own shifts, with notable danger of his life and conscience. And his nakedness is oftentimes so much, as many times a leather jerkin gashed serves him at once for a shirt and ornament. And in the midst of winter he hath sundry times no other defence or help to resist the inclemencies of the air in the midst of the open fields than the breath of his mouth, which I verily believe doth against nature come out cold, by reason it sallies from an empty place ; expect there till the night fall, that he may repair all these discommodities by the easiness of his bed, the which, if it be not through his own default, shall never offend in narrowness ; for he may measure out for it on the earth as many foot as he pleaseth, and tumble himself up and down it without endangering the wrinkling of his sheets. Let after all this the day and hour arrive wherein he is to receive the degree of his profession—let, I say, a day of battle arrive ; for there they will set on his head the cap of his dignity, made of lint to cure the wound of some bullet that hath passed through and through his temples, or hath maimed an arm or a leg. And when this doth not befall, but that Heaven doth piously keep and preserve him whole and sound, he shall perhaps abide still in the same poverty wherein he was at the first ; and that it be requisite that one and another battle do succeed, and he come off ever a victor, to the end that he may prosper and be at the last advanced. But such miracles are but few times wrought ; and say, good sirs, if you have noted it, how few are those which the wars reward, in respect of the others that it hath destroyed ? You must answer, without question, that there can be no comparison made between them, nor can the dead be reduced to any number ; but all the living, and such as are advanced, may be counted easily with three arithmetical figures : all which falls out contrary in learned men, for all of them have wherewithal to entertain and maintain themselves by skirts—I will say nothing of sleeves. So that although the soldier's labour is greater, yet is his



reward much less. But to this may be answered, that it is easier to reward two hundred thousand learned men than thirty thousand soldiers ; for they may be advanced by giving unto them offices, which must of necessity be bestowed on men of their profession ; but soldiers cannot be recompensed otherwise than by the lord's substance and wealth whom they serve. And yet this objection and impossibility doth fortify much more my assertion.

‘But leaving this apart, which is a labyrinth of very difficult issue, let us return to the pre-eminency of arms over learning, which is a matter hitherto depending, so many are the reasons that everyone allegeth for himself ; and among those which I myself have repeated, then learning doth argue thus for itself, that arms without it cannot be long maintained, forasmuch as the war hath also laws, and is subject to them, and that the laws are contained under the title of learning, and belong to learned men.

‘To this objection arms do make answer : that the laws cannot be sustained without them, for commonwealths are defended by arms, and kingdoms preserved, cities fenced, highways made safe, the seas freed from pirates ; and, to be brief, if it were not for them, commonwealths, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, and ways by sea and land, would be subject to the rigour and confusion which attendeth on the war all the time that it endureth, and is licensed to practise his prerogatives and violence ; and it is a known truth, that it which cost most, is or ought to be most accounted of. That one may become eminent in learning, it costs him time, watchings, hunger, nakedness, headaches, rawness of stomach, and other such inconveniences as I have partly mentioned already ; but that one may arrive by true terms to be a good soldier, it costs him all that it costs the student, in so exceeding a degree as admits no comparison, for he is at every step in jeopardy to lose his life. And what fear of necessity or poverty may befall or molest a student so fiercely as it doth a soldier, who, seeing himself at the siege of some impregnable place, and standing sentinel in some ravelin or half-moon, feels the enemies undermining near to the place where he is,

and yet dares not to depart or abandon his stand, upon any occasion whatsoever, or shun the danger which so nearly threatens him? but that which he only may do, is to advise his captain of that which passeth, to the end he may remedy it by some countermine, whilst he must stand still, fearing and expecting when he shall suddenly fly up to the clouds without wings, and after descend to the depths against his will. And if this appear to be but a small danger, let us weigh whether the grappling of two galleys, the one with the other in the midst of the spacious main, may be compared, or do surpass it, the which nailed and grappled fast the one to the other, the soldier hath no more room in them than two foot broad of a plank in the battlings, and notwithstanding, although he clearly see laid before him so many ministers of death, for all the pieces of artillery that are planted on the adverse side do threaten him, and are not distant from his body the length of a lance; and seeing that if he slipped ever so little aside, he should fall into the deeps, doth yet nevertheless, with undaunted heart, borne away on the wings of honour, which spurreth him onward, oppose himself as a mark to all their shot, and strives to pass by that so narrow a way into the enemy's vessel. And what is most to be admired is to behold how scarce is one fallen into that place, from whence he shall never after arise until the world's end, when another takes possession of the same place; and if he do likewise tumble into the sea, which gapes like an enemy for him also, another and another will succeed unto him, without giving any respite to the times of their death, valour, and boldness, which is the greatest that may be found among all the trances of warfare. Those blessed ages were fortunate which wanted the dreadful fury of the devilish and murdering pieces of ordnance, to whose inventor I am verily persuaded that they render in hell an eternal guerdon for his diabolical invention, by which he hath given power to an infamous, base, vile, and dastardly arm to bereave the most valorous knight of life; and that, without knowing how or from whence, in the midst of the stomach and courage that

inflames and animates valorous minds, there arrives a wandering bullet (shot off, perhaps, by him that was afraid, and fled at the very blaze of the powder, as he discharged the accursed engine), and cuts off and finisheth in a moment the thoughts and life of him who merited to enjoy it many ages.

‘And whilst I consider this, I am about to say that it grieves me to have ever undertaken the exercise of a knight-errant in this our detestable age ; for although no danger can affright me, yet notwithstanding I live in jealousy to think how powder and lead might deprive me of the power to make myself famous and renowned by the strength of mine arm and the edge of my sword throughout the face of the earth. But let Heaven dispose as it pleaseth ; for so much the more shall I be esteemed, if I can compass my pretensions, by how much the dangers were greater to which I opposed myself, than those achieved in foregoing times by knights-adventurous.’

Don Quixote made all this prolix speech whilst the rest of his company did eat, wholly forgetting to taste one bit, although Sancho Panza did now and then put him in remembrance of his victuals, saying that he should have leisure enough after to speak as much as he could desire. In those that heard was again renewed a kind of compassion, to see a man of so good a wit as he seemed to be, and of so good discourse in all the other matters which he took in hand, to remain so clearly devoid of it when any occasion of speech were offered treating of his accursed chivalry. The curate applauded his discourse, affirming that he produced very good reasons for all that he had spoken in the favour of arms ; and that he himself (although he was learned and graduated) was likewise of his opinion.

The beaver being ended, and the table-cloths taken away, whilst Maritornes did help her mistress and her daughter to make ready the room where Don Quixote had slept for the gentlewomen, wherein they alone might retire themselves that night, Don Fernando entreated the Captive to recount unto them the history of his life, forasmuch as he suspected that it must have been rare and delightful, as

he gathered by the tokens he gave by coming in the lovely Zoraida's company. To which the Captive replied, that he would accomplish his desire with a very good will, and that only he feared that the discourse would not prove so savoury as they expected ; but yet for all that he would tell it, because he would not disobey him. The curate and all the rest thanked him for his promise, and turned to request him again to begin his discourse ; and he perceiving so many to solicit him, said that prayers were not requisite when commandments were of such force. ' And therefore I desire you,' quoth he, ' to be attentive, and you shall hear a true discourse, to which perhaps no feigned invention may be compared for variety or delight.' The rest, animated by these his words, did accommodate themselves with very great silence ; and he, beholding their silence and expectation of his history, with a modest and pleasing voice, began in this manner.

## CHAPTER XII

### *Wherein the Captive Recounteth his Life, and other Accidents*

' IN a certain village of the mountains of Leon my lineage had beginning, wherewithal nature dealt much more liberally than fortune, although my father had the opinion, amidst the penury and poverty of that people, to be a rich man, as indeed he might have been, had he but used as much care to hoard up his wealth as prodigality to spend it. And this his liberal disposition proceeded from his being a soldier in his youthful years ; for war is the school wherein the miser is made frank, and the frank man prodigal. And if among soldiers we find some wretches and niggards, they are accounted monsters which are seldom seen. My father passed the bounds of liberality, and touched very nearly the confines of prodigality ; a

thing nothing profitable for a married man, who had children that should succeed him in his name and being. My father had three sons, all men, and of years sufficient to make an election of the state of life they meant to lead : wherefore he perceiving, as he himself was wont to say, that he could not bridle his nature in that condition of spending, he resolved to deprive himself of the instrument and cause which made him such a spender and so liberal, to wit, of his goods ; without which Alexander the Great himself would be accounted a miser ; and therefore, calling us all three together on a day into his chamber, he used these or such like reasons to us :

“ Sons, to affirm that I love you well may be presumed, seeing I term you my sons ; and yet it may be suspected that I hate you, seeing I do not govern myself so well as I might in the husbanding and increasing of your stock. But to the end that you may henceforth perceive that I do affect you with a fatherly love, and that I mean not to overthrow you like a step-father, I will do one thing to you which I have pondered, and with mature deliberation purposed these many days. You are all of age to accept an estate, or at least to make choice of some such exercise as may turn to your honour and profit at riper years ; and therefore, that which I have thought upon, is to divide my goods into four parts ; the three I will bestow upon you, to every one that which appertains to him, without exceeding a jot ; and I myself will reserve the fourth to live and maintain me with as long as it shall please Heaven to lend me breath. Yet I do greatly desire that after every one of you is possessed of his portion, he would take one of the courses which I mean to propose. There is an old proverb in this our Spain, in mine own opinion very true (as ordinarily all proverbs are, being certain brief sentences collected out of long and discreet experiences), and it is this, ‘ The Church, the Sea, or the Court.’ The meaning is, that whosoever would become wealthy, or worthy, must either follow the Church, haunt the seas by exercising the trade of merchandises, or get him a place of service and entertainment in the king’s house ; for men say that ‘ A

king's crumb is more worth than a lord's loaf.' This I say because I desire, and it is my will, that one of you do follow his book, another merchandise, and the third the war, seeing that the service of his own house is a difficult thing to compass; and although the war is not wont to enrich a man, yet it adds unto him great worth and renown. Within these eight days I do mean to give you all your portions in money, without defrauding you of a mite, as you shall see in effect. Therefore, tell me now whether you mean to follow mine opinion and device in this which I have proposed?" And then he commanded me, by reason that I was the eldest, to make him an answer.

'I, after I had entreated him not to make away his goods, but to spend and dispose of them as he listed, seeing we were both young and able enough to gain more, at last I concluded that I would accomplish his will, and that mine was to follow the wars, therein serving God and my king together. The second brother made the same offer, and, employing his portion in commodities, would venture it to the Indies. The youngest, and as I deem the discreetest, said that either he would follow the Church, or go at the least to Salamanca to finish his already commenced studies. And as soon as we had ended the agreement and election of our vocations, my father embraced us all, and afterwards performed unto us, in as short a time as he had mentioned, all that he promised; giving unto each of us a portion, amounting, if I do well remember, to three thousand ducats apiece in money; for an uncle of ours bought all the goods, and paid ready money, because he would not have them made away from our own family and lineage. We all took our leave of our good father in one day; and in that instant, it seeming to me a great inhumanity to leave my father so old and with so little means, I dealt so with him as I constrained him to take back again two thousand ducats of the three he had given me, forasmuch as the rest was sufficient to furnish me in very good sort with all things requisite for a soldier. My brothers, moved by mine example, did each of them give



him a thousand crowns; so that my father remained with four thousand crowns in money, and three in goods, as they were valued, which goods he would not sell, but keep them still in stock. Finally, we bade him (and our said uncle) farewell, not without much feeling and many tears on both sides; and they charged us that we would from time to time acquaint them with our successes, whether prosperous or adverse. We promised to perform it; and then, embracing us, and giving us his blessing, one departed towards Salamanca, another to Seville, and myself to Alicant.

‘I arrived prosperously at Genoa, and from thence went to Milan, where I did accommodate myself with arms and other braveries used by soldiers, and departed from thence to settle myself in Piedmont; and being in my way towards the city of Alexandria de la Paglia, I heard news that the great Duke of Alva did pass towards Flanders; wherefore, changing my purpose, I went with him, and served him in all the expeditions he made. I was present at the beheading of the Earls of Egmont and Hornes, and obtained at last to be ensign to a famous captain of Guadalajara, called Diego de Urbina. Within a while after mine arrival to Flanders, the news were divulged of the league that Pius V., the pope of famous memory, had made with the Venetians and the King of Spain, against our common enemy the Turk, who had gained by force the famous island of Cyprus much about the same time, which island belonged to the state of Venice, and was an unfortunate and lamentable loss. It was also certainly known that the most noble Don John of Austria, our good King Don Philip’s natural brother, did come down for general of this league, and the great provision that was made for the war was published everywhere.

‘All this did incite and stir on my mind and desire to be present at the expedition so much expected; and therefore, although I had conjectures, and half promises to be made a captain in the first occasion that should be offered, yet I resolved to leave all those hopes, and



to go into Italy, as in effect I did. And my good fortune so disposed, as the lord Don John of Austria arrived just at the same time at Genoa, and went towards Naples, to join himself with the Venetian navy, as he did after at Messina. In this most fortunate journey I was present, being by this made a captain of foot, to which honourable charge I was mounted rather by my good fortune than by my deserts. And that very day which was so fortunate to all Christendom; for therein the whole world was undeceived, and all the nations thereof freed of all the error they held, and belief they had, that the Turk was invincible at sea: in that very day I say, wherein the swelling stomach and Ottomanical pride was broken among so many happy men as were there (for the Christians that were slain were much more happy than those which they left victorious alive), I alone was unfortunate, seeing that in exchange of some naval crown which I might expect had I lived in the times of the ancient Romans, I found myself the night ensuing that so famous a day with my legs chained and my hands manacled, which befel in this manner, that Uchali, king of Algiers, a bold and venturous pirate, having invested and distressed the admiral of Malta (for only three knights remained alive, and those very sore wounded), John Andrea's chief galley came to her succour, wherein I went with my company; and doing what was requisite in such an occasion, I leapt into the enemy's vessel, the which falling off from that which had assaulted her, hindered my soldiers from following me; by which means I saw myself alone amidst mine enemies, against whom I could make no long resistance, they were so many. In fine, I was taken, full of wounds. Now, as you may have heard, Uchali saved himself and all his squadron, whereby I became captive in his power, and only remained sorrowful among so many joyful, and captive among so many freed; for that day fifteen thousand Christians, which came slaves and enchained in the Turkish galleys, recovered their desired liberty. I was carried to Constantinople, where the Great

Turk, Selim, made my lord General of the Sea, by reason that he had so well performed his duty in the battle, having brought away, for a witness of his valour, the standard of the Order of Malta. I was the year ensuing of 1572 in Navarino, rowing in the Admiral of the *Three Lanterns*, and saw and noted there the opportunity that was lost, of taking all the Turkish navy within the haven; for all the janizaries and other soldiers that were in it made full account that they should be set upon, even within the very port, and therefore trussed up all their baggage, and made ready their shoes, to fly away presently to the land, being in no wise minded to expect the assault, our navy did strike such terror into them. But God disposed otherwise of the matter, not through the fault or negligence of the general that governed our men, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God permits and wills that we have always some executioners to chastise us. In sum, Uchali got into Modon, which is an island near to Navarino, and, landing his men there, he fortified the mouth of the haven, and there remained until Don John departed. In this voyage was taken the galley called *Presa*, whereof the famous pirate Barbarossa his son was captain; it was surprised by the captain-galley of Naples, called the *She-Wolf*, that was commanded by the thunderbolt of war, the father of soldiers—that fortunate and never overthrown Don Alvaro de Baçan, the Marquis of Santa Cruz. And here I will not forget to recount what befel at the taking of the *Presa*. This son of Barbarossa's was so cruel, and used his slaves so ill, that as soon as they that were rowing perceived the *She-Wolf* to approach them, and that she had overtaken them, they cast away their oars all at one time, and laying hands on their captain that stood on the poop,<sup>1</sup> crying to them to row with more speed, and passing him from one bank to another, from the poop to the prow, they took so many bits out of him, as he had scarce passed beyond the mast when his soul was

<sup>1</sup> *Estanderil*, p. 442.

already wasted to hell; such was the cruelty wherewithal he entreated them, and so great the hate they also bore towards him. We returned the next year after to Constantinople, being that of seventy and three, and there we learned how Don John had gained Tunis, and, taking that kingdom away from the Turks, had, by installing Muley Hamet therein, cut away all Muley Hamed's hopes to reign again there, who was the most cruel and valiant Moor that ever lived.

'The Great Turk was very much grieved for this loss; and therefore, using the sagacity wherewithal all his race wise endued, he made peace with the Venetians, which wished for it much more than he did himself. And the year after of seventy-and-four, he assaulted the fortress of Goleta, and the other fortress that Don John had raised near unto Tunis. And in all these occasions I was present, tied to the oar without any hope of liberty, at leastwise by ransom, being resolved never to signify by letter my misfortunes to my father. The Goleta was lost, in fine, and also the fortress, before which two places lay in siege seventy-five thousand Turks, and more than four hundred thousand Moors, and other Saracens of all the other parts of Africa, being furnished with such abundance of munition and warlike engines, and so many pioneers as were able to cover Goleta and the fortress, if every one did cast but his handful of earth upon them. Thus was Goleta, accounted until then impregnable, first lost, the which did not happen through default of valour in the defendants, who in defence thereof did all they could or ought to have done, but because experience showed the facility wherewithal trenches might be raised in that desert sand; for though water had been found in it within two spans' depth, the Turks could not find it in the depth of two yards; and therefore, filling many sacks full of sand, they raised their trenches so high as they did surmount the walls of the sconce, and did so gall the defendants from them with their shot as no one could stand to make any defence. It was a common report that our men would not immure themselves

within Goleta, but expect the enemy in the champaign at their disembarking ; but those that gave this out spake widely, as men very little acquainted with the like affairs ; for if in Goleta and the fortress there were scarce seven thousand soldiers, how could so few a number, were they ever so resolute, make a sally, and remain in the forts against so great a number of enemies ? or how is it possible that the forces which are not seconded and supplied should not be overcome, specially being besieged by many and obstinate enemies, and those in their own country ? But many others esteemed, and so did I likewise among the rest, that Almighty God did a particular grace and favour unto Spain in that manner, permitting to be destroyed the stop and cloak of all wickedness, and the sponge and moth of innumerable sums of money spent there unprofitably, without serving to any other end than to preserve the memory of being gained by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, as if it had been requisite for the keeping of it eternal (as it is, and shall be ever) that those stones should sustain it. The fortress was also won ; but the Turks were constrained to gain it span by span, for the soldiers which defended it fought so manfully and resolutely, as the number of the enemies slain in two-and-twenty general assaults which they gave unto it, did pass five-and-twenty thousand. Never a one was taken prisoner but three hundred which survived their fellows—a certain and manifest token of their valour and strength, and how well they had defended themselves and kept their fortresses with great magnanimity. A little fort or turret that stood in the midst of the place, under the command of Don John Zanguera, a Valencian gentleman and famous soldier, was yielded upon composition ; and Don Pedro de Puerto Carrero, general of Goleta, was taken prisoner, who omitted no diligence possible to defend the place, but yet was so grieved to have lost it as he died for very grief on the way towards Constantinople, whither they carried him captive. The general likewise of the fort, called Gabriel Cerbellon, being a gentleman of Milan, and a great engineer, and most

resolute soldier, was taken ; and there died ; in both the places many persons of worth, among which Pagan de Oria was one, a knight of the Order of Saint John, of a most noble disposition, as the exceeding liberality which he used towards his brother, the famous John Andrea de Oria, clearly demonstrates ; and that which rendered his death more deplorable was, that he was slain by certain Saracens (which he trusted, perceiving how the fort was lost), who had offered to convey him thence in the habit of a Moor to Tabarca, which is a little haven or creek possessed by the Genoese that fish for coral in that coast. These Saracens cut off his head and brought it to the general of the Turkish army, who did accomplish in them the Spanish proverb, "That although the treason pleaseth, yet is the traitor hated," and so it is reported that he commanded those to be hanged that had brought him the present, because they had not brought it alive.

'Among the Christians that were lost in the fort there was one, called Don Pedro de Aguilar, born in Andalusia, in some town whose name I have forgotten ; he had been Ancient in the fortress, and was a soldier of great account, and of a rare understanding, and specially had a particular grace in poetry. This I say because his fortune brought him to be slave to my patron, even into the very same galley and bench whereon I sat. This gentleman made two sonnets in form of epitaphs, the one for the Goleta, the other for the fort ; and I will repeat them, because I remember them very well, and do believe that they will be rather grateful than anything disgustful to the audience.'

As soon as ever the Captive named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando beheld his camaradas, and they all three did smile. And when he began to talk of the sonnets, one of them said, 'Before you pass further, I beseech you, good sir, let me entreat you to tell me what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar whom you have named.'

'That which I know of that affair,' answered the Captive, 'is that, after he had been two years in Constantinople, he fled away in the attire of an Armenian with a Greek spy,

and I cannot tell whether he recovered his liberty or no, although I suppose he did, for within a year after I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but I had not the opportunity to demand of him the success of that voyage.'

'He came then into Spain,' quoth the gentleman ; 'for that same Don Pedro is my brother, and dwells now at home in our own town, very well, rich married, and a father of three sons.'

'God be thanked,' quoth the Captive, 'for the infinite favour He hath showed unto him; for in mine opinion there is not on earth any contentment able to be compared to that of recovering a man's lost liberty.'

'I do moreover,' said the gentleman, 'know the sonnets which my brother composed.'

'I pray you then, good sir,' quoth the Captive, 'repeat them; for perhaps you can say them better than I.'

'With a very good will,' answered the gentleman; 'and that of the Goleta is thus.'

## CHAPTER XIII

*Wherein is prosecuted the History of the Captive*

“A SONNET.

“O happy souls, which from this mortal vale  
Freed and exempted, through the good you wrought,  
Safe from the harms that here did you assail,  
By your deserts to highest heaven were brought,  
Which here inflamed by wrath, and noble thought,  
Showed how much your forces did avail:  
When both your own and foreign bloods you taught,  
From sandy shores, into the deeps to trail.  
Your lives before your valour's end deceased  
In your tired arms, which, though they were a-dying  
And vanquish'd, yet on victory have seized.  
And this your life, from servile thraldom flying,  
Ending, acquires, between the sword and wall,  
Heaven's glory there, fame here on earth, for all.”



‘I have it even in the very same manner,’ quoth the Captive.

‘Well, then,’ said the gentleman, ‘that of the fort is thus, if I do not forget it :

“A SONNET.

“From midst the barren earth, here overthrown,  
In these sad clods, which on the ground do lie,  
Three thousand soldiers’ holy souls are flown,  
And to a happier mansion gone on high :  
Here, when they did in vain the vigour try  
Of their strong arms, to cost of many a one,  
After the most, through extreme toil, did die,  
The cruel sword a few did light upon.  
And this same plot eternally hath been,  
With thousand doleful memories replete,  
As well this age, as in foregoing time.  
But from his cruel bosom Heaven ne’er yet  
Received sincerer souls than were the last,  
Nor earth so valiant bodies aye possess’d.”

The sonnets were not misliked ; and the Captive was greatly recreated with the news which he received of his companion, and, prosecuting his history, he said :

‘The Goleta and the fort being rendered, the Turks gave order to dismantle Goleta ; for the fort was left in such sort as there remained nothing up that might be overthrown : and to do it with more brevity and less labour, they undermined it in three places, but that which seemed least strong could not be blown up by any of them, which was the old walls ; but all that which had remained afoot of the new fortifications and works of Fratin, fell down to the ground with great facility. And this being ended, the navy returned triumphant and victorious to Constantinople, where, within a few months afterward, my lord Uchali died, whom they called Uchali Fartax, which signifies in the Turkish language, the Scald or Scurvy Runagate, for he was such. And it is a custom among the Turks to give one another nicknames, either of the defects or perfections and virtues which they have ; and the reason hereof is, that among them all they have but four lineages that have surnames, and these do contend with that of



Ottoman's, for nobility of blood ; and all the rest, as I have said, do take denomination sometime from the blemishes of the body, and sometime from the virtues of the mind. And this scurvy fellow did row fourteen years, being the Great Turk's slave, and did renounce his faith, being four-and-thirty years old, for despite, and because he might be revenged on a Turk that gave him a cuff on the face as he rowed ; and his valour was so great, as without ascending by the dishonourable means and ways usually taken by the greatest minions about the Great Turk, he came first to be King of Algiers, and after to be General of the Sea, which is the third most noble charge and dignity of all the Turkish empire. He was born in Calabria, and was a good moral man, and used with great humanity his slaves, whereof he had above three thousand, which were after his death divided, as he had left in his testament, between the Great Turk (who is ever an inheritor to every dead man, and hath a portion among the deceased his children) and his runagates. I fell to the lot of a Venetian runagate, who being a ship-boy in a certain vessel, was taken by Uchali, who loved him so tenderly as he was one of the dearest youths he had, and he became after the most cruel runagate that ever lived. He was called Azanaga, and came to be very rich, and King of Algiers. With him I came from Constantinople somewhat contented in mind, because I should be nearer unto Spain ; not for that I meant to write unto any one of my unfortunate success, but only to see whether fortune would prove more favourable to me in Algiers than at Constantinople, where I had attempted a thousand ways to escape, but none of them sorted to any good effect. And I thought to search out in Algiers some other means to compass that which I so greedily desired, for the hope of attaining liberty some time had never abandoned me ; and when in the contriving I thought, or put my designs in practice, and that the success did not answer mine expectation, presently without forsaking me, it forged and sought out for another hope that might sustain me, although it were debile and weak.

‘With this did I pass away my life, shut up in a prison or house, which the Turks call baths, wherein they do enclose the captive Christians, as well those that belong to the king as other particular men’s, and those which they call of the Almazen, which is as much to say, as slaves of the council, who are deputed to serve the city in the public works and other affairs thereof; and these of all other captives do with most difficulty attain to liberty; for, by reason they belong to the commonalty, and have no particular master, there is none with whom a man may treat of their redemption, although they should have the price of their ransom. To these baths, as I have said, some particular men carry their captives to be kept, chiefly if they be to be ransomed; for there they have them at their ease and secure, until they be redeemed. The king’s captives of ransom, also, do not go forth to labour with the other poor crew, if it be not when the paying of their ransom is deferred; for then, to the end they may make them write for money more earnestly, they make them labour and go to fetch wood with the rest, which is no small toil and trouble. I then was one of those of ransom; for as soon as it was known how I was a captain, notwithstanding that I told them of my little possibility and want of means, all could not prevail to dissuade them from consorting me with the multitude of gentlemen, and those of ransom. \*They put on me then a chain, rather to be a token that I was there for my ransom than to keep me the better with it. And so I passed away my time there with many other gentlemen and men of mark, held and kept in there for their ransom. And although both hunger and nakedness did vex us now and then, or rather evermore, yet nothing did afflict us so much as to hear and see every moment the cruelties that my master used towards Christians. Every day he hanged up one; he set this man on a stake, and would cut off the other’s ears, and that for so little occasion, or wholly without it, as the very Turks themselves perceived that he did it not for any other cause but because he had a will to do it, and that it was his natural inclination to be a homicide of all human

kind. Only one Spanish soldier, called such a one of Saavedra, was in his good grace, who although he did sundry things that will remain in the memory of that nation for many years, and all to the end to get his liberty, yet he never struck him, nor commanded him to be stricken, nor said as much as an evil word unto him ; and yet we all feared that he should be broached on a stake for the least of many things which he did, and himself did also dread it more than once ; and if it were not that time denieth me leisure to do it, I would recount unto you things done by this soldier, which might both entertain and astonish you much more than the relation of my life.

‘ There were over the square court of our prison certain windows that looked into it, and belonged to a certain rich and principal Moor ; the which windows (as ordinarily are all the Moors’ windows) rather seemed to be holes than windows, and even these were also very closely covered and shut fast with linen coverings. It therefore befel that, standing one day upon the battlements of our prison with other three companions, trying which of us could leap best in his shackles to pass away the time, and being alone (for all the other Christians were gone abroad to labour), I lifted up by chance mine eyes, and I saw thrust out at one of those so close shut windows a cane, and a linen tied at the end thereof, and the cane was moved and wagged up and down, as if it had made signs that we should come and take it. We looked upon it, and one of my companions went under the cane, to see whether they would let it fall, or what they would do else ; but as soon as he approached it, the cane was lifted up, and did stir it to either side, as if they had said (with wagging of the head), “ No.” The Christian returned to us ; and the cane being eftsoons let fall, and beginning to move as it had done before, another of my fellows went, and the same succeeded unto him that did to the first. Finally, the third approached it, with no better success than the former two ; which I perceiving, would not omit to try my fortitude ; and as soon as I came near to stand

under the cane, it was let slip, and fell within the baths, just at my feet. I forthwith went to untie the linen which was knotted, wherein I found ten zianiys, which are certain pieces of base gold used among the Moors, and worth, each of them, ten reals of our money. I leave to your discretion to think if I was not glad of my booty; certes, my joy and admiration was much, to think whence that good might come unto us, but specially to myself, since the signs of refusal to let it fall to the other did confirm clearly that the favour was only addressed to myself. I took my welcome money, broke the cane, and returned to the battlements, and viewed the window earnestly, and perceived a very beautiful hand issue out thereat, which did open and shut it again very speedily. By which imagining and thinking that some woman that dwelled in that house had done us the charity and benefit, in token of our thankful minds, we made our courtesies after the Moorish fashion, by inclining of our heads, bending of the body, and pressing our hands to our breasts. Within a while after, there appeared out of the same window a little cross made of canes, which presently was taken in again. This sign did confirm us in the opinion that there was some Christian woman captive in that place, and that it was she which did to us the courtesy; but the whiteness of her hand, and her rich bracelets, destroyed this presumption: although we did, notwithstanding, conjecture that it was some runagate Christian, whom their masters there do very ordinarily take to wives, yea, and account very good hap to light on one of them, for they are much more accounted of than the women of the nation itself.

‘Yet in all these discourses we strayed very far from the truth of the accident; and so, from thenceforward, all our passing of the time was employed in beholding that window as our north, wherein had appeared the star of the cane. But fifteen days passed over, or we could descry either it or the hand again, or any other sign. And although in the meantime we endeavoured all that we might to know who dwelled in that house, or whether

there were any runagate Christian therein, yet never a one could tell us any other things but that it belonged to a very rich and noble Moor, called Aguimorato, who had been constable of the Pata—a dignity among them of very great quality.

‘But when we thought least that it would rain any more zianiys by that way, we saw the cane suddenly to appear, and another linen hanging on it, whose bulk was much greater. And this befel when the bath was freed of concourse, and void, as the other time before. We made the accustomed trial, every one approaching it before me, but without effect until I came; for presently, as I approached it, it was permitted to fall. I untied the knot, and found enwreathed in it forty ducats of Spanish gold, with a letter written in the Arabian tongue, and at the end thereof was drawn a very great cross. I kissed the cross, took up the money, and returned again to the battlements, and we all together made our receivers. The hand also appeared. I made signs that I would read the paper, and the window was shut incontinently. All of us were marvellously astonished, yet joyful at that which had befallen us; and by reason that none of us understood the Arabian tongue, the desire that we had to understand the contents of the letter was surpassing great, but greater the difficulty to find out some trusty person that might read it. In the end I resolved to trust in this affair a runagate of Murcia, who did profess himself to be my very great friend, and having, by my liberality and other good turns done secretly, obliged him to be secret in the affair wherein I would use him—for some runagates are accustomed, when they have an intention to return into the Christian countries, to bring with them testimonies of the most principal captives, wherein they inform, and in the amplest manner they may, how the bearer is an honest man, and that he hath ever done many good turns to the Christians, and that he hath himself a desire to escape by the first commodity. Some runagates there are which procure those testimonies sincerely, and with a good intention; others take the benefit of them either by

chance or industry, who, intending to go and rob into the countries of Christians, if by chance they be astray or taken, bring forth their testimonies, and say that by those papers may be collected the purpose wherewithal they came, that is, to remain in Christian countries, and that therefore they came abroad a-pirating with the other Turks; and by this means they escape that first brunt, and are reconciled again to the Church, without receiving any harm at all; and when they espy their time, do return again into Barbary, to be such as they were before. Others there are which procure those writings with a pure intention, and do after stay in Christian countries. Well, this my friend was a runagate of this last kind, who had the testimonies of all my companions, wherein we did commend him as amply as we could devise. And certainly if the Moors had found those papers about him, they would have burnt him for it. I understand how he could speak the Arabian tongue very perfectly, and not only that alone, but also write it withal; yet before I would wholly break my mind to him, I requested him to read me that scroll which I had found by chance in a hole of my cabin. He opened it, and stood a good while beholding and construing thereof, murmuring somewhat between his teeth. I demanded therefore of him whether he understood it. And he answered that he did very well, and that if I desired to have it translated verbatim I should bring unto him pen and ink, to the end he might do it more completely. We presently gave unto him that which he asked, and he did translate it by little and little; and having finished it, he said, "All that is here in Spanish, is punctually, without omitting a letter, the contents of the Moorish paper. And here you must note that where it says Lela Marien, it means our Lady the blessed Virgin Mary." We read the paper, whereof the contents were these which ensue:

"When I was a child, my father had a certain Christian woman captive, that taught me in mine own tongue all the Christian religion, and told me many



things of Lela Marien. The Christian died, and I know she went not to the fire, but to Allah; for she appeared to me twice after her death, and bade me go to the Christian country to see Lela Marien, who loved me much. I know not how I may go. I have seen many Christians through this window, and none of them hath seemed to me a gentleman but thyself. I am very beautiful and young, and I have a great deal of riches to carry with me. See thou whether thou canst contrive the way how we may depart, and thou shalt there be my husband, if thou pleasest; and if thou wilt not, I do not greatly care, for Lela Marien will provide me of a husband. I wrote myself this billet; be therefore wary whom thou trustest to read it. Do not trust any Moor; for they are all of them deceitful traitors. It is this that grieves me most of all; for I would not have thee, if it were possible, to disclose the matter to any living body; for if my father did know it, he would throw me down into a well, and oppress me in it with stones. I will hang a thread to the end of the cane, and therein thou mayst tie thine answer. And if thou canst not write the Arabian, tell me thy mind by signs, for Lela Marien will make me to understand it, who, with Allah, preserve thee, and this cross, which I do many times kiss; for so the captive commanded me to do."

'See, good sir, if it was not great reason, that the reasons comprehended in this letter should recreate and astonish us. And certainly the one and the other was so great, as the runagate perceived well that the paper was not found by chance, but was really addressed unto some one of us; and therefore desired us earnestly, that if that were true which he suspected, that we would trust and tell it unto him, and he would adventure his life to procure our liberties. And saying this, he took out of his bosom a crucifix of metal, and protested, with very many tears, by the God which that image represented, in whom he, although a sinner and wicked man, did most firmly believe, that he would be most



loyal and secret to us in all that which we would discover unto him; for it seemed to him, and he almost divined, that both himself and we all should recover our liberties by her means that did write the letter; and he should then also see himself in the state which he most desired, to wit, in the bosom of his mother the holy Catholic Church; from which, through his ignorance and sin, he was departed and divided as an unprofitable and corrupt member. The runagate said this with so many tears, and such evident tokens of repentance, as all of us consented to open our minds unto him, and declare the truth of the matter; and so we recounted unto him the whole discourse, without concealing any circumstance, and showed unto him the window by which the cane was wont to appear; and he marked the house from thence, and rested with special charge to inform himself well of those that dwelled therein. We thought also that it was requisite to answer the Moorish lady's letter; and therefore, having him present that could so well perform that task, we caused the runagate to draw out an answer presently as I did dilate it to him, which was punctually such as I will recount; for of all the most substantial points that befel me in that affair, no one is fallen out of my memory, nor shall ever as long as I have breath. In effect that which I answered to the Moor was this:

“The true Allah preserve you, dear lady, and that blessed Marien who is the true mother of God, and is she that hath put in your mind the desire to go into the Christian countries, because she doth love you well. Pray unto her that she will vouchsafe to instruct you how you may bring the matter to pass which she commandeth you to do; for she is so good as she will easily condescend to do it. As for my part, I do promise, as well for myself as for these other Christians that are with me, to do for you all that we are able to do until death. Do not omit to write unto me, and acquaint me with your purposes, and I will answer you every time; for great Allah hath given us a captive Christian that can write and read your language well, as you may perceive by this

paper ; so that you may securely, and without any dread, advise us of all that you shall think good. And as concerning that which you say, that you will become my wife after we arrive to the Christian countries, I do promise you the same, as I am a good Christian ; and you shall understand that the Christians do accomplish their words far better than do the Moors. Allah and Marien his mother preserve you, my dearest lady !”

‘The letter being written and enclosed, I expected two days, that the baths might be free of concourse, as it was wont, which as soon as it befel, I went up to my accustomed place of the battlements, to see whether the cane appeared ; which was presently after thrust out at the window. And as soon as I perceived it, although I could not note who it was that set it, I showed my paper, to give them warning to set on the thread ; but it was already hanging thereon ; to the which I tied the letter, and within a while after began to appear our star, with the white flag of peace, and the knotted linen ; which they let fall, and I took up ; and I found therein, in divers sorts of money and gold, more than fifty ducats, which redoubled our joys more than fifty times, and confirmed the hope we conceived of attaining liberty. The very same night our runagate returned to us, and told how he had learned that the very same Moor which we were informed of before, called Aguimorato, dwelt there, and was excessive rich, and had one only daughter, the heir of all his goods ; of whom the common opinion throughout the city was, that she was the fairest woman of all Barbary ; and that many of the viceroys that came there had demanded her to wife, but she would never condescend to any notion of marriage ; and that he likewise had understood that she had sometimes a Christian captive, which now was deceased : all which agreed with the contents of the letter. We presently entered in council with the runagate about the means we were to use to fetch away the Moor, and come all of us to Christian lands ; and in the end we concluded to attend, for that time, the second advice of Zoraida (for so was she

then called, who now means to name herself Maria), forasmuch as we clearly perceived that it was she, and none other, that could minister to us the means to remove all these difficulties. After we had rested on this resolution, the runagate bid us be of good courage, for he would engage his life, or set us at liberty. Four days after, the baths were troubled with people, which was an occasion that the cane appeared not all that while; but that impediment being removed, and the accustomed solitude returned, the cane did again appear, with a linen hanging thereat so grossly impregnated as it promised to be delivered of a most happy burden. Both cane and linen bent themselves to me, and in them I found another paper, and a hundred ducats in gold, besides other small money. The runagate was present, and we gave him the letter to read, the effect whereof was this:

“I know not, good sir, what order to give for our going into Spain, nor hath Lela Marien told me anything concerning it, although I have demanded her counsel. That which at present I conceive may be done is, that I will through this window give unto you great store of money, wherewith you may redeem yourself and your friends. And let one of you go into the Christian’s country and buy a barque, and after return for his fellows, and he shall find me in my father’s garden, which is at the gate of Babazon, near to the sea-coast, where I mean to stay all the summer, with my father and my servants; from whence you may take me out boldly by night, and carry me to the barque. And see well that thou wilt be my husband; for if thou wilt not, I will demand of Marien to chastise thee: and if thou darest trust nobody to go for the vessel, redeem thyself and go, for I know thou wilt rather return than another, seeing thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Learn out the garden, and when I see thee walk there where thou now art, I will make account that the bath is empty, and will give thee great store of money. Allah preserve thee, my dear friend!”

'These were the contents of the second letter, which being heard by us all, every one offered to be himself the ransomed person, and promised to go and return with all punctuality, and among the rest I also made a proffer of myself; to all which resolutions the runagate opposed himself, saying that he would consent in no wise that any one of us should be freed until we were all together delivered; for experience had taught him how evil ransomed men were wont to keep those promises which they passed in the times of their thralldom; for many times certain principal captives had made that kind of trial, redeeming of some one or other that should go to Valencia or Majorca, with money to freight a barque or frigate, and return for him that had ransomed them, and did never return again; for the recovered liberty, and the fear of adventuring to lose it again concurring, did blot out of their memory all the other obligations of the world. And to confirm the truth which he averred, he briefly recounted unto us an accident which befel much about the same time to certain Christian gentlemen, the strangest as I suppose that ever happened in those quarters, wherein do succeed every other day events full of wonder and admiration; and therefore concluded that what ought and might be done was, that they would give unto him to buy a barque such money as they meant to employ in the ransom of a captive, and he would buy it there in Algiers, under pretext of becoming a merchant and sailor in Tetuan and that coast. And being once owner of a barque, he would easily devise how to have them out of the baths and embark them all: how much more, if the Moorish lady did as she promised, give them money enough to ransom them all, was it a most easy thing, they being free, to embark themselves at mid-day. But the greatest difficulty in this affair was, that the Moors use not to permit any runagate to buy any barque or other small vessel, but only great vessels of war; for they suspect that he that buys a barque, specially if he be a Spaniard, does it for no other end but to run away to

Christian countries. And yet he knew how to facilitate that inconvenience, by inducing a Tangerine Moor to become his partner of the barque and the gains that should be gotten by the commodities thereof, and with this colour he would become lord of it himself, and therewithal accounted the matter ended. And although that myself and my comrades held it the better course to send unto Mallorca for one, as the Moorish lady said, yet durst we not contradict him, fearful that if we did not what he would have us to do he would discover us and endanger our lives, if he did once detect Zoraida's practices, for the safeguard of whose life we would all of us most willingly adventure our own; and therefore we determined to put ourselves into God's and the runagate's hands. And so we answered at the same instant to Zoraida, telling her that we would accomplish all that she had admonished us, because she had advertised us as well as if Lela Marien had told her what she should say, and that the dilating or shortening of the affair did consist only in herself. I did offer myself anew to become her husband; and with this the day ensuing wherein the bath was also free, she sent me down at divers times by the cane two thousand ducats and a letter, wherein she said that she would go to her father's garden the next Juma, that is, the Friday following, and that before she went away she would give us more money; and that if it were not enough, we should advise her, and she would give unto us as much as we would demand; for her father had so much treasure as he would never perceive it; how much more, seeing she had and kept the keys of all. We gave five hundred crowns presently to the runagate to buy a barque, and with eight hundred I redeemed myself, giving the money to a Valencian merchant which was at that season in Algiers, who did ransom me of the king, taking me forth on his word, which he passed to pay my ransom at the arrival of the first ship that should come from Valencia; for if he had delivered the money instantly, it would have given occasion to the king to suspect that my ransom was many days before in Algiers, and that the merchant had kept it

silently to make his benefit thereof. Finally, my master was so cavillous as I durst not in any wise pay him presently.

‘The Thursday before the Friday of the beautiful Zoraida’s departure towards the garden, she gave unto us other two thousand ducats, and did likewise advise us of her going away, entreating me, that as soon as I had ransomed myself, I should learn the way to the garden, and take occasion howsoever to go to it, and see her. I answered her briefly that I would do so, and prayed her that she would carefully commend our proceedings to Lela Marien with those prayers which the captive had taught her. This being done, order was also given for the ransoming of my three companions to facilitate our issue out of the baths, and also that they seeing me free, and themselves undelivered, might not be troubled or persuaded by the devil to do anything in prejudice of Zoraida ; for although that they, being the men of that quality they were, might assure me from this fear, I would not, for all that, adventure the matter ; and therefore I caused them to be ransomed by the same means that I was redeemed myself, giving all the money to the merchant, that he might with the more security pass his word for us ; to whom yet we never did discover our practice and secret, by reason of the eminent danger of the discovery thereof.’

## CHAPTER XIV

*Wherein the Captive prosecuteth the Pleasant Narration  
of his Life*

‘FIFTEEN days were not fully expired when the runagate had bought him a very good barque, able to hold thirty persons or more ; and for the better colour and assurance of his business, he made a voyage to a place called Sargel, which is thirty leagues distant from Algiers towards the side of Oran, and is a great place of traffic for dry figs.



He made this voyage twice or thrice in company with the Tagarine of whom we made mention ; and the name of Tagarino is in Barbary given to the Moors of Aragon, Granada, and Mudajares. And in the kingdom of Fez those Mudajares are called Elches, and are the nation which that king doth most employ in warlike affairs. You shall therefore understand that every time he passed by with his barque, he did cast anchor in a little creek, twice the shot of a crossbow from the garden wherein Zoraida attended ; and there the runagate would, in very good earnest, exercise himself with the Moors that rowed, either to fly, or else to assault one another in jest, as he meant to do after in good earnest ; and would now and then go to Zoraida's garden and demand fruits, which her father would bestow upon him, without knowing what he was ; and although he desired to have spoken with Zoraida, as he told me afterward himself, and have informed her how it was he that was to carry her away, by my direction, into the land of Christians, and that she should therefore live cheerful and secure, yet was it never possible, forasmuch as the women of that nation do not suffer themselves to be viewed by any Moor or Turk, if he be not their husband, or that their parents command them, yet do they haunt and communicate themselves to Christian captives freely, and that sometimes more than is convenient. And truly it would have grieved me that he should have spoken to her, for perhaps it would have perplexed her extraordinarily, to see her affair committed to the trust of a runagate ; but God, who did otherwise dispose it, did not concur with this good desire of our runagate, who, seeing how safely he went and returned from Sargel, and that he sounded when and where he pleased, and that the Tagarino, his partner, did only what he liked, and that I was ransomed, and nothing else wanting but to find out some Christian that would row, he bade me bethink myself what men I would bring away with me beside those that I had ransomed, and that I should warn them to be ready against the next Friday, wherein he was resolved that we should depart.



‘Seeing this, I spake to twelve Spaniards, very lusty rowers, and those that could with most liberty get out of the city; and it was not a little matter to find so many there at that time, for there were twenty galleys abroad a-robbing, which had carried all the other rowers with them, and these were left behind, because their master did keep at home that summer to finish a galley that was on the stocks a-making. To these I said nothing else, but only warned them that the Friday ensuing, in the evening, they should closely steal out by one and one, and go towards Agumorato’s garden, and there expect me until I came unto them. I gave this advice to every one of them apart, with order also, that although they saw any other Christians there, they should tell them nothing else but that I had commanded them to expect me in that place.

‘This diligence being used, yet wanted there another, which was the most expedient of all, to wit, to advise Zoraida of the terms wherein our affairs did stand, to the end she might be likewise ready and prepared, and not affrighted, though we did assault her before the time that she could imagine the barque of the Christians to be come to fetch her; and therefore I resolved to go myself into the garden, and see whether I might speak with her. And taking the occasion to go and gather some herbs, I went unto it the day before our departure, and the first person with whom I encountered was her father, who demanded of me, in a language which in all Barbary and Constantinople is usually spoken by the Moors to their captives, and is neither Arabian, Spanish, nor of any other nation, but rather a mixture of all languages, wherewith all of us understand one another: he, I say, in that kind of speech, demanded of me what I sought for in that his garden, and to whom I did belong. I answered that I was one Arnaut Mami his slave (and this because I was very certainly informed that he was his entire friend), and that I came thither to gather of all sorts of herbs to make a salad. He consequently asked of me whether I was a man of ransom or no, and how much my master demanded for me. And being in those questions and demands, the

beautiful Zoraida descended from the house into the garden, who had espied me a good while before. And as the Moorish women do not greatly estrange themselves from the sight of Christians, nor are in their behaviour or conversation with them anything squeamish, as we have said already, she did not greatly fear to approach the place where her father talked with me, but rather her father perceiving that she came on slowly, did call, and commanded her to draw near.

‘It were a thing impossible for me to recount the great beauty and gallant disposition, or the bravery and riches of attire wherein my beloved Zoraida then showed herself to mine eyes. I will only say this, that there hung more pearls at her ears, superlative fair neck, and hair, than she hath hairs on her head ; about the wrists of her legs, which were naked, after the manner of her country, she wore two carcaxes (for so the manacles or bracelets of the feet are called in the Moresco tongue) of the finest gold, wherein were enchased so many diamonds, that, as she told me after, her father valued them at twenty thousand crowns ; and those about the wrists of her hands were of equal esteem. Her pearls were many, and those most orient ; for all the chief bravery and ornament of the Moorish ladies consists in the adorning of themselves with pearls and pearl-seed, by reason whereof there is more pearls and pearl-seed to be found among the Moors than among all other nations of the world. And Zoraida’s father had the fame to have many, and those the very best that were in Algiers ; and also above two hundred thousand ducats of Spanish gold, of all which was she the lady who now is mine. And if with all this ornament she could then seem fair, by the relics that have remained unto her among so many labours, may be easily guessed what she would have been in the time of prosperity ; for all of us do know that the beauty of some women hath limited days and seasons, and requireth certain accidents either to diminish or increase it ; and it is a thing natural to the passions of the mind, either to raise or abase it, but most commonly they wholly destroy it.

To be brief, I say that she arrived to the place where we discoursed at that time, most richly attired, and beautiful beyond measure, or I at least deemed her the fairest that I had ever beheld until then; and herewithal, remembering the obligation wherein she had tied me, thought that some deity had presented itself to my view, being come from heaven to the earth for my recreation and relief.

'As soon as she was arrived, her father told her in her own language how I was his friend Arnaute Mami his captive, and that I came there to gather a salad; then she, taking the speech, demanded in that medley of tongues of which I have spoken, whether I was a gentleman, and what the reason was why I redeemed not myself. I made answer that I was already ransomed, and by the ransom might be conjectured in how much my master valued me, seeing he had for my liberty a thousand and five hundred coltamis. To this she answered, "In good sooth, if thou wert my father's, I would cause him not to give thee for twice as much more; for you Christians are great liars, and do make every one of yourselves poor men, to defraud the Moors of their due ransom." "It may well be so, madam," quoth I; "but I have, for my part, used all truth in this affair with my master, and do, and will use truth with as many persons as I shall ever have occasion to treat with in this world."

"And when dost thou go away?" quoth Zoraida. "To-morrow, as I believe," quoth I; "for there is a French vessel here which sets forth to-morrow, and I mean to depart in her." "Were it not better," replied Zoraida, "to expect until vessels come out of Spain, and go away with them, than with those of France, which are not your friends?" "No," quoth I; "although if it were true, as the news runs, that there comes a vessel from Spain, I would attend it; but yet it is more certain that I shall depart to-morrow; for the desire I have to see myself at home in my country, and with those persons whom I love, is so great as it will not permit me to expect any other commodity that foreslows itself, be it never so good." "Thou art doubtlessly

married in thy country," said Zoraida, "and therefore desirest to go see thy wife?" "I am not married," quoth I; "but I have passed my word to marry as soon as I am there safely arrived." "And is she beautiful to whom thou hast passed it?" quoth Zoraida. "So beautiful," said I, "as, to endear it and tell you the truth, she is very like unto yourself." Hereat her father laughed very heartily, and said, "In good earnest, Christian, she must be very fair that may compare with my daughter, who is the most beautiful of all this kingdom; and if thou wilt not believe me, look on her well, and thou shalt see that I tell thee but the truth." He himself, as most perfect in the tongue, did serve for the interpreter of most of our speeches: for although she could speak that illegitimate language which is there in use, yet did she manifest her mind more by signs than by words.

'Whilst thus we reasoned of many matters, there came running towards us a certain Moor, and told his master how four Turks had leaped over the garden walls, and were gathering the fruits, although they were not yet ripe. The old man and his daughter Zoraida started hereat; for it is an universal and natural defect in the Moors to fear the Turks, but specially the soldiers of that nation, who are commonly so insolent, and have such command over the Moors that are their subjects, as they do use them worse than if they were their slaves. Therefore Zoraida's father said unto her, "Daughter, retire thyself into the house, and keep thyself in, whilst I go speak to those dogs. And thou, Christian, go and seek out thine herbs, and depart in a good hour; and I pray Allah to conduct thee safely to thy country." I inclined myself to him, and he departed to search out the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who began to make ado as if she went whither her father had commanded her. But scarce was he covered among the trees of the garden, when she returned to me, with her eyes full of tears, said, "Amexi, Christiano? amexi?" that is, "Goest thou away, Christian? goest thou away?" I answered, "Yes, lady, that I do; but I will never depart without

thee. Expect me the next Friday, and be not affrighted when thou shalt see us; for we will go to the Christian country then without all doubt." This I said to her in such sort as she understood all my words very well; and, casting her arm over my neck, she began to travel with languishing steps towards the house; and fortune would (which might have been very ill, if Heaven had not rectified it) that as we walked together in that manner and form, her father (who did by this return, after he had caused the Turks to depart) espied us; and we saw also very well how he had perceived us; wherefore Zoraida, who is very discreet, would not take away her arm from my neck, but rather drew nearer unto me, and laid her head on my breast, and bowed her knees a little, with evident token that she swooned; and I likewise made as though I did sustain her up by force. Her father came running over towards us, and, seeing his daughter in that state, demanded the cause of her; but, seeing she made no answer, he himself said, "She doubtlessly is dismayed by the sudden affright she took at the entrance of those dogs"; and, taking her away from me, he bowed her to his own breast; and she, breathing out a sigh, with her eyes yet full of tears, said again, "Amexi, Christiano, amexi,"—"Go away, Christian; go away." To which her father replied, "There is no cause, daughter, why the Christian should go away; for he hath done thee no harm, and the Turks are already departed." "Sir, they have affrighted her," quoth I, "as you have said; but yet since she hath commanded me to go away, I will not offend her; therefore, rest in peace; for I will return, if it please you to give me leave, for herbs to this garden when it is needful; for my master says none better are to be found for salads in any garden than you have in this." "Come as oft as thou wilt," said Aguimorato; "for my daughter says not this in respect that thou or any other Christian hath offended her, but that, meaning to say that the Turks should go away, she bade thee to depart, or else she spake it because it is time for thee to gather thine herbs."

‘With this I took leave of both, and she seemed at the instant of my departure to have had her heart torn away from her as she departed with her father ; and I, under colour of seeking herbs, went about all the garden at my leisure, and viewed all the sallies and the entrances thereof, the strength of the house, and the commodities that might be offered to facilitate our enterprise. This being done, I came home, and made a relation to the runagate and my other fellows of all that had passed, and did long infinitely to see the hour wherein I might, without any affright or danger, possess that happiness which fortune, in the fair and lovely Zoraida, offered unto me. In fine, the time passed over, and the so much desired day and term arrived ; and, every one of us following the order which, with mature consideration and long discourse, we had agreed on, we found the good success we desired ; for the very Friday following the day wherein I had spoken with Zoraida in the garden, Morenago (for so was the runagate called) near night cast anchor almost right before the place wherein the beautiful Zoraida remained. The Christians, also, that were to row were ready, and hidden in sundry places thereabouts. All were suspended, and resolutely expected my coming, desirous to set upon the barque that was before their face ; for they knew not of the agreement that was between me and the runagate, but rather made full account that they were to gain their liberty by force of arms, and killing the Moors that came in that vessel.

‘It therefore befel that, as soon as I and my fellows appeared, all the rest that were hidden, and espied us, made forthwith over towards us. This was at an hour when the city gates were shut, and never a body abroad among all those fields. And when we were all together, we were in doubt whether it would be best first to go and fetch Zoraida, or to imprison and stone the Taragin Moors that rowed in the frigate. And being in this doubt, the runagate came to us, asking upon what we stayed, for it was now high time to be going away, and all his Moors were reccheless, and the greater number of them asleep. We told him then the cause



of our stay. And he answered that it was of most importance first to subject the vessel, which might be done with very great facility, and without any peril; and that we might go after for Zoraida. His opinion liked us all very well; and therefore, without lingering any longer, he leading the way, we came to the vessel, and he himself leaping in first of all, set hand to his falchion, and said in Moresco, "Let none of you that is here stir himself, if he love his life." And saying so, all the rest of the Christians entered. The Moors, which were of little spirit, hearing their master say so, were marvellously amazed, and, without daring any one of them to set hand to their arms, which were but a few at all, they suffered themselves very quietly to be taken and bound by the Christians, which did it very dexterously, threatening them that if they did let slip the least outcry, they should presently be all put to the sword. This being finished, and the half of our people remaining in their guard, we that were left, conducted also by the runagate, went towards Aguimorato's garden. The door thereof did, by very good hap, open with as little noise as if it had had no lock at all; whereupon we went with great quietness and silence towards the house, unseen or espied of any.

'The beautiful Zoraida was the while expecting us at a window, and as soon as she saw people approach, demanded, with a low voice, whether we were Nazarenes, as if she would say or ask whether we were Christians. I answered that we were, and willed her to come down. As soon as she knew me, she stayed not a minute, but without answering any word came down in an instant, and, opening the door, showed herself to us all, more beautiful and richly attired than I am able in any sort to express. As soon as I saw her, I took her by the hand and kissed it; the same did the runagate, and my two comrades; and all the rest, which knew not the matter, did as they had seen us do before them; for it seemed that we did no more but give her thanks, and acknowledge her the auctress of all our liberties. The runagate demanded of her, in her own language, whether her



father were in the garden or no. She answered that he was, and that he slept. "Then will it be requisite," quoth the runagate, "to rouse him, and bear him and all the other things of worth in this garden away with us." "That shall not be so," quoth she; "for I will have no man to touch my father; and in this house there is nothing of value, but that which I mean to carry away with myself, which is so much as will be sufficient to cheer and enrich you all; as, if you will stay but a while, you shall perceive."

'And saying so, she entered again into the house, promising to return to us speedily, and bade us stand still without making any noise. I demanded of the runagate what speech had passed between them, and he told me all she had said; and I answered him again, that I would not have Zoraida's will transgressed in any sort. By this time she returned laden with a little casket full of gold, so that she was scarce able to bear it. And her father, in the mean season, by bad fortune, awaked, and heard the noise that was beneath in his garden; and, looking out at a window, he perceived that they were all Christians that were in it, and therefore cried out, in a loud and unmeasurable manner, in the Arabian tongue, "Christians, Christians! thieves, thieves!" by which cries we were all of us stricken into very great fear and confusion. But the runagate, seeing the peril wherein we were, and how nearly it concerned him to come off from that enterprise before he were discovered, ran up very speedily to the place where Aguimorato stood, and some of our fellows accompanied him (for I durst not abandon Zoraida, who had fallen between mine arms all amazed); and in conclusion, those which had mounted, behaved themselves so well, as they brought Aguimorato down in a trice, having tied his hands, and set a gag in his mouth, which hindered his speech, threatening him that if he did speak but a word it should cost him his life.

'When his daughter saw him she covered her eyes, because she would not behold him; and he marvelled, wholly ignoring with how good a will she came away with

us. But then, considering that nothing was so requisite as our legs, we did with all velocity and diligence get into the frigate; for our companions did perplexedly expect our return, half afraid that some disgrace had befallen us. Scarce were two hours of the night overrun, when we were all embarked; and then we unmanacled Zoraida's father's hands, and took the cloth out of his mouth. But the runagate did again admonish him that, as he tendered his life, he should not speak one word. He, beholding his daughter likewise there, began to sigh very feelingly, but chiefly perceiving me to hold her so straitly embraced, and that she made no resistance, nor did complain or seem coy, but stood quiet; but yet for all that he kept silence, fearing lest they should put the runagate's menaces in execution. Zoraida, seeing herself now safe within the barque, and that we were ready to row away, looking on her father and the other Moors that were tied therein, she entreated the runagate to tell me how she desired me to do her the favour to set those Moors and her father at liberty; for she would rather cast herself into the sea than see her father, who had loved her so dearly, carried away captive before her eyes, and that also by her occasion. The runagate told me her mind, and I answered how I was very well pleased it should be so. But he replied that it was in no sort expedient, by reason that if they were landed there, they would presently raise the country and put the whole city into a tumult, and cause certain light frigates to be manned and sent out in our pursuit, and lay both sea and land for us in such sort as it would be impossible for us to escape; but what was at the present possible to be done, was to give them liberty at the first Christian country whereat we happened to arrive.

'All of us agreed to this opinion; and Zoraida also (to whom reason was given of the motives we had, not to free them forthwith, and accomplish her will therein) remained satisfied; and therefore presently, with joyful silence and cheerful diligence, every one of our lusty rowers seizing upon his oar, we began, after we had commended ourselves unto Almighty God, to launch forth, and address our

course towards the isles of Mallorca, which is the nearest Christian country; but by reason that the wind blew somewhat from the mountains, and that the sea began to be rough, it was not possible to continue that course, and so we were forced to approach the shore, and go by little and little towards Oran, not without great grief and anguish, for fear to be espied by the town of Sargel, which is on that coast, and falls some seventy leagues beyond Algiers. And we did likewise fear to meet in that passage some galliot of those which come ordinarily with merchandise from Tetuan, although every one of us for himself, and for all together, did presume that if we encountered a galliot of merchandise, so it were not a pirate, that not only we would not be lost, but rather would take the vessel, that therein we might with more security finish our voyage. Zoraida, whilst thus we sailed, went with her head between my hands, because she would not look on her father; and I felt her, how she was still invoking of Lela Marien to assist us. And having sailed about some thirty leagues, the morning overtook us about some three musket-shot from land, in a place that seemed to be desert, and free from all access of those that might discover us; and yet for all that, we got by might and main somewhat farther into the seas that now was become a little calmer; and having entered some two leagues into the main, order was given that they should row by turns, whilst they did refresh themselves, and take a little sustenance, for the barque was very well furnished with victuals, although those which did row refused the offer, saying that then it was no time to repose, and that they should set those that did not row to dinner, for they would not yet in any sort let go their oars. It being done as they had said, the wind did rise so much as it made us, abandoning our oars, to set sail, and direct our boat towards Oran, being unable to take any other course. All was done with very great speed; and so we made by the sail more than eight miles an hour, free from all other fear than that of encountering some vessel of war. We gave the Moors, our prisoners, their dinner, and the runagate

comforted them, saying that they went not as prisoners, for they should receive their liberty upon the first commodity that were proffered. The same was likewise said of Zoraida's father, who returned them this answer : " I would easily expect and believe any other thing, O Christians, of your liberality and honourable manner of proceeding ; but do not think that I am so simple as once to imagine that you will give me my liberty, for you did never expose yourself to the danger of despoiling me thereof with intention to return it me so prodigally again, especially knowing, as you do, who I am, and the profit you may reap by giving me it again ; to which profit, if you will put a name, and tell me how much would you demand, I do even from hence offer unto you all that which you will seek for me, and for that unfortunate daughter of mine ; or if you will not deliver me, I will give you it for her alone, who is the greatest and the best part of my soul." And saying so, he began to weep so bitterly as he moved us all to compassion, and forced Zoraida to look upon him, who, seeing him weep, was so strangely moved as, arising from my feet, she went and embraced her father ; and, laying her face upon his, they began together so tender a lamentation as many of us that were in the barque were forced to keep them company. But when her father noted her to be so richly adorned, and with so many jewels on, he asked her in his own language, " How haps this, daughter, that yesternight late, before this terrible disaster befel us wherein we are plunged, I saw thee attired in thine ordinary household array, and that now, without having had any leisure to apparel thyself, or having given thee any glad tidings, for whose solemnising thou oughtest to adorn and publish thyself, I do view thee thus clad in the richest attire which I could bestow upon thee when our fortune was most favourable ? Answer me to this, for thou hast suspended and astonished me more than the very disgrace itself wherein I am."

' All that the Moor said to his daughter the runagate declared unto us ; and she did not answer a word to him. But when he saw the little coffer lie at one side of the

barque, wherein she was wont to keep her jewels, and that he knew very well he had left at Algiers, and not brought to the garden, he was much more amazed, and demanded of her how that coffer was come into our possession, and what things she had there within it. To which the runagate, without attending that Zoraida should answer him, said, "Sir, do not trouble yourself by demanding so many things of your daughter Zoraida, for with one that I will say I shall satisfy them all; and therefore you shall understand that she is a Christian, and hath been the file that cut off our chains, and is the liberty itself of our captivity; and she goeth along with us of her own free will, as content (if mine imagination do not wrong me) to see herself in this state, as he is that cometh out of darkness to the light, from death unto life, and out of pain into glory." "Is it true, daughter, which this man says?" quoth the Moor. "It is," answered Zoraida. "That thou in effect art a Christian," replied the old man, "and she that hath put her father into his enemy's hands?" To which Zoraida answered, "I am she that is a Christian, but not she that hath brought thee to this pass; for my desire did never so estrange itself from thee as to abandon or harm thee, but only endeavoured to do myself good." "And what good hast thou done thyself, daughter?" "Demand that," said she, "of Lela Marien, for she can therein inform thee better than I can."

'Scarce had the Moor heard her say so, when, with incredible haste, he threw himself headlong into the sea, wherein he had been questionlessly drowned, if the long apparel he wore on had not kept him up a while above the water. Zoraida cried out to us to save him; and so we all presently ran, and, laying hold on a part of his Turkish robe, drew him up half drowned, and wholly devoid of feeling; whereat Zoraida was so grieved, that she lamented him as dolefully as if he had been dead. There we laid him with his mouth downward, and he avoided a great quantity of water, and after the space of two hours returned to himself again. And in the meantime, the wind also turning, it did drive us towards the coast, so that we were

constrained to keep ourselves by very force of arms from striking upon it ; and our good fortune directing us, we arrived to a little creek at the side of a certain cape or promontory, called by the Moors the Cape of the Cava Rumia, which in our language signifies "the ill Christian woman." And the Moors hold it for a tradition, that in the very same place was the Cava buried, for whom Spain was lost, and conquered by the Moors ; for Cava in their language signifies an ill woman, and Rumia a Christian. Yea, and they hold it for a sign of misfortune to arrive or cast anchor there, when mere necessity drives them thither, without which they never approach it : yet did it not prove to us the shelter of an ill woman, but the secure haven of our safety. We sent our sentinels ashore, and never let the oars slip out of our hands. We did likewise eat of the runagate's provision, and heartily besought Almighty God and Our Lady to assist and favour us with a happy end to so lucky a beginning. And we agreed, upon Zoraida's entreaty, to set her father and the other Moors that we had tied a-land in that place ; for she was of so tender and compassionate a mind as she could in no wise brook to see her father tied in her presence, or her countrymen borne away captives. Wherefore we made her a promise that we would, at our departure, let them all go away, seeing we incurred no danger by leaving them in so desolate a region. Our prayers were not so vain but that they found gentle acceptance in Heaven, which presently changed the wind and appeased the sea, inviting us cheerfully to return to it again, and prosecute our commenced voyage.

'Seeing that the weather was favourable, we loosed the Moors, and set them all a-land one by one ; and coming to disembark Zoraida's father, who was by that time wholly come to himself, he said, "For what do you conjecture, Christians, that this bad woman is glad that you give me liberty ? Do you think that she doth it for pity that she takes of me ? No, truly ; but she doth it only to remove the hindrance my presence gave her when she would execute her unlawful desires. Nor ought you to believe



that she is moved to change religion by reason that she understands yours to be better than her own, but only because she knows licentiousness to be more publicly and freely practised in your country than among us." And then, turning to Zoraida, whom I and another Christian held fast by both the arms, lest she should do some desperate fact, he said, "O infamous girl, and ill-advised maiden! where dost thou run thus blinded and distracted, in the power of those dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour wherein I engendered thee! and cursed the delights and pleasures wherein thou wast noursled!" I perceiving that he was not like to make an end of his execrations so soon as I could wish, had him set on shore, and thence he prosecuted his maledictions and complaints, praying unto Mahomet that he would intercede with Allah that we might be all destroyed, confounded, and cast away. And when we could hear his words no longer, by reason that we set sail, we perceived his works, that were, to pluck his beard, tear his hair, and cast himself on the ground; but once he did lift up his voice so high, as that we heard him say, "Return, beloved daughter, return to the land; for I do pardon thee all that thou hast done: and deliver that money to those men, for it is now their own; and return thou to comfort thy sad and desolate father, who will forsake his life on these desolate sands, if thou dost abandon him."

'Zoraida heard him say all this, and lamented thereat, but knew not how to speak, or answer him any other thing but this: "Father mine, I pray Allah that Lela Marien, who hath been the cause of my becoming a Christian, may likewise comfort thee in thy sorrow. Allah knows well that I could do none other than I did, and that these Christians do owe me nothing for my good-will, seeing that though I had not come away with them, but remained at my house, yet had it been impossible (such was the haste wherewithal my soul pressed me) not to have executed this my purpose, which seems to me to be as good as thou, O beloved father, dost account it wicked." She said this in a time that neither her father



could hear her, nor we behold him ; and therefore, after I had comforted Zoraida, we did thenceforth only attend our voyage, which was so much holpen by the favourable wind as we made full account to be the next day on the coast of Spain. But as good very seldom, or rather never, betides a man thoroughly and wholly, without being accompanied or followed by some evil which troubles and assaults it, our fortune would, or rather the maledictions of the Moor poured on his daughter (for the curses of any father whatsoever are to be feared), that being engulfed three hours within night, and going before the wind with a full sail, and our oars set up, because the prosperous wind had rid us of the labour of rowing, we saw near unto us, by the light of the moon that shined very clearly, a round vessel which, with all her sails spread, did cross before us into the sea, and that so nearly, as we were fain to strike down our sail, that we might avoid the shock she was like to give us ; and those that were in her had on the other side laboured also what they might to turn her out of our way, standing all of them on the hatches to demand of us what we were, from whence we came, and whither we did sail. But by reason that they spake French, the runagate bade us not to speak a word, saying, "Let none answer ; for these are French pirates, which make their booty of everybody." For this cause none of us answered ; and, being passed a little forward, and that the ship remained in the lee of us, they suddenly shot off two pieces of artillery, and as I think, both of them had chain bullets, for with the one they cut our mast asunder, and overthrew it and the sail into the sea, and instantly after they discharged another. The bullet alighting in our barque, did pierce it through and through, without doing any other hurt ; but we, seeing that our vessel began to sink, began all to cry out, and request them to succour us, and prayed them that they would take us into their vessel, for we were a-drowning. Then they came amain, and, casting out their cock-boat, there entered into it as good as a dozen Frenchmen, well appointed, with their arquebuses

and matches lighted, and so approached unto us; and, perceiving how few we were, and that the barque did sink, they received us into their boat, saying, that because we had used the discourtesy of not making them answer, that misfortune had befallen us. Our runagate about this time took the coffer wherein Zoraida's treasures were kept, and threw it into the sea, unperceived of any.

'In conclusion, we went all of us into the great vessel with the Frenchmen, who, after they had informed themselves of all that which they desired to know, as if they were our capital enemies, they afterwards despoiled us of all that ever we had about us; and of Zoraida they took all, even unto her very bracelets that she wore on her ankles. But the wrong they did to Zoraida did not afflict me so much as the fear I conceived that, after they had taken away from her her most rich and precious jewels, they would also deprive her of the jewel of most prize, and which she valued most. But the desires of that nation extend themselves no further than to the gain of money; and their avarice in this is never thoroughly satisfied, and at that time was so great, as they would have taken from us the very habits of slaves that we brought from Barbary, if they had found them to have been worth anything. And some there were of opinion among them, that we should be all enwreathed in a sail and thrown into the sea, because they had intention to traffic into some havens of Spain, under the name of Britons, and that if they carried us alive, they should be punished, their robbery being detected; but the captain, who was he that had pill'd my beloved Zoraida, said that he was so contented with his booty, as he meant not to touch any part of Spain, but would pass the Straits of Gibraltar by night, or as he might, and so return again to Rochelle, from whence he was come: and thereupon they all agreed to give us their cock-boat, and all that was necessary for our short voyage; as, indeed, they performed the day ensuing, when we were in the view of Spain; with the sight whereof all our griefs and poverties were as quite forgotten as if we never had felt any,

so great is the delight a man takes to recover his liberty. It was about mid-day when they put us into the cock, giving unto us two barrels of water and some biscuit; and the captain, moved with some compassion, as the beautiful Zoraida embarked herself, bestowed on her about forty crowns in gold; nor would he permit his soldiers to despoil her of these very garments which then and now she doth wear.

‘We entered into the cock-boat, and, giving them thanks for the good they did, and showing at our departure more tokens of thankfulness than of discontent, they sailed presently away from us, towards the Straits; and we, without looking on any other north or star than the land itself, which appeared before us, did row towards it so lustily, that at sunset we were so near as we made full account to arrive before the night was far spent. But by reason that the moon did not shine, and the night was very dark, and that we knew not where we were, we did not hold it the best course to approach the shore too near; yet others there were that thought it convenient and good, desiring that we should make to it, although we ran the boat on the rocks, and far from any dwelling; for, by doing so, we should free ourselves from the fear, which we ought of reason to have, lest there should be up and down on that coast any frigates of the pirates of Tetuan, which are wont to leave Barbary overnight, and be on the coast of Spain ere morning, and ordinarily make their booty, and turn to their supper again to Barbary, the night following; but, of the contrary opinions, that which was followed was, that we should draw near the land by little and little, and that if the quietness of the sea would permit it, we should take land where we might best and most commodiously do it. This was done; and a little before midnight we arrived to the foot of a high and monstrous mountain, which was not altogether so near to the sea but that it did grant a little patch of ground whereon we might commodiously disembark; wherefore we ran ourselves on the sands, and came all a-land, and kissed the earth, and, with tears of most joyful content

and delight, gave thanks unto our Lord God for the incomparable favours which He had done us in our voyage. Then took we out our victuals from the boat, and drew itself up on the shore, and ascended a great part of the mountain ; for although we were in that place, yet durst we not assure ourselves, nor did thoroughly believe, that it was a Christian country whereon we did tread.

‘The day breaking somewhat slower than I could have wished it, we ascended the mountain wholly, to see whether we might discover any dwelling or sheepfolds from thence ; but although we extended our sight unto every quarter, yet could we neither descry dwelling, person, path, nor highway ; yet did we resolve, notwithstanding, to enter into the land, seeing that we could not choose but discover ere long somebody who might give us notice of the place where we were. And that which afflicted me most of all was to see Zoraida go afoot through those rugged places ; for although I did sometimes carry her on my shoulders, yet did the toil I took more weary her than the repose she got could ease her, and therefore would never after the first time suffer me to take that pains again, and so she went ever after afoot with great patience and tokens of joy, I holding her still by the hand. And having travelled little less than a quarter of a league, we heard the noise of a little bell, an infallible argument that near at hand there was some cattle ; whereupon, all of us looking very wistly to see whether anybody appeared, perceived under a cork tree a young shepherd, who very quietly and carelessly was carving of a stick with a knife. We called to him, and he leaped up lightly on foot, and, as we afterwards learned, the first that he got sight of were the runaway and Zoraida ; whom he seeing apparelled in the Moresco habit, thought that all the people of Barbary had been at his heels ; and therefore, running very swiftly into the wood, he cried all along, with marvellous loudness, “ Moors ! Moors are in the land ! Moors ! Moors ! Arm ! arm ! ” These outcries struck us anew into a great perplexity, and scarce did we know what we should do ; but considering how the shepherd’s alarm would cause all the

country to rise up, and that the horsemen that kept the coast would presently come to see what it was, we all agreed that the runagate should put off his Turkish attire, and put on a captive's cassock, which one of the company gave unto him forthwith, although the giver remained after in his shirt. And thus committing the affair unto Almighty God, we followed on by the same way which we saw the shepherd had taken, always expecting when the horsemen of the coast would fall upon us. And we were not deceived in our expectation, for within two hours after, having issued out of those woods into a plain, we discovered about some fifty horsemen, which came running towards us as swiftly as their horses could drive; and, having perceived them, we stood still, and stayed until they came to us, and saw instead of the Moors they sought for, so many poor Christians, and remained somewhat ashamed thereat; and one of them demanded whether we were the occasion that a shepherd had given the alarm. "Yes," quoth I; and as I was about to inform what I was, and of all our adventure, and from whence we came, one of the Christians that came with us did take notice of the horseman who had spoken unto us; and so, interrupting my speech, he said, "Sirs, let God be praised which hath brought us to so good a place as this is; for, if I be not deceived, the earth which we tread is of Velez-Malaga; and, if the years of my captivity have not confounded my memory, you likewise, sir, that demand what we be, are Peter of Bostamente, mine uncle." As soon as ever the Christian Captive had spoken those words, the horseman, leaping off his horse, ran and embraced him, saying, "O nephew, as dear to me as my soul and life! now I do know thee very well, and many a day since have I wept for thee, thinking thou wast dead; and so hath my sister, thy mother, and all the rest of thy friends which do live yet; and God hath been pleased to preserve their lives, that they may enjoy the pleasure to behold thee once again. We knew very well that thou wert in Algiers; and, by the signs and tokens of thy clothes, and that of all the rest here of thy companions, I surmise that your escape hath



been miraculous?" "Indeed it was so," replied the Captive; "and we shall have time, I hope, to recount unto you the manner."

'As soon as the horsemen had understood that we were Christian captives, they alighted off their horses, and every one of them invited us to mount upon his own, to carry us to the city of Velez-Malaga, which was yet a league and a half from that place; and some of them went to the place where we had left the boat, to bring it to the city; whom we informed first of the place where it lay: others did mount us up on horseback behind themselves, and Zoraida rode behind the Captive's uncle. All the people issued to receive us, being premonished of our arrival by some one that had ridden before. They did not wonder to see captives freed, nor Moors captived there, being an ordinary thing in those parts; but that whereat they wondered was the surpassing beauty of Zoraida, which at that season and instant was in her prime, as well through the warmth she had gotten by her travel, as also through the joy she conceived to see herself in Christian lands, secure from all fear of being surprised or lost; and these things called out to her face such colours as, if it be not that affection might then have deceived me, I durst aver that a more beautiful than she was the world could not afford, at least among those which I had ever beheld.

'We went directly to the church to give thanks unto Almighty God for the benefit received; and as soon as Zoraida entered into it, she said there were faces in it that resembled very much that of Lela Marien. We told her that they were her images; and the runagate, as well as the brevity of the time permitted, instructed her what they signified, to the end she should do them reverence, as if every one of them were truly that same Lela Marien which had spoken unto her. She, who had a very good understanding and an easy and clear conceit, comprehended presently all that was told unto her concerning images. From thence they carried us, and divided us among different houses of the city; but the Christian that came with us carried the runagate, Zoraida, and me



to the house of his parents, which were indifferently accommodated and stored with the goods of fortune, and did entertain me with as great love and kindness as if I were their own son. We remained six days in Velez, in which time the runagate, having made an information of all that which might concern him, he went to the city of Granada, to be reconciled, by the holy Inquisition's means, to the bosom of our holy mother the Church. The rest of the freed captives took every one the way that he pleased ; and Zoraida and I remained behind, with those ducats only which the Frenchman's courtesy was pleased to bestow on Zoraida ; and with part of that sum I bought her this beast whereon she rides ; I myself serving her hitherto as her father and her squire, and not as her spouse. We travel with intention to see if my father be yet living, or any of my brothers have had more prosperous hap than myself ; although, seeing Heaven hath made me Zoraida's consort, methinks no other good fortune could arrive, were it never so great, that I would hold in so high estimation. The patience wherewithal she bears the incommodities usually annexed unto poverty, and the desires she shows to become a Christian, is such and so great, as it strikes me into an admiration, and doth move me to serve her all the days of my life ; although that the delight which I take to see myself hers, and she mine, is oftentimes interrupted, and almost dissolved, by the fear which I have that I shall not find in mine own country some little corner wherein I may entertain her, and that time and death have wrought such alteration in the goods and lives of my father and brothers, as I shall scarce find any one at home that knows me. I have no more, good sirs, to tell you of my life's history, than which, whether it be pleasing and rare, or no, your clear conceits are to judge. As for myself, I daresay that, if it had been possible, I would have told it with more brevity ; fearing it might be tedious unto you, I purposely omitted many delightful circumstances thereof.

## CHAPTER XV

*Which speaks of that which after befel in the Inn, and of  
Sundry other Things worthy to be known*

THE Captive having said this, held his peace; and Don Fernando replied to him thus: 'Truly, captain, the manner wherewithal you have recounted this marvellous success hath been such as it may be paragoned to the novelty and strangeness of the event itself. And so great is the delight we have taken in the hearing thereof, as I do believe that although we had spent the time from hence till to-morrow in listening to it, yet should we be glad to hear it told over once again.'

And saying so, Cardenio and all the rest did offer themselves and their means to his service, as much as lay in them, with so cordial and friendly words as the Captive remained thoroughly satisfied with their good wits; but specially Don Fernando offered, that if he would return with him, he would cause the marquis his brother to be Zoraida her godfather in baptism; and that he, for his part, would so accommodate him with all things necessary, as he might enter into the town with the decency and authority due to his person. The Captive did gratify his large offers very courteously, but would not accept any of them at that time. By this the night drew on, and about the fall thereof there arrived at the inn a coach, with some men a-horseback, and asked for lodging; to whom the hostess answered that in all the inn there was not a span free, the number of her guests was already so many. 'Well, although that be so,' quoth one of the horsemen that had entered, 'yet must there be a place found for Master Justice who comes in this coach.' At this name the hostess was afraid, and said, 'Sir, the misfortune is that I have no beds; but if Master Justice brings one with him, as it is probable he doth, let him enter in boldly, and I and my husband will leave our own chamber to accom-

modate his worship.' 'So be it,' quoth the squire ; and by this time alighted out of the coach a man whose attire did presently denote his dignity and office, for his long gown and his great and large sleeves did show that he was a judge, as the serving-men affirmed. He led a young maiden by the hand, of about some sixteen years old, apparelled in riding attire ; but she was therewithal of so disposed, beautiful, and cheerful a countenance, as her presence did strike them all into admiration ; so as if they had not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zoraida, which were then in the inn, they would hardly have believed that this damsel's beauty might anywhere have been matched.

Don Quixote was present at the judge's and the gentlewoman's entry ; and so, as soon as he had seen him, he said, 'Sir, you may boldly enter and take your ease in this castle, which although it be but little and ill accommodated, yet there is no narrowness nor discommodity in the world but makes place for arms and learning, and specially if the arms and letters bring beauty for their guide and leader, as your learning doth, conducted by this lovely damsel, to whom ought not only castles to open and manifest themselves, but also rocks to part and divide their cliffs, and mountains to bow their ambitious crests, to give and make her a lodging. Enter therefore, I say, worshipful sir, into this paradise, wherein you shall find stars and suns to accompany this sky which you bring along with you. Here shall you find arms in their height, and beauty in her prime.' The judge marvelled greatly at Don Quixote's speech, whom he began to behold very earnestly, and wondered no less at his shape than at his words ; and knowing not what answer he might return him, he was diverted, on the other side, by the sudden approach of the three ladies, Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zoraida, which stood before him ; for, having heard of the arrival of new guests, and also being informed by the hostess of the young lady's beauty, they were come forth to see and entertain her. But Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate did give him more complete and courtly entertainment than the rusty knight. In effect, the judge was marvellously amazed at

that which he saw and heard in that inn: and the fair guests thereof bade the beautiful maiden welcome. The judge perceived very well that the guests of the inn were all men of account; but Don Quixote's feature, visage, and behaviour did set him out of all bias, being not able to conjecture what he might be. And after some court-like intercourses passed, and the commodities of the inn examined, they all agreed again, as they had done before, that all the women should enter into Don Quixote's room, and the men remain without in their guard: and so the judge was content that the damsel, who was his daughter, should also go with those ladies, which she did with a very good will; and, with a part of the innkeeper's narrow bed, and half of that which the judge had brought with him, they made shift to pass over that night the best they could.

The Captive, who from the instant that he had first seen the judge, did greatly suspect that he was his brother, and demanded of one of his servants how he was called, and where he was born. The other answered how he was called the licentiate, John Perez of Viedma, and, as he had heard, he was born in a village of the mountains of Leon. With this relation, and the rest that he had noted, he finally confirmed his opinion that it was the brother who, following his father's advice, had dedicated himself to his studies; and, full of joy and contentment, calling aside Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, he certified them of all that passed, and that the judge was his brother. The serving-man told him likewise how he went towards the Indies, where he had his place and office in the courts of Mexico; and also that the young gentlewoman was his daughter, of whose birth her mother had died, and he ever after remained a widower, and very rich by her dowry and portion that she had left to her daughter. He demanded of them advice how he might discover himself to his brother, or first know whether, after he had detected himself, he would receive him with a good countenance and affection, and not be ashamed to acknowledge him for his brother, seeing him in so poor an estate. 'Leave the

trial of that experience to me,' quoth the curate, 'and the rather because there is no occasion why you, sir captain, should not be kindly entertained by him; for the prudence, worths, and good countenance of your brother give manifest tokens that he is nothing arrogant.' 'For all that,' said the captain, 'I would not make myself known on the sudden, but would use some pretty ambages to bring him acquainted with me.' 'I say unto you,' quoth the curate, 'that I will trace the matter in such sort as we will all rest satisfied.'

Supper was by this made ready, and all of them sat down to the table, the Captive excepted and ladies, which supped together within the room; and about the midst of supper the curate said, 'Master Justice, I have had in times past a comrade of your very surname in Constantinople, where I was sometime captive, who was one of the most valiant soldiers and captains that might be found among all the Spanish foot; but he was as unfortunate as he was valorous and resolute.' 'And how was that captain called, good sir?' quoth the judge. 'His name was,' replied master curate, 'Ruy Perez of Viedma, and he was born in a village of the mountains of Leon; and he recounted unto me an occurrence happened between his father, him, and his other brethren, which, if I had not been told by a man of such credit and reputation as he was, I would have esteemed for one of these fables which old wives are wont to rehearse by the fireside in winter; for he said to me that his father had divided his goods among his three sons, and gave them withal certain precepts, better than those of Cato; and I know well that the choice which he made to follow the war had such happy success, as within a few years, through his forwardness and valour, without the help of any other arm, he was advanced to a company of foot, and made a captain, and was in the way and course of becoming one day a colonel; but fortune was contrary to him, for even there where he was most to expect her favour, he lost it, with the loss of his liberty, in that most happy journey wherein so many recovered it, to wit, in the battle of Lepanto. I

lost mine in Goletta; and after, by different success, we became companions in Constantinople, from whence we went to Algiers, where did befall him one of the most notable adventures that ever happened in the world'; and there the curate, with sufficient brevity, recounted all that had happened between the captain and Zoraida; to all which the judge was so attentive, as in all his life he never listened to any cause so attentively as then. And the curate only arrived to the point wherein the Frenchmen spoiled the Christians that came in the barque, and the necessity wherein his companion and the beautiful Zoraida remained; of whom he had not learned anything after, nor knew not what became of them, or whether they came into Spain, or were carried away by the Frenchmen into France.

The captain stood listening somewhat aloof off to all the curate's words, and noted the while the motions and gestures of his brother; who, seeing that the curate had now made an end of his speech, breathing forth a great sigh, and his eyes being filled with tears, he said, 'Oh, sir, if you had known the news which you have told me, and how nearly they touch me in some points, whereby I am constrained to manifest these tears, which violently break forth in despite of my discretion and calling, you would hold me excused for this excess. That captain of whom you spoke is my eldest brother, who, as one stronger and of more noble thoughts than I or my younger brother, made election of the honourable military calling, one of the three estates which our father proposed to us, even as your comrade informed, when, as you thought, he related a fable. I followed my book, by which God and my diligence raised me to the state you see. My younger brother is in Peru, and with that which he hath sent to my father and myself, hath bountifully recompensed the portion he carried, and given to him sufficient to satisfy his liberal disposition, and to me wherewithal to continue my studies with the decency and authority needful to advance me to the rank which now I possess. My father lives yet, but dying through desire to learn somewhat of



his eldest son, and doth daily importune God with incessant prayers that death may not shut his eyes until he may once again see him alive. I only marvel not a little, considering his discretion, that among all his labours, afflictions, or prosperous successes, he hath been so careless in giving his father notice of his proceedings; for if either he or any one of us had known of his captivity, he should not have needed to expect the miracle of the cane for his ransom. But that which troubles me most of all is to think whether these Frenchmen have restored him again to liberty, or else slain him, that they might conceal their robbery the better; all which will be an occasion to me to prosecute my voyage, not with the joy wherewithal I began it, but rather with melancholy and sorrow. Oh, dear brother, I would I might know now where thou art, that I myself might go and search thee out, and free thee from thy pains, although it were with the hazard of mine own. Oh, who is he that could carry news to our old father that thou wert but alive, although thou wert hidden in the most abstruse dungeons of Barbary? for his riches, my brother's, and mine, would fetch thee from thence. O beautiful and bountiful Zoraida! who might be able to recompense thee for the good thou hast done to my brother? How happy were he that might be present at thy spiritual birth and baptism, and at thy nuptials, which would be so grateful to us all.' These and many other such words did the judge deliver, so full of compassion for the news that he had received of his brother, as all that heard him kept him company in showing signs of compassion for his sorrow.

The curate therefore, perceiving the happy success whereto his design and the captain's desire had sorted, would hold the company sad no longer; and therefore, arising from the table, and entering into the room wherein Zoraida was, he took her by the hand, and after her followed Lucinda, Dorothea, and the judge his daughter. The captain stood still to see what the curate would do, who, taking him fast by the other hand, marched over with them both towards the judge and the other gentle-

men, and saying, 'Suppress your tears, Master Justice, and glut your desire with all that good which it may desire, seeing you have here before you your good brother and your loving sister-in-law. This man whom you view here is the Captain Viedma, and this the beautiful Moor which hath done so much for him. The Frenchmen which I told you of have reduced them to the poverty you see, to the end that you may show the liberality of your noble breast.'

Then did the captain draw near to embrace his brother ; but he held him off a while with his arms, to note whether it was he or no ; but when he once knew him, he embraced him so lovingly, and with such abundance of tears, as did attract the like from all the beholders. The words that the brothers spoke one to another, or the feeling affection which they showed, can hardly be conceived, and therefore much less written by any one whatsoever. There they did briefly recount the one to the other their successes ; there did they show the true love and affection of brothers in his prime ; there did the judge embrace Zoraida ; there he made her an offer of all that was his ; there did he also cause his daughter to embrace her ; there the beautiful Christian and the most beautiful Moor renewed the tears of them all ; there Don Quixote was attentive, without speaking a word, pondering of these rare occurrences, and attributing them to the chimeras which he imagined to be incident to chivalry ; and there they agreed that the captain and Zoraida should return with their brother to Seville, and thence advise their father of his finding and liberty, that he, as well as he might, should come to Seville to the baptism and marriage of Zoraida, because the judge could not possibly return, or discontinue his journey, in respect that the Indian fleet was to depart within a month from Seville towards New Spain.

Every one, in conclusion, was joyful and glad at the Captive's good success ; and two parts of the night being well-nigh spent, they all agreed to repose themselves a while. Don Quixote offered himself to watch and guard the castle whilst they slept, lest they should be assaulted by

some giant or other miscreant, desirous to rob the great treasure of beauty that was therein immured and kept. Those that knew him rendered unto him infinite thanks, and withal informed the judge of his extravagant humour, whereat he was not a little recreated; only Sancho Panza did fret, because they went so slowly to sleep, and he alone was best accommodated of them all, by lying down on his beast's furniture, which cost him dearly, as shall be after recounted. The ladies being withdrawn into their chamber, and every one laying himself down where best he might, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn, to be sentinel of the castle, as he had promised. And a little before day it happened that so sweet and tuneable a voice touched the ladies' ears, as it obliged them all to listen unto it very attentively, but chiefly Dorothea, who first awaked, and by whose side the young gentlewoman, Donna Clara of Viedma (for so the judge's daughter was called), slept. None of them could imagine who it was that sung so well without the help of any instrument. Sometimes it seemed that he sung in the yard, others that it was in the stable. And being thus in suspense, Cardenio came to the chamber door, and said, 'Whosoever is not asleep, let them give ear, and they shall hear the voice of a lackey that so chants as it likewise enchants.' 'Sir,' quoth Dorothea, 'we hear him very well.' With this Cardenio departed; and Dorothea, using all the attention possible, heard that his song was this following.

## CHAPTER XVI

*Wherein is recounted the History of the Lackey, with other Strange Adventures befallen in the Inn*

'I am a mariner to love,  
Which in his depths profound  
Still sails, and yet no hope can prove  
Of coming aye to th' ground.

‘I following go a glist’ring star,  
Which I aloof descry,  
Much more resplendent than those are  
That Palinure did spy.

‘I know not where my course to bend,  
And so confusedly,  
To see it only I pretend  
Careful and carelessly.

‘Her too impertinent regard,  
And too much modesty,  
The clouds are which mine eyes have barred  
From their deserved fee.

‘O clear and soul-reviving star!  
Whose sight doth try my trust,  
If thou thy light from me debar,  
Instantly die I must.’

The singer arriving to this point of his song, Dorothea imagined that it would not be amiss to let Donna Clara hear so excellent a voice, and therefore she jogged her a little on the one and other side, until she had awaked her, and then said, ‘Pardon me, child, for thus interrupting your sweet repose, seeing I do it to the end you may joy, by hearing one of the best voices that perhaps you ever heard in your life.’ Clara awaked at the first drowsily, and did not well understand what Dorothea said, and therefore demanding of her what she said, she told it her again; whereupon Donna Clara was also attentive; but scarce had she heard two verses repeated by the early musician, when a marvellous trembling invaded her, even as if she had then suffered the grievous fit of a quartan ague. Wherefore, embracing Dorothea very straitly, she said, ‘Alas, dear lady! why did you awake me, seeing the greatest hap that fortune could in this instant have given me, was to have mine eyes and ears so shut as I might neither see nor hear that unfortunate musician.’ ‘What is that you say, child?’ quoth Dorothea. ‘Did you not hear one say that the musician is but a horse-boy?’ ‘He is no horse-boy,’ quoth Clara, ‘but a lord of many towns, and he that hath such firm possession of my

soul, as if he himself will not reject it, he shall never be deprived of the dominion thereof.' Dorothea greatly wondered at the passionate words of the young girl, whereby it seemed to her that she far surpassed the discretion which so tender years did promise, and therefore she replied to her, saying, 'You speak so obscurely, Lady Clara, as I cannot understand you; expound yourself more clearly, and tell me what is that you say of souls and towns, and of this musician whose voice hath altered you so much. But do not say anything to me now, for I would not lose, by listening to your disgusto, the pleasure I take to hear him sing; for methinks he resumes his music with new verses, and in another tune.' 'In a good hour,' quoth Donna Clara; and then, because she herself would not hear him, she stopped her ears with her fingers; whereat Dorothea did also marvel, but being attentive to the music, she heard the lackey prosecute his song in this manner:

'O sweet and constant hope,  
That break'st impossibilities and briers,  
And firmly runn'st the scope  
Which thou thyself dost forge to thy desires!  
Be not dismay'd to see  
At ev'ry step thyself nigh death to be.

'Sluggards do not deserve  
The glory of triumphs or victory;  
Good hap doth never serve  
Those which resist not fortune manfully,  
But weakly fall to ground,  
And in soft sloth their senses all confound.

'That love his glories hold  
At a high rate, it reason is and just;  
No precious stones nor gold  
May be at all compared with love's gust;  
And 'tis a thing most clear,  
Nothing is worth esteem that cost not dear.

'An amorous persistence  
Obtaineth oftentimes things impossible;  
And so though I resistance  
Find of my soul's desires, in her stern will,  
I hope time shall be given,  
When I from earth may reach her glorious heaven.'

Here the voice ended, and Donna Clara's sighs began ; all which inflamed Dorothea's desire to know the cause of so sweet a song and so sad a plaint ; and therefore she eftsoons required her to tell her now what she was about to have said before. Then Clara, timorous lest Lucinda should overhear her, embracing Dorothea very nearly, laid her mouth so closely to Dorothea's ear, as she might speak securely without being understood by any other, and said, 'He that sings is, dear lady, a gentleman's son of the kingdom of Aragon, whose father is lord of two towns, and dwelled right before my father's house at the court ; and although the windows of our house were in winter covered with cere-cloth, and in summer with lattice, I know not how it happened, but this gentleman, who went to the school, espied me ; and whether it was at the church, or elsewhere, I am not certain. Finally, he fell in love with me, and did acquaint me with his affection from his own windows, that were opposite to mine, with so many tokens and such abundance of tears, as I most forcibly believed, and also affected him, without knowing how much he loved me. Among the signs that he would make me, one was, to join the one hand to the other, giving me thereby to understand that he would marry me ; and although I would be very glad that it might be so, yet as one alone, and without a mother, I knew not to whom I might communicate the affair, and did therefore let it rest without affording him any other favour, unless it were, when my father and his were gone abroad, by lifting up the lattice or cere-cloth only a little, and permitting him to behold me ; for which favour he would show such signs of joy as a man would deem him to be reft of his wits.

'The time of my father's departure arriving, and he hearing of it, but not from me (for I could never tell it to him), he fell sick, as far as I could understand, for grief ; and therefore I could never see him all the day of our departure, to bid him farewell at least with mine eyes ; but after we had travelled two days, just as we entered into an inn in a village, a day's journey from hence, I saw him at the lodging door, apparelled so properly like a lackey, as



if I had not borne about me his portraiture in my soul, it had been impossible to know him. I knew him, and wondered, and was glad withal; and he beheld me, unwitting my father, from whose presence he still hides himself when he crosses the ways before me as I travel, or after we arrive at any inn. And because that I know what he is, and do consider the pains he takes by coming thus afoot for my sake, and that with so great toil, I die for sorrow; and where he puts his feet, I also put mine eyes. I know not with what intention he comes, nor how he could possibly thus escape from his father, who loves him beyond measure, both because he hath none other heir, and because the young gentleman also deserves it, as you will perceive when you see him; and I dare affirm besides, that all that which he says he composes extempore, and without any study; for I have heard that he is a fine student, and a great poet; and every time that I see him, or do hear him sing, I start and tremble like an aspen leaf, for fear that my father should know him, and thereby come to have notice of our mutual affections. I have never spoken one word to him in my life, and yet I do nevertheless love him so much, as without him I shall not be able to live. And this is all, dear lady, that I am able to say unto you of the musician whose voice hath pleased you so well, as by it alone you might conjecture that he is not a horse-boy, as you said, but rather a lord of souls and towns, as I affirmed.'

'Speak no more, Lady Clara,' quoth Dorothea at that season, kissing her a thousand times; 'speak no more, I say, but have patience until it be daylight; for I hope in God so to direct your affairs, as that they shall have the fortunate success that so honest beginning deserves.' 'Alas, madam!' quoth Donna Clara, 'what end may be expected, seeing his father is so noble and rich, as he would scarce deem me worthy to be his son's servant, how much less his spouse? And for me to marry myself unknown to my father, I would not do it for all the world. I desire no other thing but that the young gentleman would return home again and leave me alone;

perhaps by not seeing him, and the great distance of the way which we are to travel, my pain, which now so much presseth me, will be somewhat allayed ; although I daresay that this remedy, which now I have imagined, would avail me but little ; for I know not whence with the vengeance, or by what way this affection which I bear him got into me, seeing both I and he are so young as we be, for I believe we are much of an age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my father says, until Michaelmas next.' Dorothea could not contain her laughter, hearing how childishly Donna Clara spoke ; to whom she said, ' Lady, let us repose again, and sleep that little part of the night which remains ; and when God sends daylight, we will prosper, or my hands shall fail me.' With this they held their peace, and all the inn was drowned in profound silence ; only the innkeeper's daughter and Maritornes were not asleep, but knowing very well Don Quixote's peccant humour, and that he was armed and on horseback without the inn keeping guard, both of them consorted together, and agreed to be someway merry with him, or at least to pass over some time in hearing him speak ravingly.

It is therefore to be understood that there was not in all the inn any window which looked out into the field, but one hole in a barn, out of which they were wont to cast their straw. To this hole came the two demi-damsels, and saw Don Quixote mounted and leaning on his javelin, and breathing forth ever and anon so doleful and deep sighs, as it seemed his soul was plucked away by every one of them ; and they noted besides how he said, with a soft and amorous voice, ' O my lady Dulcinea of Toboso ! the sun of all beauty, the end and quintessence of discretion, the treasury of sweet countenance and carriage, the storehouse of honesty, and finally, the idea of all that which is profitable, modest, or delightful in the world ! and what might thy ladyship be doing at this present ? Hast thou perhaps thy mind now upon thy captive knight, that most wittingly exposeth himself to so many dangers for thy sake ? Give unto me tidings of her, O thou luminary of the three

faces! Peradventure thou dost now with envy enough behold her, either walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palaces, or leaning on some bay-window, and thinking how (saving her honour and greatness) she shall mitigate and assuage the torture which this mine oppressed heart endures for her love, what glory she shall give for my pains, what quiet to my cares, what life to my death, and what guerdon to my services. And thou, sun, which art, as I believe, by this time saddling of thy horses to get away early and go out to see my mistress, I request thee, as soon as thou shalt see her, to salute her in my behalf; but beware that when thou lookest on her and dost greet her, that thou do not kiss her on the face; for if thou dost, I become more jealous of thee than ever thou wast of the swift ingrate which made thee to run and sweat so much through the plains of Thessaly or the brinks of Peneus; for I have forgotten through which of them thou rannest so jealous and enamoured.'

To this point arrived Don Quixote, when the innkeeper's daughter began to call him softly unto her, and say, 'Sir knight, approach a little hitherward, if you please'; at which voice Don Quixote turned his head, and saw by the light of the moon which shined then very clearly, that he was called to from the hole, which he accounted to be a fair window full of iron bars, and those costly gilded with gold, well befitting so rich a castle as he imagined that inn to be; and presently in a moment he forged to his own fancy, that once again, as [s]he had done before, the beautiful damsel, daughter to the lady of that castle, overcome by his love, did return to solicit him; and with this thought, because he would not show himself discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rozinante about and came over to the hole; and then, having beheld the two wenches, he said, 'I take pity on you, beautiful lady, that you have placed your amorous thoughts in a place whence it is not possible to have any correspondence answerable to the desert of your high worth and beauty, whereof you are in no sort to condemn this miserable knight-errant, whom love hath wholly disabled to surrender his will to be any

other than to her whom at the first sight he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me therefore, good lady, and retire yourself to your chamber, and make me not, by any further insinuation of your desires, more unthankful and discourteous than I would be; and if, through the love that you bear me, you find in me any other thing wherewithal I may serve and pleasure you, so that it be not love itself, demand it boldly; for I do swear unto you by mine absen[t], yet sweetest enemy, to bestow it upon you incontinently, yea, though it be a lock of Medusa's hairs, which are all of snakes, or the very sunbeams enclosed in a vial of glass.'

'My lady needs none of those things, sir knight,' answered Maritornes. 'What doth she then want, discreet matron?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Only one of your fair hands,' said Maritornes, 'that therewithal she may disburden herself of some part of those violent desires which compelled her to come to this window, with so great danger of her honour; for if her lord and father knew of her coming, the least slice he would take off her should be at the least an ear.' 'I would fain once see that,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but I am sure he will beware how he do it, if he have no list to make the most disastrous end that ever father made in this world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate limbs of his amorous daughter.' Maritornes verily persuaded herself that Don Quixote would give up his hand as he was requested, and having already contrived in her mind what she would do, descended with all haste from the hole, and, going into the stable, fetched out Sancho Panza his ass's halter, and returned again with very great speed, just as Don Quixote (standing up on Rozinante's saddle, that he might the better reach the barred windows, whereat he imagined the wounded damsel remained) did, stretching up his hand, say unto her, 'Hold, lady, the hand, or as I may better say, the executioner of earthly miscreants; hold, I say, that hand, which no other woman ever touched before, not even she herself that hath entire possession of my whole body, nor do I give it to you to the end you should kiss

it, but that you may behold the contexture of the sinews, the knitting of the muscles, and the spaciosity and breadth of the veins, whereby you may collect how great ought the force of that arm to be whereunto such a hand is knit.' 'We shall see that presently,' quoth Maritornes; and then, making a running knot on the halter, she cast it on the wrist of his hand, and then descending from the hole, she tied the other end of the halter very fast to the lock of the barn door. Don Quixote, feeling the roughness of the halter about his wrist, said, 'It rather seems that you grate my hand than that you cherish it; but yet I pray you not to handle it so roughly, seeing it is in no fault of the evil which my will doth unto you; nor is it comely that you should revenge or disburden the whole bulk of your indignation on so small a part: remember that those which love well do not take so cruel revenge.' But nobody gave ear to these words of Don Quixote's; for as soon as Maritornes had tied him, she and the other, almost burst for laughter, ran away, and left him tied in such manner as it was impossible for him to loose himself.

He stood, as we have recounted, on Rozinante his saddle, having all his arm thrust in at the hole, and fastened by the wrist to the lock, and was in very great doubt and fear that if Rozinante budged never so little on any side he should fall and hang by the arm; and therefore he durst not once use the least motion of the world, although he might well have expected, from Rozinante's patience and mild spirit, that if he were suffered, he would stand still a whole age without stirring himself. In fine, Don Quixote seeing himself tied, and that the ladies were departed, began straight to imagine that all that had been done by way of enchantment, as the last time, when in the very same castle the enchanted Moor (the carrier) had so fairly belaboured him; and then to himself did he execrate his own want of discretion and discourse, seeing that having escaped out of that castle so evil dight the first time, he would after adventure to enter into it the second; for it was generally observed by knights-errant that when they had once tried an adventure, and could not finish it,



it was a token that it was not reserved for them, but for some other; and therefore would never prove it again. Yet for all this he drew forward his arm to see if he might deliver himself; but he was so well bound as all his endeavours proved vain. It is true that he drew it very warily, lest Rozinante should stir; and although he would fain have sat and settled himself in the saddle, yet could he do no other but stand, or leave the arm behind. There was many a wish for Amadis his sword, against which no enchantment whatsoever could prevail; there succeeded the malediction of his fates; there the exaggerating of the want that the world should have of his presence all the while he abode enchanted (as he infallibly believed he was) in that place; there he anew remembered his beloved Lady Dulcinea of Toboso; there did he call oft enough on his good squire Sancho Panza, who, entombed in the bowels of sleep, and stretched along on the pannel of his ass, did dream at that instant but little of the mother that bore him; there he invoked the wise men Lirgandeo and Alquife to help him. And finally, the morning did also there overtake him so full of despair and confusion as he roared like a bull; for he had no hope that by daylight any cure could be found for his care, which he deemed would be everlasting, because he fully accounted himself enchanted; and was the more induced to think so, because he saw that Rozinante did not move little nor much; and therefore he supposed that both he and his horse should abide in that state without eating, drinking, or sleeping, until that either the malignant influence of the stars were past, or some greater enchanter had disenchanted him.

But he deceived himself much in his belief; for scarce did the day begin to peep, when there arrived four horsemen to the inn-door, very well appointed, and having snap-hances hanging at the pommel of their saddles. They called at the inn-door (which yet stood shut), and knocked very hard, which being perceived by Don Quixote, from the place where he stood sentinel, he said, with a very loud and arrogant voice, 'Knights, or squires,



or whatsoever else ye be, you are not to knock any more at the gates of that castle, seeing it is evident, that at such hours as this, either they which are within do repose them, or else are not wont to open fortresses until Phoebus hath spread his beams over the earth; therefore stand back, and expect till it be clear day, and then we will see whether it be just or no that they open their gates unto you.' 'What a devil, what castle or fortress is this,' quoth one of them, 'that it should bind us to use all those circumstances? If thou beest the innkeeper, command that the door be opened; for we are travellers that will tarry no longer than to bait our horses and away, for we ride in post haste.' 'Doth it seem to you, gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that I look like an innkeeper?' 'I know not what thou lookest like,' answered the other; 'but well I know that thou speakest madly, in calling this inn a castle.' 'It is a castle,' replied Don Quixote, 'yea, and that one of the best in this province, and it hath people within it which have had a sceptre in hand, and a crown on their head.' 'It were better said quite contrary,' replied the traveller, 'the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand; but perhaps (and so it may well be) there is some company of players within, who do very usually hold the sceptres and wear those crowns whereof thou talkest; for in such a paltry inn as this is, and where I hear so little noise, I cannot believe any one to be lodged worthy to wear a crown or bear a sceptre.' 'Thou knowest but little of the world,' replied Don Quixote, 'seeing thou dost so much ignore the chances that are wont to befall in chivalry.' The fellows of him that entertained this prolix dialogue with Don Quixote waxed weary to hear them speak idly so long together, and therefore turned again to knock with great fury at the door, and that in such sort as they not only waked the innkeeper, but also all the guests, and so he arose to demand their pleasure.

In the meanwhile it happened that one of the horses whereon they rode drew near to smell Rozinante, that, melancholy and sadly, with his ears cast down, did sustain

without moving his outstretched lord ; and he being indeed of flesh and blood, although he resembled a block of wood, could not choose but feel it, and turn to smell him again who had thus come to cherish and entertain him ; and scarce had he stirred but a thought from thence, when Don Quixote's feet, that were joined, slipt asunder, and, tumbling from the saddle, had doubtlessly fallen to the ground, had he not remained hanging by the arm ; a thing that caused him to endure so much pain, as he verily believed that either his wrist was a-cutting, or his arm a-tearing off from his body ; and he hung so near to the ground as he touched it with the tops of his toes, all which turned to his prejudice ; for, having felt the little which he wanted to the setting of his feet wholly on the earth, he laboured and drew all that he might to reach it ; much like unto those that get the strappado, with the condition to touch or not to touch, who are themselves a cause to increase their own torture, by the earnestness wherewith they stretch themselves, deceived by the hope they have to touch the ground if they can stretch themselves but a little farther.

## CHAPTER XVII

*Wherein are prosecuted the Wonderful Adventures  
of the Inn*

So many were the outcries which Don Quixote made, as the innkeeper opened the door very hastily and affrighted, to see who it was that so roared ; and those that stood without did also the same. Maritornes, whom the cries had also awaked, imagining straight what it might be, went into the barn, and, unperceived of any, loosed the halter that sustained Don Quixote, and forthwith he fell to the ground in the presence of the innkeeper and the travellers, who, coming towards him, demanded the occasion why he did so unmeasurably roar. He, without making any

answer, took off the halter from his wrist, and, getting up, he leaped upon Rozinante, embraced his target, set his lance into the rest, and, wheeling about a good part of the field, returned with a half-gallop, saying, 'Whosoever shall dare to affirm that I have not been with just tittle enchanted, if my lady the Princess Micomicona will give me leave to do it, I say that he lies, and I do presently challenge him to combat.' The new travellers were amazed at Don Quixote's words; but the host removed that wonder by informing them what he was, and that they should make no account of his words, for the man was bereft of his wits. Then they demanded of the innkeeper if there had arrived to his inn a young stripling of some fifteen years old or thereabouts, apparelled like a horse-boy, and having such and such marks and tokens; and then gave the very signs of Donna Clara's lover. The host made answer, that there were so many people in his inn as he had taken no notice of him for whom they demanded. But one of them having seen the coach wherein the judge came, said, 'Questionlessly he must be here; for this is the coach that they say he hath followed. Let, therefore, one of us remain at the door, and the rest enter to seek him out; yea, and it will not be from the purpose if one of us ride about without the inn, lest he should make an escape from us by the walls of the yard.' 'We will do so,' said another of them. And thus two of them entered into the house, one stayed at the door, and the other did compass the inn about. The innkeeper beheld all, but could never judge aright the reason why they used all this diligence, although he easily believed that they sought for the youth whose marks they had told unto him.

By this the day was grown clear, and as well by reason thereof, as through the outcries of Don Quixote, all the strangers were awake, and did get up, especially both the ladies, Clara and Dorothea; for the one through fear to have her lover so near, and the other with desire to see him, could sleep but very little all that night. Don Quixote perceiving that none of the four travellers made any account of him, or answered his challenge, was ready

to burst with wrath and despite ; and if he could any wise have found that it was tolerated by the statutes of chivalry that a knight-errant might have lawfully undertaken any enterprise, having plight his word and faith not to attempt any until he had finished that which he had first promised, he would have assailed them all, and made them maugre their teeth to have answered him. But because it seemed to him not so expedient nor honourable to begin any new adventure until he had installed Micomicona in her kingdom, he was forced to be quiet, expecting to see whereunto the endeavours and diligence of those four travellers tended : the one whereof found out the youth, that he searched, asleep by another lackey, little dreaming that anybody did look for him, and much less would find him out thus. The man drew him by the arm, and said, 'Truly, Don Louis, the habit that you wear answers very well your calling ; and the bed whereon you lie the care and tenderness wherewith your mother did nurse you.' The youth hereat rubbed his drowsy eyes, and beheld very leisurely him that did hold him fast, and knew him forthwith to be one of his father's servants, whereat he was so amazed as he could not speak a word for a great while. And the serving-man continuing his speech, said, 'Here is nothing else to be done, Lord Louis, but that you be patient and depart again with us towards home, if you be not pleased to have your father and my lord depart out of this world to the other ; for no less may be expected from the woe wherein he rests for your absence.' 'Why, how did my father know,' said Don Louis, 'that I came this way, and in this habit?' 'A student,' answered the other, 'to whom you betrayed your intention, did discover it, moved through the compassion he took to hear your father's lamentations when he found you missing. And so he despatched four of his men in your search ; and we are all at your service, more joyful than may be imagined for the good despatch wherewithal we shall return, and carry you to his sight which doth love you so much.' 'That shall be as I please or Heaven will dispose,' said Don Louis. 'What would you please, or what should

Heaven dispose of, other than that you agree to return? For certainly you shall not do the contrary, nor is it possible you should.' All these reasons that passed between them both did the lackey that lay by Don Louis hear; and, arising from thence, he went and told all that passed to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and all the rest that were gotten up; to whom he told how the man gave the title of Don to the boy, and recounted the speech he used, and how he would have him return to his father's house, which the youth refused to do. Whereupon, and knowing already what a good voice the heavens had given him, they greatly desired to be more particularly informed what he was, and intended also to help him, if any violence were offered unto him, and therefore went unto the place where he was, and stood contending with his servant.

Dorothea issued by this out of her chamber, and in her company Donna Clara, all perplexed. Dorothea, calling Cardenio aside, told unto him succinctly all the history of the musician and Donna Clara. And he rehearsed to her again all that passed of the serving-men's arrival that came in his pursuit, which he did not speak so low but that Donna Clara overheard him, whereat she endured such alteration as she had fallen to the ground, if Dorothea, running towards her, had not held her up. Cardenio entreated Dorothea to return with the other to her chamber, and he would endeavour to bring the matter to some good pass, which they presently performed. The four that were come in Don Louis his search were by this all of them entered into the inn, and had compassed him about, persuading him that he would, cutting off all delays, return to comfort his father. He answered that he could not do it in any sort until he had finished an adventure, which imported him no less than his life, his honour, and his soul. The servants urged him then, saying, that they would in no sort go back without him, and therefore would carry him home, whether he would or no. 'That shall not you do,' quoth Don Louis, 'if it be not that you carry me home dead.' And in this season all the other gentlemen were come into the contention,



but chiefly Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his comrades, the judge, the curate, and the barber, and Don Quixote; for now it seemed to him needless to guard the castle any more. Cardenio, who knew already the history of the youth, demanded of those that would carry him away, what reason did move them to seek to take that lad away against his will. 'We are moved unto it,' answered one of them, 'by this reason, that we shall thereby save his father's life, who for his absence is like to lose it.' To this said Don Louis, 'It is to no end to make relation of mine affairs here. I am free, and will return if I please; and if not, no one shall constrain me to do it perforce.' 'Reason shall constrain you, good sir, to do it,' quoth the man; 'and when that cannot prevail with you, it shall with us, to put that in execution for which we be come and are bound to do.' 'Let us know this affair from the beginning,' said the judge to those men. 'Sir,' quoth one of them, who knew him very well, as his master's next neighbour, 'Master Justice, doth not your worship know this gentleman who is your neighbour's son, and hath absented himself from his father's house, in an habit so undecent and discrepant from his calling, as you may perceive?' The judge beheld him then somewhat more attentively, knew him, and, embracing of him, said, 'What toys are these, Don Louis; or what cause hath been of efficacy sufficient to move you to come away in this manner and attire, which answers your calling so ill?' The tears stuck then in the young gentleman's eye, and he could not answer a word to the judge, who bade the four serving-men appease themselves, for all things should be done to their satisfaction; and then, taking Don Louis apart, he entreated him to tell him the occasion of that his departure.

And whilst he made this and other demands to the gentleman, they heard a great noise at the inn-door; the cause whereof was, that two guests which had lain there that night, seeing all the people busied to learn the cause of the four horsemen's coming, had thought to have made an escape scot-free, without defraying their expenses; but the innkeeper, who attended his own affairs with more diligence



than other men's, did stay them at their going forth, and demanded his money, upbraiding their dishonest resolution with such words as moved them to return him an answer with their fists, which they did so roundly as the poor host was compelled to raise the cry and demand succour. The hostess and her daughter could see no man so free from occupation as Don Quixote ; to whom the daughter said, 'I request you, sir knight, by the virtue that God hath given you, to succour my poor father, whom two bad men are grinding like corn.' To this Don Quixote answered very leisurely, and with great gravity, 'Beautiful damsel, your petition cannot prevail at this time, forasmuch as I am hindered from undertaking any other adventure until I have finished one wherein my promise hath engaged me, and all that I can now do in your service is, that which I shall say now unto you : run unto your father, and bid him continue and maintain his conflict manfully, the best that he may, until I demand license of the Princess Micomicona to help him out of his distress ; for if she will give it unto me, you may make full account that he is delivered.' 'Sinner that I am,' quoth Maritornes, who was by, and heard what he said, 'before you shall be able to obtain that licence of which you speak, my master will be departed to the other world.' 'Work you so, lady,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that I may have the licence ; for so that I may have it, it will make no great matter whether he be in the other world or no, for even from thence would I bring him back again, in despite of the other world itself, if it durst contradict me ; or at least I will take such a revenge of those that do send him to the other world, as you shall remain more than contented.' And so, without replying any more, he went and fell on his knees before Dorothea, demanding of her, in knightly and errant phrases, that she would deign to licence him to go and succour the constable of that castle, who was then plunged in a deep distress. The princess did grant him leave very willingly ; and he presently, buckling on his target, and laying hold on his sword, ran to the inn-door, where yet the two guests stood handsomely tugging the innkeeper.

But as soon as he arrived, he stopped and stood still, although Maritornes and the hostess demanded of him twice or thrice the cause of his restiness in not assisting her lord and husband. 'I stay,' quoth Don Quixote, 'because, according to the laws of arms, it is not permitted to me to lay hand to my sword against squire-like men that are not dubbed knights. But call to me here my squire Sancho, for this defence and revenge concerns him as his duty.' This passed at the inn-door, where fists and blows were interchangeably given and taken in the best sort, although to the innkeeper's cost, and to the rage and grief of Maritornes, the hostess, and her daughter, who were like to run wood, beholding Don Quixote's cowardice, and the mischief their master, husband, and father endured. But here let us leave them; for there shall not want one to succour him; or if not, let him suffer, and all those that wittingly undertake things beyond their power and force; and let us turn backward to hear that which Don Louis answered the judge, whom we left somewhat apart with him, demanding the cause of his coming afoot, and in so base array; to which the youth, wringing him hard by the hands, as an argument that some extraordinary grief pinched his heart, and shedding many tears, answered in this manner:

'I know not what else I may tell you, dear sir, but that from the instant that Heaven made us neighbours, and that I saw Donna Clara, your daughter and my lady, I made her commandress of my will; and if yours, my true lord and father, do not hinder it, she shall be my spouse this very day. For her sake have I abandoned my father's house, and for her I donned this attire, to follow her wheresoever she went, as the arrow doth the mark, or the mariner the north star. She is as yet no further acquainted with my desires, than as much as she might understand sometimes by the tears which she saw mine eyes distil afar off. Now, sir, you know the riches and nobility of my descent, and how I am my father's sole heir, and if it seem unto you that these be conditions whereupon you may venture to make me thoroughly happy, accept of me

presently for your son-in-law ; for if my father, borne away by other his designs, shall not like so well of this good which I have sought out for myself, yet time hath more force to undo and change the affairs than men's will.' Here the amorous gentleman held his peace, and the judge remained astonished as well at the grace and discretion wherewith Don Louis had discovered his affections unto him, as also to see himself in such a pass, that as he knew not what course he might best take in so sudden and unexpected a matter ; and therefore he answered no other thing at that time, but only bade him to settle his mind, and entertain the time with his servants, and deal with them to expect that day, because he might have leisure to consider what might be most convenient for all. Don Louis did kiss his hands perforce, and did bathe them with tears, a thing able to move a heart of marble, and much more the judge's, who (as a wise man) did presently perceive how beneficial and honourable was that preferment for his daughter ; although he could have wished, if it had been possible, to effect it with the consent of Don Louis his father, who he knew did purpose to have his son made a nobleman of title.

By this time the innkeeper and his guests had agreed, having paid him all that they owed, more by Don Quixote's persuasion and good reasons than by any menaces ; and Don Louis his servants expected the end of the judge, his discourse, and his resolution ; when the devil (who never sleeps) would have it, at that very time entered into the inn the barber from whom Don Quixote took away the helmet of Mambrino, and Sancho Panza the furniture of the ass, whereof he made an exchange for his own ; which barber, leading his beast to the stable, saw Sancho Panza, who was mending some part of the pannel ; and as soon as he had eyed him, he knew him, and presently set upon Sancho, saying, ' Ah, sir thief, have I found you here, with all the furniture whereof you robbed me ? ' Sancho, that saw himself thus assaulted unexpectedly, and had heard the disgraceful terms which the other used, laying fast hold on the pannel with the one hand, gave the barber such a

buffet with the other, as he bathed all his teeth in blood. But yet, for all that, the barber held fast his grip of the pannel, and therewithal cried out so loud, as all those that were in the house came to the noise and conflict; and he said, 'I call for the king and justice, for this thief and robber by the highways goeth about to kill me, because I seek to recover mine own goods.' 'Thou liest,' quoth Sancho, 'for I am not a robber by the highways; for my lord Don Quixote won those spoils in a good war.' By this time Don Quixote himself was come thither, not a little proud to see how well his squire defended himself, and offended his adversary; and therefore he accounted him from thenceforth to be a man of valour, and purposed in his mind to dub him knight on the first occasion that should be offered, because he thought that the order of knighthood would be well employed by him.

Among other things that the barber said in the discourse of his contention, this was one: 'Sirs, this pannel is as certainly mine as the death which I owe unto God, and I know it as well as if I had bred it; and there is my ass in the stable, who will not permit me to tell a lie; or otherwise, do but try the pannel on him, and if it fit him not justly I am content to remain infamous. And I can say more, that the very day wherein they took my pannel from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brazen basin, which was never used, and cost me a crown.' Here Don Quixote could no longer contain himself from speaking; and so, thrusting himself between them two, and putting them asunder, and causing the pannel to be laid publicly on the ground until the truth were decided, he said, 'To the end that you may perceive the clear and manifest error wherein this good squire lives, see how he calls that a basin which is, was, and shall be, the helmet of Mambrino, which I took away perforce from him in fair war, and made myself lord thereof in a lawful and warlike manner. About the pannel I will not contend; for that which I can say therein is, that my squire Sancho demanded leave of me to take away the furniture of this vanquished coward's horse, that he might adorn his own

withal. I gave him authority to do it, and he took them. And for his converting thereof from a horse's furniture into a pannel, I can give none other reason than the ordinary one, to wit, that such transformations are usually seen in the successes of chivalry; for confirmation whereof, friend Sancho, run speedily and bring me out the helmet which this good man avoucheth to be a basin.' 'By my faith, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if we have no better proof of our intention than that which you say, I say that the helmet of Mambrino is as arrant a basin as this good man's furniture is a pannel.' 'Do what I command,' said Don Quixote: 'I cannot believe that all the things in this castle will be guided by enchantment.' Sancho went for the basin, and brought it: and as soon as Don Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands, and said, 'See, sirs, with what face can this impudent squire affirm that this is a basin, and not the helmet that I have mentioned? and I swear to you all, by the order of knighthood which I profess, that this is the very same helmet which I won from him, without having added or taken anything from it.' 'That it is, questionless,' quoth Sancho; 'for since the time that my lord won it until now, he never fought but one battle with it, when he delivered the unlucky chained men; and but for this basin-helmet, he had not escaped so free as he did, so thick a shower of stones rained all the time of that conflict.'

## CHAPTER XVIII

*Wherein are decided the Controversies of the Helmet of Mambrino and of the Pannel, with other Strange and most True Adventures*

'Good sirs,' quoth the barber, 'what do you think of that which is affirmed by these gentlemen, who yet contend that this is not a basin, but a helmet?' 'He that denies it,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I will make him know that he



lies, if he be a knight ; and if he be but a squire, that he lies and lies again a thousand times.' Our barber, who was also present, as one that knew Don Quixote's humour very well, would fortify his folly and make the jest pass yet a little further, to the end that they all might laugh ; and therefore, speaking to the other barber, he said, 'Sir barber, or what else you please, know that I am also of your occupation, and have had my writ of examination and approbation in that trade more than these thirty years, and am one that knows very well all the instruments of barbery whatsoever ; and have been besides, in my youthful days, a soldier ; and do therefore likewise know what is a helmet, and what a morion, and what a close castle, and other things touching warfare—I mean all the kind of arms that a soldier ought to have ; and therefore I say (still submitting myself to the better opinion) that this piece which is laid here before us, and which this good knight holds in his hand, not only is not a barber's basin, but also is so far from being one as is white from black, or verity from untruth ; yet do I withal affirm that although it is an helmet, yet it is not a complete helmet.' 'No, truly,' quoth Don Quixote, 'for it wants the half, to wit, the nether part and the beaver.' 'It is very true,' quoth the curate, who very well understood his friend the barber his intention ; and the same did Cardenio, Don Fernando, and the rest of his fellows confirm ; yea, and even the judge himself, had not Don Louis his affair perplexed his thoughts, would, for his part, have holpen the jest well forward ; but the earnestness of that affair held his mind so busied, as he little or nothing attended the pastime. 'Lord have mercy upon me !' quoth the other barber, then half beside himself ; 'and is it possible that so many honourable men should say that this is no basin, but a helmet ? This is a thing able to strike admiration into a whole university, how discreet soever it were. It is enough ; if this basin must needs be a helmet, the pannel must also be a horse's furniture, as this gentleman says.' 'To me it seems a pannel,' quoth Don Quixote ; 'but, as I have said, I will not meddle with it,



nor determine whether it be a pannel or the caparison of a horse.'

'Therein is nothing else to be done,' said the curate, 'but that Sir Don Quixote say at once; for in these matters of chivalry, all these noblemen and myself do give unto him the prick and the prize.' 'I swear unto you by Jove, good sirs,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that so many and so strange are the things which have befallen me in this castle, these two times that I have lodged therein, as I dare avouch nothing affirmatively of anything that shall be demanded of me concerning the things contained in it; for I do infallibly imagine that all the adventures which pass in it are guided by enchantment. The first time, I was very much vexed by an enchanted Moor that was in it, and Sancho himself sped not very well with the Moor's followers; and yesternight I stood hanging almost two hours' space by this arm, without knowing how, or how that disgrace befel me; so that for me to meddle now in so confused and difficult a matter, as to deliver mine opinion, were to pass a rash judgment. So that they which say that this is a basin and no helmet, I have already made answer; but whether this be a pannel or furniture, I dare pronounce no definitive sentence, but only remit it to your discreet opinions: perhaps because you are not dubbed knights as I am, the enchantments of this place will have no power over you, and your understanding shall be free and able to judge of the things in this castle really and truly, and not as they seem unto me.' 'Doubtless,' quoth Don Fernando, 'Don Quixote says very well that the definition of this case belongs unto us; and therefore, and because we may proceed in it upon the better and more solid grounds, I will secretly take the suffrages of all those gentlemen, and afterwards make a clear and full relation of what shall come of them.'

To those that knew Don Quixote his humour, this was a matter of marvellous laughter and sport; but to such as were not acquainted therewithal, it seemed the greatest folly of the world, especially to Don Louis and his four

servants, and with other three passengers that had arrived by chance to the inn, and seemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as indeed they were. But he that was most of all beside himself for wrath was the barber whose basin they had transformed before his own face into the helmet of Mambrino, and whose pannel he made full account should likewise be turned into the rich furniture and equipage of a great horse. All of them laughed heartily to see Don Fernando go up and down, taking the suffrages of this man and that, and rounding every one of them in the ear, that they might declare in secret whether that was a pannel or a furniture for which such deadly contention had passed. After that he had taken the suffrages of so many as knew Don Quixote, he said very loudly, 'The truth is, good fellow, that I grow weary of demanding so many opinions; for I can no sooner demand of any man what I desire to know, but they forthwith answer me, how it is merē madness to affirm that this is the pannel of an ass, but rather the furniture of a horse, yea, and of a chief horse of service; and therefore you must have patience; for in despite both of you and of your ass, and notwithstanding your weak allegations and worse proofs, it is, and will continue, the furniture of a great horse.' 'Let me never enjoy a place in heaven,' quoth the barber, 'if you all be not deceived; and so may my soul appear before God, as it appears to me to be a pannel, and no horse furniture. But the law carries it away, and so farewell it. And yet surely I am not drunk; for unless it be by sinning, my fast hath not been broken this day.'

The follies which the barber uttered stirred no less laughter among them than did the roarings of Don Quixote, who then spoke in this manner: 'Here is now no more to be done, but that every man take up his own goods, and to whom God hath given them, let St. Peter give his blessing.' Then said one of the four serving-men, 'If this were not a jest premeditated, and made of purpose, I could not persuade myself that men of so good understanding as all these are, or seem to be, should dare to say and affirm that this is not a basin, nor that a pannel;

but seeing that they aver it so constantly, I have cause to suspect that it cannot be without mystery, to affirm a thing so contrary to that which very truth itself, and experience, demonstrates unto us; for I do vow' (and, saying so, he rapped out a round oath or two) 'that as many as are in the world should never make me believe that this is no basin, nor that no pannel of a he-ass.' 'It might as well be of a she-ass,' quoth the curate. 'That comes all but to one,' replied the other; 'for the question consists not therein, but whether it be a pannel or not, as you do avouch.' Then one of the troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, who had listened to their disputation, and was grown full of choler to hear such an error maintained, said, 'It is as very a pannel, as my father is my father; and he that hath said, or shall say the contrary, is, I believe, turned into a grape.' 'Thou liest like a clownish knave!' quoth Don Quixote; and, lifting up his javelin, which he always held in his hand, he discharged such a blow at the trooper's pate, as if he had not avoided, it would have thrown him to the ground. The javelin was broken by the force of the fall into splinters; and the other troopers, seeing their fellow misused, cried out for help and assistance for that Holy Brotherhood. The inn-keeper, who also was one of the same fraternity, ran in for his rod of justice and his sword, and then stood by his fellows. Don Louis's four servants compassed him about, lest he should attempt to escape whilst the tumult endured. The barber, seeing all the house turned upside down, laid hand again upon his pannel, and the same did Sancho.

Don Quixote set hand to his sword, and assaulted the troopers. Don Louis cried to his serving-men that they should leave him, and go to help Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Don Fernando; for all of them took Don Quixote's part. The curate cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter squeaked, Maritornes howled, Dorothea stood confused, Lucinda amazed, and Donna Clara dismayed; the barber battered Sancho, and Sancho pounded him again. Don Louis, on whom one of his serving-men had

presumed to lay hands, and hold him by the arm, gave him such a pash on the mouth as he broke his teeth, and then the judge took him into his own protection. Don Fernando had gotten one of the troopers under his feet, where he stood belabouring him at pleasure. The inn-keeper renewed his outcry, and reinforced his voice, demanding aid for the Holy Brotherhood. So that all the inn seemed nothing else but complaints, cries, screeches, confusions, fears, dreads, disgraces, slashes, buffets, blows, spurnings, and effusion of blood.

In the midst of this chaos and labyrinth of things, Don Quixote began to imagine and fancy to himself that he was at that very time plunged up to the ears in the discord and conflict of King Agramante his camp; and therefore he said, with a voice that made all the inn to tremble, ‘All of you, hold your hands; all of you, put up your swords; all of you, be quiet and listen to me, if any of you desire to continue alive.’ That great and monstrous voice made them all stand still; thereupon he thus proceeded: ‘Did not I tell you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils did inhabit it? In confirmation whereof, I would have you but to note with your own eyes how the very discord of King Agramante’s camp is transferred hither, and passed over among us. Look how there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle, beyond for the helmet; and all of us fight, and none of us know for what. Come therefore, you Master Justice, and you master curate, and let the one represent King Agramante, and the other King Sobrino, and make peace and atonement among us; for I swear by almighty Jove, that it is great wrong and pity that so many noblemen as we are here should be slain for so slight causes.’

The troopers, which did not understand Don Quixote’s manner of speech, and saw themselves very ill-handled by Don Fernando and Cardenio, would in no wise be pacified. But the barber was content, by reason that in the conflict both his beard and his pannel had been torn in pieces. Sancho to his master’s voice was quickly

obedient, as became a dutiful servant. Don Louis his four serving-men stood also quiet, seeing how little was gained in being other; only the innkeeper persisted as before, affirming that punishment was due unto the insolences of that madman, who every foot confounded and disquieted his inn. Finally, the rumour was pacified for that time; the pannel remained for a horse furniture until the day of judgment, the basin for a helmet, and the inn for a castle—in Don Quixote's imagination.

All the broils being now appeased, and all men accorded by the judge's and curate's persuasions, then began Don Louis his servants again to urge him to depart with them, and whilst he and they debated the matter, the judge communicated the whole to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, desiring to know their opinions concerning that affair, and telling them all that Don Louis had said to him; whereupon they agreed that Don Fernando should tell the serving-men what he himself was, and how it was his pleasure that Don Louis should go with him to Andalusia, where he should be cherished and accounted of by the marquis his brother, according unto his calling and deserts; for he knew well Don Louis his resolution to be such, as he would not return into his father's presence at that time, although they tore him into pieces. Don Fernando his quality and Don Louis his intention being understood by the four, they agreed among themselves that three of them should go back to bear the tidings of all that had passed to his father, and the other should abide there to attend on him, and never to leave him until they returned to fetch him home, or knew what else his father would command: and in this sort was that monstrous bulk of division and contention reduced to some form by the authority of Agramante and the wisdom of King Sobrino.

But the enemy of concord and the adversary of peace finding his projects to be thus illuded and condemned, and seeing the little fruit he had gotten by setting them all by the ears, resolved once again to try his wits, and stir up new discords and troubles, which befel in this manner.



The troopers were quieted, having understood the calling of those with whom they had contended, and retired themselves from the brawl, knowing that howsoever the cause succeeded, they themselves should have still the worst end of the staff. But one of them, who was the very same whom Don Fernando had buffeted so well, remembered how among many other warrants that he had to apprehend malefactors, he had one for Don Quixote, whom the Holy Brotherhood had commanded to be apprehended for freeing of the galley slaves (a disaster which Sancho had beforehand with very great reason feared). As soon as he remembered it, he would needs try whether the signs that were given him of Don Quixote did agree with his person; and so, taking out of his bosom a scroll of parchment wherein they were written, he presently found out that which he looked for; and, reading it a while very leisurely, as one that was himself no great clerk, at every other word he looked on Don Quixote, and confronted the marks of his warrant with those of Don Quixote's face, and found that he was infallibly the man that was therein mentioned. And scarce was he persuaded that it was he, when, folding up his parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, he laid hold on Don Quixote's collar with the right, so strongly as he could hardly breathe, and cried out aloud, saying, 'Aid for the Holy Brotherhood! and that you may perceive how I am in good earnest, read that warrant, wherein you shall find that this robber by the highway side is to be apprehended.' The curate took the warrant, and perceived very well that the trooper said true, and that the marks agreed very near with Don Quixote's; who, seeing himself so abused by that base rascal, as he accounted him, his choler being mounted to her height, and all the bones of his body crashing for wrath, he seized as well as he could with both his hands on the trooper's throat, and that in such sort, as if he had not been speedily succoured by his fellows, he had there left his life ere Don Quixote would have abandoned his grip.

The innkeeper, who of force was to assist his fellow in



office, forthwith repaired unto his aid. The hostess, seeing her husband re-enter into contentions and brabbles, raised a new cry, whose burden was borne by her daughter and Maritornes, asking succour of Heaven and those that were present. Sancho, seeing all that passed, said, 'By the Lord, all that my master hath said of the enchantments of this castle is true ; for it is not possible for a man to live quietly in it one hour together.'

Don Fernando parted the trooper and Don Quixote, and, with the goodwill of both, unfastened their holds. But yet the troopers for all this desisted not to require their prisoner, and withal, that they should help to get him tied and absolutely rendered unto their wills ; for so it was requisite for the King and the Holy Brotherhood, in whose name they did again demand their help and assistance for the arresting of that public robber and spoiler of people in common paths and highways.

Don Quixote laughed to hear them speak so idly, as he imagined, and said, with very great gravity, 'Come hither, you filthy, base extractions of the dunghill ! dare you term the loosening of the enchained, the freeing of prisoners, the assisting of the wretched, the raising of such as are fallen, and the supplying of those that are in want,—dare you, I say, term these things robbing on the highway ? O infamous brood ! worthy, for your base and vile conceit, that Heaven should never communicate with you the valour included in the exercise of chivalry, we give you to understand the sin and error wherein you are, by not adoring the very shadow, how much more the assistance of a knight-errant ? Come hither, O you that be no troopers, but thieves in troop, and robbers of highways by permission of the Holy Brotherhood ! come hither, I say, and tell me, who was that jolt-head that did subscribe or ratify a warrant for the attaching of such a knight as I am ? Who was he that knows not how knights-errant are exempted from all tribunals ? and how that their sword is the law, their valour the bench, and their wills the statutes of their courts ? I say again, what madman was he that knows not how that no privilege of gentry enjoys so many pre-

eminences, immunities, and exemptions as that which a knight-errant acquires the day wherein he is dubbed and undertakes the rigorous exercise of arms? What knight-errant did ever pay tribute, subsidy, tallage, carriage, or passage over water? What tailor ever had money for making his clothes? What constable ever lodged him in castle, that made him after to pay for the shot? What king hath not placed him at his own table? What damsel hath not fallen in love with him, and permitted him to use her as he liked? And finally, what knight-errant was there ever, is, or ever shall be in the world, which hath not the courage himself alone to give four hundred blows with a cudgel to four hundred troopers that shall presume to stand before him in hostile manner?’

## CHAPTER XIX

*In which is finished the Notable Adventure of the Troopers, and the great Ferocity of our Knight, Don Quixote, and how he was enchanted*

WHILST Don Quixote said this, the curate laboured to persuade the troopers how the knight was distracted, as they themselves might collect by his works and words, and therefore it would be to no end to prosecute their design any further, seeing that although they did apprehend and carry him away he would be presently delivered again as a madman. To this, he that had the warrant made answer, that it concerned him not to determine whether he was mad or no, but only to obey and execute his superior's command; and that being once prisoner, they might deliver him three hundred times and if it were their good pleasure. ‘For all that,’ quoth the curate, ‘you may not carry him with you at this time; nor, as I suppose, will he suffer himself to be taken.’ To be brief, the curate said so much, and Don Quixote played so many

mad pranks, as the troopers themselves would have proved greater fools than he if they had not manifestly discerned his defect of judgment; and therefore they held it to be the best course to let him alone, yea, and be compounders of peace and amity between Sancho Panza and the barber, which still continued their most rancorous and deadly contention. Finally, they, as the officers of justice, did mediate the cause, and were arbiters thereof in such sort, as both the parties remained, though not wholly contented, yet in some sort satisfied, for they only made them exchange their pannels, but not their girths or headstalls.

As touching Mambrino's helmet, the curate did unawares to Don Quixote give to the barber eight reals by it, and the barber gave back unto him an acquittance of the receipt thereof, an everlasting release of all actions concerning it. These two discords, which were the most principal and of most consequence, being thus accorded, it only rested that three of Don Louis his serving-men would be content to return home, and leave the fourth to accompany his master whither Don Fernando pleased to carry him. And as good hap and better fortune had already begun to break lances, and facilitate difficulties, in the favour of the lovers and worthy persons of the inn, so did it resolve to proceed forward, and give a prosperous success unto all; for the serving-men were content to do whatsoever their master would have them: whereat Donna Clara was so cheerful, as no one beheld her face in that season but might read therein the inward contentment of her mind. Zoraida, although she did not very well understand all the successes of the things she had seen, yet was she interchangeably grieved and cheered according to the shows made by the rest, but chiefly by her Spaniard, on whom her eyes were always fixed, and all the affects of her mind depended. The innkeeper, who did not forget the recompense made by the curate to the barber, demanded of him Don Quixote's expenses, and satisfaction for the damage he had done to his wine-bags, and the loss of his wine, swearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho his ass should depart out of the inn until he were paid the very last

farthing. All was quietly ended by the curate ; and Don Fernando paid the whole sum, although the judge had also most liberally offered to do it ; and all of them remained afterwards in such quietness and peace, as the inn did no longer resemble the discorded camp of Agramante, as Don Quixote termed it, but rather enjoyed the very peace and tranquillity of the Emperor Octavian's time ; for all which the common opinion was, that thanks were justly due to the sincere proceeding and great eloquence of master curate, and to the incomparable liberality and goodness of Don Fernando. Don Quixote, perceiving himself free, and delivered from so many difficulties and brabbles wherewithal as well he as his esquire had been perplexed, held it high time to prosecute his commenced voyage, and bring to an end the great adventure unto which he was called and chosen. Therefore, with resolute determination to depart, he went and cast himself on his knees before Dorothea, who, not permitting him to speak until he arose, he to obey her stood up, and said, 'It is a common proverb, beautiful lady, that "diligence is the mother of good hap"; and in many and grave affairs experience hath showed that the solicitude and sore of the suitor oft brings a doubtful matter to a certain and happy end ; but this truth appears in nothing more clearly than in matters of war, wherein celerity and expedition prevent the enemy's designs, and obtain the victory before an adversary can put himself in defence. All this I say, high and worthy lady, because it seems to me that our abode in this castle is nothing profitable, and may therewithal turn so far to our hindrance as we may palpably feel it one day ; for who knows but that your enemy, the giant, hath learned by spies, or other secret intelligence and means, how I mean to come and destroy him, and (opportunity favouring his designs) that he may have fortified himself in some inexpugnable castle or fortress, against the strength whereof neither mine industry nor the force of mine invincible arm can much prevail. Wherefore, dear lady, let us prevent, as I have said, by our diligence, and let us presently depart unto the place whereunto we are called by our good fortune,

which shall be deferred no longer than I am absent from your highness's foe.' Here he held his peace, and did expect, with great gravity, the beautiful princess's answer, who, with *débonnaire* countenance, and a style accommodated unto Don Quixote, returned him this answer: 'I do gratify and thank, sir knight, the desire you show to assist me in this my great need, which denotes very clearly the great care you have to favour orphans and distressed wights; and I beseech God that your good desires and mine may be accomplished, to the end that you may see how there are some thankful women on earth. As touching my departure, let it be forthwith, for I have none other will than that which is yours; therefore you may dispose of me at your own pleasure; for she that hath once committed the defence of her person unto you, and hath put into your hands the restitution of her estate, ought not to seek to do any other thing than that which your wisdom shall ordain.' 'In the name of God,' quoth Don Quixote, 'seeing that your highness doth so humble yourself unto me, I will not lose the occasion of exalting it, and installing it again in the throne of your inheritance. Let our departure be incontinent; for my desires, and the way, and that which they call the danger that is in delay, do spur me on. And seeing that Heaven never created, nor hell ever beheld, any man that could affright me or make a coward of me, go therefore, Sancho, and saddle Rozinante, and empannel thine ass, and make ready the queen's palfrey, and let us take leave of the constable and those other lords, and depart away from hence instantly.'

Then Sancho, who was present at all this, wagging of his head, said, 'O my lord, my lord! how much more knavery (be it spoken with the pardon of all honest kerchiefs) is there in the little village than is talked of!' 'What ill can there be in any village, or in all the cities of the world, able to impair my credit, thou villain?' 'If thou be angry,' quoth Sancho, 'I will hold my tongue, and omit to say that which, by the duty of a good squire and of an honest servant, I am bound to tell you.' 'Say what thou wilt,' quoth Don Quixote, 'so thy words be



not addressed to make me afraid; for if thou beest frightened, thou dost only like thyself; and if I be devoid of terror, I also do that which I ought.' 'It is not that which I mean,' quoth Sancho, 'but that I do hold, for most sure and certain, that this lady which calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother; for if she were what she says, she would not, at every corner and at every turning of a hand, be billing as she is with one that is in this good company.' Dorothea blushed at Sancho's words; for it was true, indeed, that her spouse, Don Fernando, would now and then privately steal from her lips some part of the reward which his desires did merit (which Sancho espying, it seemed to him that that kind of wanton familiarity was more proper to courtesans than becoming the queen of so great a kingdom), and yet she neither could nor would reply unto him, but let him continue his speech, as followeth: 'This I do say, good my lord,' quoth he, 'to this end: that if, after we have run many ways and courses, and endured bad nights and worse days, he that is in this inn sporting himself, shall come to gather the fruit of our labours, there is no reason to hasten me thus to saddle Rozinante, or empanel the ass, or make ready the palfrey, seeing it would be better that we stayed still, and that every whore spun, and we fell to our victuals.'

O God! how great was the fury that inflamed Don Quixote when he heard his squire speak so respectfully! I say it was so great that, with a shaking voice, a faltering tongue, and the fire sparkling out of his eyes, he said, 'O villanous peasant! rash, unmannerly, ignorant, rude, blasphemous, bold murmurer and detractor! hast thou presumed to speak such words in my presence, and in that of these noble ladies? and hast thou dared to entertain such rash and dishonest surmises into thy confused imagination? Depart out of my sight, thou monster of nature, storehouse of untruths, armoury of falsehood, sink of roguery, inventor of villany, publisher of ravings, and the enemy of that decency which is to be used towards royal



persons! Away, villain! and never appear before me, under pain of mine indignation!’ And, saying so, he bended his brows, filled up his cheeks, looked about him on every side, and struck a great blow with his right foot on the ground—all manifest tokens of the rage which inwardly fretted him. At which words and furious gestures, poor Sancho remained so greatly affrighted, as he could have wished in that instant that the earth, opening under his feet, would swallow him up, and knew not what to do, but turn his back, and get him out of his lord’s most furious presence. But the discreet Dorothea, who was now so well schooled in Don Quixote’s humour, to mitigate his ire, said unto him, ‘Be not offended, good Sir Knight of the Sad Face, at the idle words which your good squire hath spoken; for perhaps he hath not said them without some ground; nor of his good understanding and Christian mind can it be suspected that he would wittingly slander or accuse anybody falsely; and therefore we must believe, without all doubt, that as in this castle, as you yourself have said, sir knight, all things are represented, and succeed by manner of enchantment; I say it might befall that Sancho may have seen, by diabolical illusion, that which he says he beheld, so much to the prejudice of my reputation.’

‘I vow by the omnipotent Jove,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘that your highness hath hit the very prick, and that some wicked vision appeared to this sinner, my man Sancho, that made him to see that which otherwise were impossible to be seen by any other way than that of enchantment; for I know very well the great goodness and simplicity of that poor wretch is such as he knows not how to invent a lie on anybody living.’ ‘It is even so, and so it shall be,’ quoth Don Fernando; ‘and therefore, good sir Don Quixote, you must pardon him, and reduce him again to the bosom of your good grace, *sicut erat in principio*, and before the like visions did distract his sense.’ Don Quixote answered that he did willingly pardon him. And therefore the curate went for Sancho, who returned very humbly, and, kneeling down on his knees, demanded his lord’s hand,

which he gave unto him; and after that he had permitted him to kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying, 'Now thou shalt finally know, Sancho, that which I have told thee divers times, how that all the things of this castle are made by way of enchantment.' 'So do I verily believe,' said Sancho, 'except that of the canvassing in the blanket, which really succeeded by an ordinary and natural way.' 'Do not believe that,' said Don Quixote; 'for if it were so, I would both then, and also now, have taken a dire revenge; but neither then nor now could I ever see any on whom I might revenge that thine injury.' All of them desired greatly to know what that accident of the blanket was; and then the innkeeper recounted it, point by point, the flights that Sancho Panza made, whereat they all did laugh not a little; and Sancho would have been ashamed no less, if his lord had not anew persuaded him that it was a mere enchantment. And yet Sancho's madness was never so great as to believe that it was not a real truth verily befallen him, without any colour or mixture of fraud or illusion, but that he was tossed by persons of flesh, blood, and bone, and not by dreamed and imagined shadows or spirits, as his lord believed, and so constantly affirmed.

Two days were now expired when all that noble company had sojourned in the inn; and then, it seeming unto them high time to depart, they devised how, without putting Dorothea and Don Fernando to the pains to turn back with Don Quixote to his village, under pretence of restoring the Queen Micomicona, the curate and barber might carry him back as they desired, and endeavour to have him cured of his folly in his own house. And their invention was this: they agreed with one, who by chance passed by that way with a team of oxen, to carry him in this order following: They made a thing like a cage, of timber, so big as that Don Quixote might sit or lie in it at his ease; and presently after, Don Fernando and his fellows, with Don Louis his servants, the troopers, and the innkeeper, did all of them, by master curate's direction, cover their faces, and disguise themselves, every one as he

might best, so that they might seem to Don Quixote other people than such as he had seen in the castle. And this being done, they entered with very great silence into the place where he slept, and took his rest after the related conflicts ; and, approaching him who slept securely, not fearing any such accident, and laying hold on him very strongly, they tied his hands and his feet very strongly, so that when he started out of his sleep he could not stir himself, nor do any other thing than admire and wonder at those strange shapes that he saw standing before him ; and presently he fell into the conceit which his continual and distracted imagination had already suggested unto him, believing that all those strange figures were the spirits and shadows of that enchanted castle, and that he himself was now without doubt enchanted, seeing he could neither move nor defend himself. All this succeeded just as the curate, who plotted the jest, made full account it would, Only Sancho, among all those that were present, was in his right sense and shape ; and although he wanted but little to be sick of his lord's disease, yet for all that he knew all those counterfeit ghosts ; but he would not once unfold his lips, until he might see the end of that surprisal and imprisonment of his master ; who likewise spoke never a word, but only looked to see what would be the period of his disgrace ; which was that, bringing him to the cage, they shut him within, and afterwards nailed the bars thereof so well as they could not be easily broken. They presently mounted him upon their shoulders ; and as he issued out at the chamber door, they heard as dreadful a voice as the barber could devise (not he of the pannel, but the other), which said, 'O Knight of the Sad Countenance ! be not grieved at the imprisonment whereinto thou art led ; for so it must be, that thereby the adventure, into which thy great force and valour hath thrust thee, may be the more speedily ended ; and ended it will be when the furious Manchegan lion and the white Tobosian dove shall be united in one ; and after they have humbled their lofty crest unto the soft yoke of wedlock, from whose wonderful comfort shall issue to the light of the orb fierce whelps, which shall

imitate the raunching paws of their valorous father. And this shall be before the pursuer of the fugitive nymph do, with his swift and natural course, make two turns in visitation of the glittering images. And thou, O the most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword at a girdle, beard on a face, or dent in a nose! let it not dismay or discontent thee to see carried away before thy eyes the flower of all chivalry-errant; for very speedily, if it please the Framers of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and ennobled as thou shalt scarce know thyself. Nor shalt thou be defrauded of the promises made unto thee by thy noble lord; and I do assure thee, from the wise Mentironiana, that thy wages shall be paid thee, as thou shalt quickly see in effect. And therefore follow the steps of the valorous and enchanted knight; for it is necessary that thou go to the place where you both shall stay. And because I am not permitted to say more, farewell; for I do return, I well know whither.' Towards the end of this prophecy he lifted up his voice, and afterwards lessened it, with so slender an accent that even those which were acquainted with the jest almost believed what they had heard.

Don Quixote was very much comforted by the prophecy; for he presently apprehended the whole sense thereof, and perceived how he was promised in marriage his beloved Dulcinea of Toboso, from whose happy womb should sally the whelps, which were his sons, to the eternal glory of the Mancha. And, believing all this most firmly, he elevated his voice, and, breathing forth a great sigh, thus said: 'O thou, whatsoever thou beest, which hath prognosticated so great good to me, I desire thee to request, in my name, the wise man who hath charge to record mine acts, that he permit me not to perish in this prison, to which they now do carry me, before the accomplishment of so joyful and incomparable promises as now have been made unto me; for, so that this may befall, I will account the pains of my prison a glory, and the chains that environ me an ease; and will not esteem this bed whereon I am laid a hard field of battle, but a soft tick and a most fortunate

lodging. And, as concerning the consolation of my squire Sancho Panza, I trust in his goodness and honest proceeding, that he will not abandon me in good or bad fortune ; for though it should fall out, through his or my hard hap, that I shall not be able to bestow on him an island, or other equivalent thing, as I have promised, his wages at least cannot be lost ; for in my testament, which is made already, I have set down what he is to have, though not conformably to his many good services, yet according to my possibility.' Sancho Panza bowed his head with great reverence, and kissed both his hands, for one alone he could not, by reason they were bound together ; and presently those visions did lift up the cage and accommodate it on the team of oxen.

## CHAPTER XX

*Wherein is prosecuted the Manner of Don Quixote's  
Enchantment, with other Famous Occurrences*

WHEN Don Quixote saw himself to be encaged after that manner, and placed in the cart, he said, ' I have read many and very grave histories of knights-errant, but I never read, saw, nor heard that they were wont to carry knights-errant enchanted after this manner, and with the leisure that those slothful and heavy beasts do threaten ; for they were ever accustomed to be carried in the air with wonderful speed, shut in some dusky and obscure cloud, or in some fiery chariot, or on some hippogriff, or some other such like beast ; but that they carry me now on a team of oxen, I protest it drives me into a great amazement ; but perhaps both chivalry, and the enchantments of these our times, do follow a course different from those of former ages ; and peradventure it may also be, that as I am a new knight in the world, and the first that hath again revived the now neglected and forgotten exercise of arms, so have



they also newly invented other kinds of enchantments, and other manners of carrying away enchanted knights. What dost thou think of this, son Sancho?' 'I know not,' quoth Sancho, 'what to think, because I am not so well seen in scriptures-errant as you are; but for all this I durst affirm and swear, that these visions which go up and down in this place are not altogether catholic.' 'Catholics! my father!' quoth Don Quixote; 'how can they be catholics, when they be all devils, which have assumed phantastical bodies to come and put me into this state? And if thou wilt prove the truth hereof, do but touch and feel them, and thou shalt find them to have no bodies but of air, and that they consist of nothing but an outward appearance.' 'Now, by my faith, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I have already touched them, and find this devil that goeth there so busily up and down, both plump and soft-fleshed; and that he hath besides another property very different from that which I have heard say devils have; for it is said that they smell all of brimstone and other filthy things, but one may feel, at least half a league off, the amber that this devil smells off.' Sancho spoke this of Don Fernando, who belike, as lords of his rank are wont, had his attire perfumed with amber.

'Marvel not thereat, friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for the devils are very crafty, and although they bring smells or perfumes about them, yet they themselves smell nothing, because they are spirits; or if they do smell aught, it is not good, but evil and stinking savours: the reason is, for that as they do always bear, wheresoever they be, their hell about them, and can receive no kind of ease of their torments, and good smells be things that delight and please, it is not possible that they can smell any good thing; and if it seem to thee that that devil whom thou dost mention smells of amber, either thou art deceived, or he would deceive thee, by making thee to think that he is no devil.' All these discourses passed between the master and the man, the whilst Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing lest Sancho



should find out the deceit whereto he was already come very near, resolved to hasten the knight's departure; and therefore, calling the innkeeper aside, they commanded him to saddle Rozinante, and empannel Sancho's beast, which he did with all expedition. And the curate agreed with the troopers for so much a day, to accompany him unto his village. Cardenio hanged, at the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, the target on the one side, and on the other the basin; and by signs he commanded Sancho to get up on his ass, and to lead Rozinante along by the bridle, and afterwards placed on either side of the cart two troopers, with their firelocks.

But before the cart departed, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes came out to bid Don Quixote farewell, feigning that they wept for sorrow of his disaster; to whom Don Quixote said, 'My good ladies, do not weep; for all these mischances are incident to those which profess that which I do, and if these calamities had not befallen me, I would never have accounted myself for a famous knight-errant; for the like chances never happen to knights of little name or renown, because there [is] none in the world that makes any mention of them; but they often befall to the valorous, who have emulators of their virtue and valour, both many princes and many other knights, that strive by indirect means to destroy them. But for all that, virtue is so potent, as by herself alone, in despite of all the necromancy that ever the first inventor thereof, Zoroaster, knew, she will come off victorious from every danger, and will shine in the world as the sun doth in heaven. Pardon me, fair ladies, if by any carelessness I have done you any displeasure, for with my will and knowledge I never wronged any. And pray unto God for me, that he will please to deliver me out of this prison, whereinto some ill-meaning enchanter hath thrust me; for if I once may see myself at liberty again, I will never forget the favours which you have done me in this castle, but greatly acknowledge and recompense them as they deserve.' Whilst the ladies of the castle were thus entertained by Don Quixote, the curate and barber took leave of Don Fernando and his

companions, of the captain and his brother, and of all the contented ladies, especially of Dorothea and Lucinda. All of them embraced, and promised to acquaint one another with their succeeding fortunes ; Don Fernando entreating the curate to write unto him what became of Don Quixote, assuring him that no affair he could inform him of should please him better than that, and that he would, in lieu thereof, acquaint him with all occurrences which he thought would delight him, either concerning his own marriage or Zoraida's baptism, or the success of Don Louis, and Lucinda's return into her house.

The curate offered willingly to accomplish to a hair all that he had commanded him ; and so they returned once again to embrace one another, and to renew their mutual and complimentary offers. The innkeeper came also to the curate, and gave him certain papers, saying that he had found them within one of the linings of the wallet wherein the Tale of the Curious-Impertinent was had, and that, since the owner did not return to fetch it, he bade him take them all with him ; for, seeing he could not read, he would keep them no longer. Master curate yielded him many thanks ; and then, opening them, found in the beginning thereof these words, The Tale of Riconete and Cortadillo, by which he understood that it was some history, and collected that it must be a good one, seeing that of the Curious-Impertinent, contrived perhaps by the same author, had proved so well ; and therefore he laid it up, with an intention to read it as soon as he had opportunity. Then he mounted on horseback with his friend the barber ; and both of them, putting on their masks, that they might not quickly be known by Don Quixote, they travelled after the team, which held on in this order : first went the cart, guided by the carter ; on both sides thereof the troopers rode, with their firelocks ; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle ; and last of all came the curate and barber, upon their mighty mules, and with their faces covered ; all in a grave posture, and with an alderman-like pace, and travelling no faster than the slow steps of the heavy oxen permitted them. Don Quixote

sat with his hands tied, his legs stretched out, and leaning against the bar of the cage, with such a silence and patience as he rather seemed a statue than a man. In this quiet and leisurely manner they travelled for the space of two leagues, when, arriving to a valley, it seemed to their conductor a fit place to repose and bait his oxen; and, acquainting the curate with his purpose, the barber was of opinion that they should yet go on a little farther, because he knew that there lay behind a little mountain, which was within their view, a certain vale, much better furnished with grass than that wherein he meant to abide. The barber's opinion was allowed; and therefore they continued on their travel: when the curate, looking by chance behind him, saw coming after them six or seven men on horseback, and very well appointed, who quickly got ground of them; for they came not the lazy and phlegmatic pace of oxen, but as men that were mounted on canons' mules, and pricked forward with a desire to pass over the heat of the day in their inn, which was not much more than a league from thence. Finally, those diligent travellers overtook our slothful ones, and saluted them courteously; and one of them, that was a canon of Toledo and master of the rest, noting the orderly procession of the cart, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate and barber, but chiefly the encaged Don Quixote, he could not forbear to demand what meant the carriage of that man in so strange a manner, although he did already conjecture, by observation of the troopers, that he was some notable robber, or other delinquent, the punishment of whom belonged to the Holy Brotherhood. One of the troopers, to whom the demand was made, did answer in this manner: 'Sir, we know not wherefore this knight is carried in this form; and therefore let he himself, who best may, tell you the reason thereof.'

Don Quixote had overheard their discourse, and said, 'If, gentlemen, you be conversant and skilful in matters of chivalry, I will communicate my misfortunes with you; but if you be not, I have no reason to trouble myself to recount them.' The curate and barber, seeing the

travellers in talk with Don Quixote, drew near to make answer for him in such sort that their invention might not be discovered; the whilst the canon replied to the knight, and said, 'Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of knighthood than with Villalpando's Logic; and therefore, if all the difficulty rest only in that, you may safely communicate whatsoever you will with me.' 'A God's name be it,' quoth Don Quixote; 'you shall therefore understand, sir knight, that I am carried away enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of wicked magicians; for virtue is much more persecuted of the wicked than honoured of the good. I am a knight-errant; but none of those whose names are not recorded in the books of fame, but one of those who, in despite of envy itself, and of all the magicians of Persia, the Brahmins of India, or of the Gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall hang his name in the temple of eternity, that it may serve as a model and pattern to ensuing ages, wherein knights-errant may view the steps which they are to follow, if they mean to aspire to the top and honourable height of arms.' 'The knight Sir Don Quixote saith true,' quoth the curate, speaking to the travellers, 'that he is carried away in this chariot enchanted, not through his own default or sins, but through the malignant treachery of those to whom virtue is loathsome and valour odious. This is, good sir, the Knight of the Sad Countenance (if you have at any time heard speak of him), whose valorous acts shall remain ensculp'd in stubborn brass and time-surviving marble, though envy and malice do labour never so much to obscure them.'

When the canon heard the imprisoned man and the three speak thus in one tenor, he was about to bless himself for wonder, and could not conjecture what had befallen him; and into no less admiration were they brought that came with him. But Sancho Panza having in the meantime approached to hear their speech, to plaster up the matter, added: 'Now, sirs, whether you will love me well or ill for what I shall say, the very truth of the matter is, that my lord, Don Quixote, is as much

enchanted as my mother, and no more; for his judgment is yet whole and sound—he eats and drinks, and doth his necessities as other men do, and as he himself did yesterday and other days before they encaged him: all which being so, how can you make me believe that he goeth enchanted? for I have heard many persons avouch that enchanted persons neither eat, nor drink, nor speak; and yet, my lord, if he be not thwarted, will talk more than twenty barristers.’ And then, turning towards the curate, he said, ‘O master curate, master curate, do you think that I do not know you? And think you that I do not suppose, yea, and presage whereto these new enchantments are addressed? Well, know then that I know you well, although you cover your face never so much, and that I understand your meaning, how deeply soever you smother your drifts. But in fine, where emulation and envy reign, virtue cannot live; where pinching sways, liberality goes by. A pox take the devil! for, but for your reverence, my lord had e’er this time been wedded to the Princess Micomicona, and I myself had been created an earl at least; for no less might be expected either from the bounty of my lord or the greatness of my deserts. But now I perceive that to be true which is commonly said, “that the wheel of fortune turns about more swiftly than that of a mill,” and that they which were yesterday on the top thereof, lie to-day all along on the ground. I am chiefly grieved for my wife and children; for whereas they ought and might hope to see their father come in at his gates made a governor or viceroy of some isle or kingdom, they shall now see him return unto them no better than a poor horse-boy. All which I have urged so much, master curate, only to intimate to your paternity how you ought to have remorse, and make a scruple of conscience, of treating my dear lord as you do; and look to it well, that God do not one day demand at your hands, in the other life, amends for the prison whereinto you carry him, and that you be not answerable for all the succours and good deeds which he would have afforded the world in this time of his captivity.’



'Snuff me those candles,' quoth the barber, hearing him speak so. 'What, Sancho! art thou also of thy master's fraternity? I swear by the Lord, I begin to see that thou art very like to keep him company in the cage, and that thou shalt be as deeply enchanted as he, for the portion which thou hast of humour and chivalry. Thou wast in an ill hour begotten with child by his promises, and in a worse did the isle, which thou so greatly longest for, sink into thy pate.' 'I am not with child by anybody,' said Sancho; 'nor am I a man of humour, to let anybody get me with child, no, though it were the king himself; and although I be poor, yet am I a Christian, and owe nothing to any one; and if I desire islands, others there are that desire worse things, and every one is the son of his own works; and under the name of a man I may become pope, how much more the governor of an island, and chiefly seeing my lord may gain so many as he may want men to bestow them on? And therefore, master barber, you should take heed how you speak; for all consists not in trimming of beards; and there is some difference between Peter and Peter. I say it, because all of us know one another, and no man shall unperceived put a false dye upon me. As concerning my lord's enchantment, God knows the truth; and therefore let it rest as it is, seeing it is the worse for the stirring in.' The barber would not reply unto Sancho, lest that, with his simplicities, he should discover what the curate and himself did labour so much to conceal. And the curate, doubting the same, had entreated the canon to prick on a little forward, and he would unfold to him the mystery of the encaged knight, with other matters of delight. The canon did so, and, taking his men along with them, was very attentive to all that he rehearsed of the condition, life, madness, and fashion of Don Quixote. There did he briefly acquaint him with the original cause of his distraction, and all the progress of his adventures, until his shutting up in that cage; and their own design in carrying him home to his country, to try whether they might by any means find out a remedy for his frenzy. The canon



and his men again admired to hear so strange a history as that of Don Quixote ; and as soon as the curate had ended his relation, the canon said :

‘ Verily, master curate, I do find by experience that those books which are instituted of chivalry or knight-hood are very prejudicial to well-governed commonwealths ; and although, borne away by an idle and curious desire, I have read the beginning of almost as many as are imprinted of that subject, yet could I never endure myself to finish and read any one of them through ; for methinks that somewhat, more or less, they all import one thing, and this hath no more than that, nor the other more than his fellow. And in mine opinion, this kind of writing and invention falls within the compass of the fables called *Milesiae*, which are wandering and idle tales, whose only scope is delight, and not instruction ; quite contrary to the project of those called *Fabulae Apologae*, which delight and instruct together. And though that the principal end of such books be recreation, yet cannot I perceive how they can yield it, seeing they be forced with so many and so proportionless untruths ; for the delight that the mind conceives must proceed from the beauty and conformity which it sees or contemplates in such things as the sight or imagination represents unto it, and all things that are deformed and discordant must produce the contrary effect. Now, then, what beauty can there be, or what proportion between the parts and the whole, or the whole and the parts, in a book or fable wherein a youth of sixteen years of age gives a blow to a giant as great as a tower, and with that blow divides him in two as easily as if he were a pellet of sugar ? And when they describe a battle, after that they have told us how there were at least a million of men on the adverse side, yet if the knight of the book be against them, we must of force, and whether we will or no, understand that the said knight obtained the victory through the invincible strength of his arm. What, then, shall we say of the facility wherewithal the inheritrix of a kingdom or empire falls between the arms of those errant and unknown knights ? What understanding, if it be not altogether

barren or barbarous, can delight itself, reading how a great tower full of knights doth pass through the sea as fast as a ship with the most prosperous wind? and that going to bed a man is in Lombardy, and the next morning finds himself in Prester John's country, among the Indians, or in some other region which never was discovered by Ptolemy, nor seen by Marco Polo? And if I should be answered, that the inventors of such books do write them as fables, and therefore are not bound unto any respect of circumstances or observation of truth, I would reply, that an untruth is so much the more pleasing by how much the nearer it resembles a truth, and so much the more grateful by how much the more it is doubtful and possible; for lying fables must be suited unto the reader's understanding, and so written as that, facilitating impossible things, levelling untrue things, and holding the mind in suspense, they may ravish a more delight, and entertain such manners, as pleasure and wonder may step by step walk together: all which things he that writes not likelihoods shall never be able to perform. And as touching imitation (wherein consists the perfection of that which is written), I have not seen in any books of knighthood an entire bulk of a fable so proportioned in all the members thereof, as that the middle may answer the beginning, and the end the beginning and middle; but rather they have composed them of so many members, as it more probably seems that the authors intended to frame chimeras or monsters than to deliver proportionate figures, most harsh in their style, incredible in exploits, impudent in love matters, absurd in compliments, prolix in battles, fond in discourses, uncertain and senseless in voyages; and finally, devoid of all discretion, art, and ingenious disposition: and therefore they deserve, as most idle and frivolous things, to be banished out of all Christian commonwealths.'

Master curate did listen to the canon with very great attention; and he seemed unto him to be a man of good understanding, and that he had great reason for what he had alleged; and therefore said that, in respect they did

concur in opinions, and that he had an old grudge to the vanity of such books, he had likewise fired all Don Quixote's library, consisting of many books of that subject. And then he recounted to him the search and inquisition he had made of them; and which he had condemned, and which reserved: whereat the canon laughed heartily, and said that, 'notwithstanding all the evil he had spoken of such books, yet did he find one good in them, to wit, the subject they offered a good wit to work upon and show itself in them; for they displayed a large and open plain, through which the pen might run without let or encumbrances, describing of shipwrecks, tempests, encounters, and battles; delineating a valorous captain with all the properties required in him—as wisdom to frustrate the designs of his enemy, eloquence to persuade or dissuade his soldiers, ripeness in advice, promptness in execution, as much valour in attending as in assaulting of an enemy; deciphering now a lamentable and tragical success, then a joyful and unexpected event; there a most beautiful, honest, and discreet lady, here a valiant, courteous, and Christian knight; there an unmeasureable, barbarous braggart, here a gentle, valorous, and wise prince; representing the goodness and loyalty of subjects, the magnificence and bounty of lords. Sometimes he may show himself an astrologer, sometimes a cosmographer, sometimes a musician, sometimes a statist, and sometimes, if he please, he may have occasion to show himself a necromancer. There may he demonstrate the subtlety of Ulysses, the piety of Aeneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the amity of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the resolution of Caesar, the clemency and truth of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the prudence of Cato, and finally, all those parts that make a worthy man perfect; one whiles by placing them all in one subject, another by distributing them among many; and this being done, and set out in a pleasing style and a witty fashion, that approacheth as near as is possible unto the truth, will questionless remain a work of many fair drafts, which being accom-

plished will represent such beauty and perfection as shall fully attain to the best end aimed at in all writing; that is, as I have said, jointly to instruct and delight: for the irregularity and liberality of those books give[s] to the author the means to show himself an epic, lyric, tragedian, and comedian, with all other things which the most graceful and pleasant sciences of poetry and oratory include in themselves; for epics may be as well written in prose as in verse.'

## CHAPTER XXI

*Wherein the Canon prosecutes his Discourse upon Books of Chivalry, and many other Things worthy of his Wit*

'SIR, you say very true,' quoth the curate; 'and for this very reason are they which have hitherto invented such books the more worthy of reprehension, because they neither heeded the good discourse, the art, nor the rules by which they might have guided themselves, and by that means have grown as famous for their prose as be the two princes of the Greek and Latin poetry for their verse.' 'I have, for my part,' quoth the canon, 'at least attempted to write a book of chivalry, observing therein all the points by me mentioned; and in truth I have written above a hundred sheets thereof; and to the end that I might try whether they were correspondent to my estimation, I did communicate them both with certain skilful and wise men, that are marvellously affected to that subject, and with some ignorant persons that only delight to hear fanatical inventions, and I have found in them all a great approbation of my labours; yet would I not for all that prosecute the work, as well because it seemed unfit for my profession, as also because I find the number of the ignorant to exceed that of the judicious; and though more good come to a man by the praise of a few wise men, than hurt by the scoffs of a number of fools, yet would I not

willingly subject myself to the confused judgment of the senseless vulgar, who commonly give themselves most unto the reading of such books. But that which most of all rid my hands, yea, and my memory, of all desire to end it, was this argument, drawn from our modern comedies, and thus made to myself: If those (as well the fictions as historical ones) are all, or the most part of them, notorious fopperies, and things without either head or foot, and yet are by the vulgar heard with such delight, and held and approved for good; and both the authors that compose them, and actors that represent them, say that they must be such as they be for to please the people's humours, and not more conformable to reason or truth; and that because those wherein decorum is observed, and the fable followed according to the rules of art, serve only for three or four discreet men (if so many may be found at a play) which do attend unto them, and all the rest of the auditors remain fasting, by reason they cannot conceive the artificial contexture thereof; therefore it is better for them to gain good money and means by many than bare opinion or applause by a few. The very same would be the end of my book, after I had used all possible industry to observe the aforesaid precept; and I should remain only for a need, and as the tailor that dwells in a corner, without trade or estimation.

'And although I have sundry times endeavoured to persuade the players that their opinion was erroneous herein, and that they would attract more people and acquire greater fame by acting artificial comedies than those irregular and methodical plays then used, yet are they so wedded to their opinion, as no reason can woo nor demonstration win them from it. I remember how, dealing upon a day with one of those obstinate fellows, I said unto him, "Do not you remember how a few years ago were represented in Spain three tragedies, written by a famous poet of our kingdom, which were such as delighted, yea, and amazed all the auditors, as well the learned as the simple, the exact as the slight ones, and that the players

got more by those three alone than by thirty of the best that were penned or acted since that time?" "You mean, without question," quoth the actor, answering me, "*Isabella*, *Phyllis*, and *Alexandra*?" "The very same," quoth I; "and note whether in them were not rightly observed all the rules and precepts of art; and yet thereby they neither wanted any part of their dignity nor the approbation of all the world; so that I infer the fault not to be in the vulgar that covet idle toys, but rather in those which know not how to pen or act any other thing; for no such fond stuff was in the comedy of *Ingratitude Revenged*, nor found in *Numantia*, nor perceived in that of *The Amorous Merchant*, and much less in *The Favourable Enemy*, nor in some others made by judicious poets, which both redounded to their infinite fame and renown, and yielded unto these actors abundant gain." To these I added other reasons, where-with I left him, in mine opinion, somewhat perplexed, but not satisfied, or desirous to forego his erroneous opinion.'

'Truly, master canon,' quoth the curate, 'you have touched a matter that hath roused an ancient rancour and heart-burning of mine against the comedies now in request, the which is equal to the grudge that I bear to books of knighthood; for, seeing the comedy, as Tully affirms, ought to be a mirror of man's life, a pattern of manners, and an image of truth, those that are now exhibited are mirrors of vanity, patterns of folly, and images of voluptuousness. For what greater absurdity can be in such a subject, than to see a child come out in the first scene of the first act in his swaddling clouts, and issue in the second already grown a man, yea, a bearded man? And what greater vanity than to present before us a valiant old man and a young coward? a layman become a divine? a page a councillor? a king a scoundrel? and a princess a scour-kettle? What should I say of the little care had of the due observation of time for the succeeding of that they represent, other than that I myself have seen comedies whose first act began in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third ended in Africa; and truly, if there had been a fourth, it would questionless have finished in



America, and by consequence, we should have seen a round walk about the four parts of the world. And feigning an exploit performed in the time of King Pepin or of Charlemagne, they make the principal actors thereof either Heraclius the emperor that entered into Jerusalem bearing of the holy cross, or Godfrey of Bouillon that recovered the Holy Land; many years, yea, and ages having occurred between the times of the one and the other: yea, and the comedy being grounded on a fiction, to attribute unto it the verities of a history, and mingle it and patch it up with pieces of others having relation to different persons and times; and this with no plausible invention, or draft resembling the truth, but rather with palpable, gross, and inexcusable errors. And which is worse, some gulls are found to affirm that all perfection consists herein, and that they are too dainty that look for any other.

‘Now, if we would pass further, to examine the divine comedies that treat of God, or the lives of saints, what a multitude of false miracles do the composers devise! what a bulk of matters apocryphal and ill-understood, attributing to one saint the miracles done by another; yea, and in human comedies they presume to do miracles (without further respect or consideration but that such a miracle or show, as they term it, would do well in such a place), to the end that the ignorant folk may admire them, and come the more willingly to them: all which doth prejudice truth, discredit histories, and turn to the disgrace of our Spanish wits; for strangers which do with much punctuality observe the method of comedies, hold us to be rude and ignorant, when they see such follies and absurdities escape us; and it will be no sufficient excuse for this error to say that the principal end of well-governed commonwealths, in the permitting of comedies, is only to entertain the commonalty with some honest pastime, and thereby divert the exorbitant and vicious humours which idleness is wont to engender; and seeing that this end is attained to by whatsoever comedies, good or bad, it were to no purpose to appoint any laws or limits unto them, or to tie

the composers to frame, or actors to play them, as they should do: for hereunto I answer, that this end would, without all comparison, be compassed better by good comedies than by evil ones; for the auditor having heard an artificial and well-ordered comedy, would come away delighted with the jests and instructed by the truths thereof, wondering at the successes, grow discreeter by the reasons, warned by the deceits, become wise by others' example, incensed against vice, and enamoured of virtue: all which affects a good comedy should stir up in the hearer's mind, were he never so gross or clownish. And it is of all impossibilities the most impossible, that a comedy consisting of all these parts should not entertain, delight, satisfy, and content the mind much more than another that should be defective in any of them, as most of our nowadays comedies be. Nor are the poets that pen them chiefly to be blamed for this abuse; for some of them know very well where the error lurks, and know also as well how to redress it; but because that comedies are become a vendible merchandise, they affirm, and therein tell the plain truth, that the players would not buy them if they were of any other than the accustomed kind; and therefore the poet endeavours to accommodate himself to the humour of the player who is to pay him for his labour. And that this is the truth may be gathered by an infinite number of comedies, which a most happy wit of this kingdom hath composed with such delicacy, so many good jests, so elegant a verse, so excellent reasons, so grave sentences, and finally, with so much eloquence and such a loftiness of style, as he hath filled the world with his fame; and yet by reason that he was forced to accommodate himself to the actors, all of them have not arrived to the height of perfection which art requires. Others there are that write without any judgment, and with so little heed of what they do, as after their works have been once acted, the players are constrained to run away and hide themselves, fearing to be punished, as often they have been for acting things obnoxious to the prince, or scandalous to some families.

‘All which inconveniences might be redressed if there were some understanding and discreet person ordained at the court to examine all comedies before they were acted, and that not only such as were played at the court itself, but also all others that were to be acted throughout Spain, without whose allowance, under his hand and seal, the magistrate of no town should permit any comedy to be played ; by which means the players would diligently send their plays to the court, and might boldly afterwards act them, and the composers would, with more care and study, examine their labours, knowing that they should pass the strict censure of him that could understand them ; and by this means would good comedies be written, and the thing intended by them most easily attained to, viz. entertainment of the people, the good opinion of Spanish wits, the profit and security of the players, and the saving of the care that is now employed in chastising their rashness. And if the same charge were given to this man, or to some other, to examine the books of knighthood which should be made hereafter, some of them doubtless would be put forth adorned with that perfection whereof you spoke but now, enriching our language with the pleasing and precious treasure of eloquence, and being an occasion that the old books would become obscure in the bright presence of those new ones published, for the honest recreation not only of the idler sort, but also of those that have more serious occupations ; for it is not possible for the bow to continue still bent, nor can our human and frail nature sustain itself long without some help of lawful recreation.’

The canon and curate had arrived to this point of their discourse, when the barber, spurring on and overtaking them, said to the curate, ‘This is the place I lately told you was fit to pass over the heat of the day in, while the oxen baited amidst the fresh and abundant pastures.’ ‘It likes me very well,’ quoth the curate ; and telling the canon what he meant to do, he also was pleased to remain with them, as well invited by the prospect of a beautiful valley which offered itself to their view, as also to enjoy

the curate's conversation, towards whom he began to bear a marvellous affection; and lastly, with the desires he had to be thoroughly acquainted with Don Quixote's adventures. Therefore he gave order to some of his men that they should ride to the inn, which was hard by, and bring from thence what meat they could find, sufficient to satisfy them all, because he meant likewise to pass the hot time of the day in that place. To which one of his men did answer, that their sumpter mule was by that time, as he thought, in the inn, so copiously furnished with provision of meat, that, as he supposed, they needed not buy anything there but barley for their mules. 'If it be so,' quoth the canon, 'let our mules be carried thither, and the sumpter one returned hither.'

Whilst this passed, Sancho, being free from the continual presence of the curate and barber, whom he held as suspected persons, thought it a fit time to speak with his lord, and therefore drew near to the cage wherein he sat, and said to him in this manner: 'Sir, that I may discharge my conscience, I will reveal unto you all that hath passed in this affair of your enchantment, which briefly is, that those two which ride with their faces covered, are the curate of our village and the barber, and as I imagine they both are the plotters of this your kind of carrying away, for mere emulation that they see you surpass them both in achieving of famous acts: this truth being presupposed, it follows that you are not enchanted, but beguiled and made a fool; for the proof whereof I will but demand of you one question, and if you do answer me according to my expectation, as I believe you will, you shall feel the deceit with your own hands, and perceive how you are not enchanted, but rather have your wits turned upside-down.'

'Son Sancho, demand what thou wilt,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and I will satisfy thee, and answer directly to thy desire; but as touching thy averment that those which go along with us be the curate and barber, our gossips and old acquaintance, it may well befall that they seem to be such, but that they are so really, and in effect, I would not have thee believe in any manner; for that which thou

art to believe and shouldst understand in this matter is, that if they be like those our friends, as thou sayst, it must needs be that those which have enchanted me have assumed their semblance and likeness (for it is an easy thing for magicians to put on any shape they please) thereby to give thee occasion to think that which thou dost, to drive thee into such a labyrinth of imaginations as thou shalt not afterwards know how to sally out, although thou hadst the assistance of Theseus' clue; and withal to make me waver in mine understanding, to the end I may not conjecture from whence this charm is derived unto me; for if thou on the one side dost affirm that the barber and curate of our village do accompany me, and I on the other side find myself encaged, and am so assured of mine own force that no human strength, be it not supernatural, is able thus to encage me, what wouldst thou have me to say or think, but that the manner of mine enchantment exceeds as many as ever I read throughout all the histories entreating of knights-errant which have been enchanted? Wherefore thou mayst very well appease and quiet thyself in that point of believing them to be those thou sayst; for they are those as much as I am a Turk: and, as touching thy desire to demand somewhat of me, speak; for I will answer thee, although thou puttest me questions until to-morrow morning.

'Our Lady assist me!' quoth Sancho, as loud as he could, 'and is it possible that you are so brain-sick and hard-headed as you cannot perceive that I affirm the very pure truth, and that malice hath a greater stroke in this your disgrace and employment than any enchantments? But seeing it is so, I will prove evidently that you are not enchanted; if not, tell me, as God shall deliver you out of this tempest, and as you shall see yourself, when you least think of it, in my Lady Dulcinea's arms—' 'Make an end of conjuring me,' said Don Quixote, 'and ask me what question thou wilt; for I have already told thee that I will answer with all punctuality.' 'That is it I demand,' quoth Sancho; 'and the thing I would know is, that you tell me, without adding or diminishing aught, but with all

truth used or looked for of all those which profess the exercise of arms as you do, under the title of knights-errant.' 'I say,' answered Don Quixote, 'that I will not lie a jot; make therefore a beginning or an end of these demands, for in good sooth thou dost weary me with so many salutations, petitions, and preventions.' Sancho replied, 'I say that I am secure of the bounty and truth of my lord; and therefore, because it makes to the purpose in our affair, I do, with all respect, demand whether your worship, since your encagement and, as you imagine, enchantment in that coop, have not had a desire to make greater or less water, as men are wont to say?' 'I do not understand, good Sancho, that phrase of making water; and therefore explicate thyself, if thou wouldst have me to answer thee directly.' 'And is it possible,' replied he, 'that your worship understands not what it is to make great or little waters? then go to some school, and learn it of the boys, and know that I would say, "Have you had a desire to do that which cannot be undone?"' 'Oh, now, now I understand thee, Sancho. Yes, very many times; yea, and even now I have. Wherefore, I pray thee, deliver me from the extremity thereof; for I promise thee I am not altogether so clean as I would be.'

## CHAPTER XXII

*Wherein the Discreet Discourse that passed between Sancho Panza and his Lord Don Quixote is expressed.*

'HA,' quoth Sancho, 'have I caught you at last? This is that which I desired to know, as much as my soul or life. Come now, sir, and tell me, can you deny that which is wont to be said, when a body is ill-disposed, "I know not what ails such a one; for he neither eats nor drinks nor sleeps, nor answers directly to that which is demanded him, so as it seems that he is enchanted"? By



which may be collected, that such as neither eat, drink, sleep, nor do the other natural things you wot of, are enchanted; but not those which have a desire as you have, and eat meat when they get it, and drink drink when it is given them, and answer to all that is propounded unto them.' 'Thou sayst true, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but I have told thee already that there are divers sorts of enchantments, and perhaps they change with the times from one kind into another, and that now the enchanted use to do all that which I do, although they did not so in times past; and therefore there is no disputing or drawing of conclusions against the customs of the time. I know, and do verily persuade myself, that I am enchanted, and that is sufficient for the discharge of my conscience, which would be greatly burdened if I thought that I were not enchanted, and yet permitted myself to be borne away in this cage idly, and like a coward withholding the succour I might give to many distressed and needy persons, which even at this hour be like enough to have extreme want of mine aid and assistance.' 'Yet say I, notwithstanding,' replied Sancho, 'that for more abundant satisfaction, your worship might do well to attempt the getting out of this prison, the which I do oblige myself with all my power to facilitate, yea, and to get out, and then you may recount eftsoons on the good Rozinante, who also seems enchanted, so sad and melancholy he goes. And this being done, we may again essay the fortune of seeking adventures, which, if it have no good success, we have time enough to return to our cage; wherein I promise, by the faith of a good and loyal squire, to shut up myself together with you, if you shall prove so unfortunate, or I so foolish, as not to bring our designs to a good issue.' 'I am content to do what thou sayst, brother Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'and when thou seest opportunity offered to free me, I will be ruled by thee in everything; but yet thou shalt see how far thou art over-wrought in the knowledge thou wilt seem to have of my disgrace.'

The knight-errant and the ill-errant squire beguiled the time in these discourses, until they arrived to the place

where the canon, curate, and barber expected them. And then, Sancho alighting, and helping to take down the cage, the wainman unyoked his oxen, permitting them to take the benefit of pasture in that green and pleasant valley, whose verdure invited not such to enjoy it as were enchanted like Don Quixote, but rather such heedful and discreet persons as was his man, who entreated the curate to license his lord to come out but a little while, for otherwise the prison would not be so cleanly as the presence of so worthy a knight as his lord was required. The curate understood his meaning, and answered that he would satisfy his requests very willingly, but that he feared when he saw himself at liberty, he would play them some prank or other, and go whither nobody should ever set eye on him after. 'I will be his surety that he shall not fly away,' quoth Sancho. 'And I also,' quoth the canon, 'if he will but promise me, as he is a knight, that he will not depart from us without our consent.' 'I give my word that I will not,' quoth Don Quixote, who heard all that they had said, 'and the rather because that enchanted bodies have not free will to dispose of themselves as they list; for he that enchanted them may make them unable to stir from one place in three days; and if they make an escape, he can compel them to return flying; and therefore, since it was so, they might securely set him at liberty, especially seeing it would redound so much to all their benefits; for if they did not free him, or get farther off, he protested that he could not forbear to offend their noses.' The canon took his hand (although it were bound), and [Don Quixote promised by] his faith and word that he would not depart, and then they gave him liberty; whereat he infinitely rejoiced, especially seeing himself out of the cage. The first thing that he did after was to stretch all his body, and then he went towards Rozinante, and, striking him twice or thrice on the buttocks, he said, 'I hope yet in God and His blessed mother, O flower and mirror of horses! that we two shall see ourselves very soon in that state which our hearts desire; thou with thy lord on thy back, and I mounted on thee, and exercising the function for

which God sent me into this world.' And, saying so, Don Quixote with his squire Sancho retired himself somewhat from the company, and came back soon after a little more lightened, but greatly desiring to execute his squire's designs.

The canon beheld him very earnestly, and with admiration, wondering to see the strangeness of his fond humour, and how that he showed, in whatsoever he uttered, a very good understanding, and only left the stirrups (as is said before) when any mention was made of chivalry; and therefore, moved to compassion, after they were all laid down along upon the grass, expecting their dinner, he said unto him, 'Gentleman, is it possible that the idle and unsavoury lecture of books of knighthood hath so much distracted your wit as thus to believe that you are carried away enchanted, with other things of that kind, as much wide from truth as untruths can be from verity itself? Or how is it possible that any human understanding can frame itself to believe that in this world there have been such an infinity of Amadisises, such a crew of famous knights, so many emperors of Trapisonda, such a number of Felixmartes of Hircania; so many palfreys, damsels-errant, serpents, robbers, giants, battles, unheard-of adventures, sundry kinds of enchantments, such immeasurable encounters, such bravery of apparel, such a multitude of enamoured and valiant princesses, so many squires, earls, witty dwarfs, viragoes, love-letters, amorous dalliances; and finally, so many, so unreasonable, and impossible adventures as are contained in the books of knighthood?

'Thus much I dare avouch of myself, that when I read them, as long as I do not think that they are all but toys and untruths, they delight me; but when I ponder seriously what they are, I throw the very best of them against the walls, yea, and would throw them into the fire if they were near me, or in my hands, having well deserved that severity, as false impostors and seducers of common sense, as broachers of new sects and of uncouth courses of life, as those that give occasion to the ignorant vulgar to

believe in such exorbitant untruths as are contained in them; yea, and are withal so presumptuous, as to dare to confound the wits of the most discreet and best descended gentlemen; as we may clearly perceive by that they have done to yourself, whom they have brought to such terms as it is necessary to shut you up in a cage and carry you on a team of oxen, even as one carries a lion or tiger from place to place, to gain a living by the showing of him. Therefore, good Sir Don Quixote, take compassion of yourself, and return into the bosom of discretion, and learn to employ the most happy talent of understanding and abundance of wit, wherewith bountiful Heaven hath enriched you, to some other course of study, which may redound to the profit of your soul; and advancement of your credit and estate. And if, borne away by your natural disposition, you will yet persist in the reading of warlike and knightly discourses, read in the Holy Scripture the Acts of Judges, for there you shall find surpassing feats and deeds, as true as valorous. Portugal had a Viriathus; Rome a Caesar; Carthage a Hannibal; Greece an Alexander; Castile an Earl Fernan Gonzalez; Valencia a Cid; Andalusia a Gonzalo Hernandez; Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes; Xerez a Garcia Perez de Vargas; Toledo a Garcilaso de la Vega; Seville a Don Manuel de Leon: the discourses of whose valorous acts may entertain, teach, delight, and make to wonder the most sublime wit that shall read them. Yea, this were indeed a study fit for your sharp understanding, my dear Sir Don Quixote, for by this you should become learned in histories, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, bettered in manners, valiant without rashness, bold without cowardice; and all this to God's honour, your own profit, and renown of the Mancha, from whence, as I have learned, you deduce your beginning and progeny.'

Don Quixote listened with all attention unto the canon's admonition, and perceiving that he was come to an end of them, after he had looked upon him a good while he said, 'Methinks, gentleman, that the 'scope of your discourse hath been addressed to persuade me that there never were

any knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, hurtful, and unprofitable to the commonwealth, and that I have done ill to read them, worse to believe in them, and worst of all to follow them, by having thus taken on me the most austere profession of wandering knighthood, whereof they entreat; denying, moreover, that there were ever any Amadis, either of Gaul or Greece; or any of all the other knights wherewith such books are stuffed.

'All is just as you have said,' quoth the canon: whereto Don Quixote replied thus, 'You also added, that such books had done me much hurt, seeing they had turned my judgment, and immured me up in this cage, and that it were better for me to make some amendment, and alter my study, reading other that are more authentic, and delight and instruct much better.'

'It is very true,' answered the canon.

'Why, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I find, by mine accounts, that the enchanted and senseless man is yourself, seeing you have bent yourself to speak so many blasphemies against a thing so true, so current, and of such request in the world, as he that should deny it, as you do, merits the same punishment which as you say you give to those books when the reading thereof offends you; for to go about to make men believe that Amadis never lived, nor any other of those knights wherewith histories are fully replenished, would be none other than to persuade them that the sun lightens not, the earth sustains not, nor the ice makes anything cold. See what wit is there in the world so profound, that can induce another to believe that the history of Guy of Burgundy and the Princes Floripes was not true? Nor that of Fierabras, with the Bridge of Mantible, which befel in Charlemagne's time, and is, I swear, as true as that it is day at this instant? And if it be a lie, so must it be also that ever there was an Hector, Achilles, or the war of Troy; the Twelve Peers of France; or King Arthur of Britain, who goes yet about the world in the shape of a crow, and is every foot expected in his kingdom. And they will as well presume to say that the History of Guarino



Mezquino and of the quest of the Holy San Greal be lies; and that for the love between Sir Tristram and La Bella Ysoude, and between Queen Guenevor and Sir Lancelot Dulake, we have no sufficient authority; and yet there be certain persons alive which almost remember that they have seen the Lady Queintanonina, who was one of the best skinkers of wine that ever Great Britain had; and this is so certain, as I remember that one of my grandmothers of my father's side was wont to say unto me, when she saw my matron, with a long and reverend kerchief or veil, "My boy, that woman resembles very much Lady Queintanonina." From which I argue, that either she knew her herself, or at the least had seen some portraiture of hers. Who can, moreover, deny the certainty of the history of Peter of Provence and the beautiful Magalona, seeing that, until this very day, one may behold, in the king's armoury, the pin wherewith he guided and turned anyway he listed the horse of wood whereupon he rode through the air, which pin is a little bigger than the thill of a cart; and near unto it is also seen Babieca his saddle; and in Roncesvalles there yet hangs Orlando's horn, which is as big as a very great joist, whence is inferred that there were Twelve Peers, that there was a Pierres of Provence, that also there were Cids, and other such knights as those which the world terms adventurers. If not, let them also tell me, that the valiant Lusitanian, John de Melo, was no knight-errant, who went to Burgundy, and in the city of Ras fought with the famous lord of Charni, called Mosen Pierres, and after with Mosen Henry of Ramestan, in the city of Basilea, and bore away the victory in both the conflicts, to his eternal fame; and that there were no such cures as the adventures and single combats begun and ended in Burgundy by the valiant Spaniards, Pedro Garba and Guttierre Quixada (from whom I myself am lineally descended), who overcame the Earl of Saint Paul's sons. They may also aver unto me that Don Fernando de Guevarra went not to seek adventures in Germany, where he fought with Micer George, a knight of the Duke of Austria his house. Let them likewise affirm that Suero



de Quinonnes of the Pass his jousts were but jests ; as also the enterprise of Mosen Louis de Falses against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a gentleman of Castile, with many other renowned acts, done as well by Christian knights of this kingdom as of other foreign lands, which are all so authentic and true, as that I am compelled to reiterate what I said before, which is, that whosoever denies them is defective of reason and good discourse.'

Full of admiration remained the good canon to hear the composition and medley that Don Quixote made of truths and fictions together, and at the great notice he had of all things that might anyway concern his knighthood-errant ; and therefore he shaped him this answer : ' I cannot deny, Sir Don Quixote, but that some part of that which you have said is true, especially touching those Spanish adventurers of whom you have spoken, and will likewise grant you that there were Twelve Peers of France, but I will not believe that they have accomplished all that which the Archbishop Turpin hath left written of them ; for the bare truth of the affair is, that they were certain noblemen chosen out by the kings of France, whom they called peers, because they were all equal in valour, quality, and worth ; or if they were not, it was at least presumed that they were ; and they were not much unlike the military orders of Saint James or Calatrava, were in request, wherein is presupposed that such as are of the profession are, or ought to be, valorous and well-descended gentlemen : and as now they say a knight of Saint John or Alcantara, so in those times they said a knight of the Twelve Peers, because they were twelve equals, chosen to be of that military order. That there was a Cid and a Bernard of Carpio is also doubtless ; that they have done the acts recounted of them I believe there is very great cause to doubt. As touching the pin of the good Earl Pierres, and that it is by Babieca his saddle in the king's armoury, I confess that my sin hath made me so ignorant, or blind, that although I have viewed the saddle very well, yet could I never get a sight of that pin, how great soever you affirm it to be.'

‘Well, it is there without question,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘and for the greater confirmation thereof, they say it is laid up in a case of neat’s leather to keep it from rusting.’ ‘That may very well so be,’ said the canon; ‘yet by the orders that I have received, I do not remember that ever I saw it: and although I should grant it to be there, yet do I not therefore oblige myself to believe the histories of all the Amadisēs, nor those of the other rabblement of knights which books do mention unto us; nor is it reason that so honourable a man, adorned with so many good parts and endowed with such a wit as you are, should believe that so many and so strange follies as are written in the raving books of chivalry can be true.’

## CHAPTER XXIII

*Of the Discreet Contention between Don Quixote and the Canon, with other Accidents.*

‘THAT were a jest indeed,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘that books which are printed with the king’s licence and approbation of those to whom their examination was committed, and that are read with universal delight and acceptance, and celebrated by great and little, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, plebeians and gentlemen, and finally, by all kind of persons of what state or condition soever, should be so lying and fabulous, specially seeing they have such probability of truth, seeing they describe unto us the father, mother, country, kinsfolk, age, town, and acts of such a knight or knights, and that so exactly, point by point, and day by day. Hold your peace, and never speak again such a blasphemy, and believe me; for I do sincerely counsel you, what you, as a discreet man, ought to do herein; and if not, read them but once, and you shall see what delight you shall receive thereby: if not, tell me,

what greater pleasure can there be than to behold, as one would say, even here and before our eyes, a great lake of pitch boiling hot, and many serpents, snakes, lizards, and other kinds of cruel and dreadful beasts swimming athwart it, and in every part of it, and that there issues out of the lake a most lamentable voice, saying, "O thou knight, whatsoever thou art, which dost behold the fearful lake, if thou desirest to obtain the good concealed under these horrid and black waters, show the valour of thy strong breast, and throw thyself into the midst of this sable and inflamed liquor; for if thou dost not so, thou shalt not be worthy to discover the great wonders hidden in the seven castles of the seven fates, which are seated under these gloomy waves": and that scarce hath the knight heard the fearful voice, when, without entering into any new discourses, or once considering the danger whereinto he thrusts himself, yea, or easing himself of the weight of his ponderous armour, but only commending himself unto God and his lady mistress, he plunges into the midst of that burning puddle, and when he neither cares nor knows what may befall him, he finds himself in the midst of flourishing fields, with which the very Elysian plains can in no sort be compared. There it seems to him that the element is more transparent, and that the sun shines with a clearer light than in our orb; there offers itself to his greedy and curious eye a most pleasing forest, replenished with so green and well-spread trees as the verdure thereof both joys and quickens the sight, whilst the ears are entertained by the harmonious though artless songs of infinite and enamelled birds, which traverse the intricate boughs of that shady habitation; here he discovers a small stream, whose fresh waters, resembling liquid crystal, slide over the small sands and white little stones, resembling sifted gold wherein oriental pearls are enchased; there he discerns an artificial fountain, wrought of motley jasper and smooth marble; and hard by it another, rudely and negligently framed, wherein the sundry cockleshells, with the wreathed white and yellow houses of the periwinkle and snail intermingled, and placed

after a disorderly manner (having now and then pieces of clear crystal and counterfeit emeralds mingled among them), do make a work of so graceful variety, as art imitating nature doth herein seem to surpass her.

‘Suddenly he discovers a strong castle or goodly palace, whose walls are of beaten gold, the pinnacles of diamonds, the gates of jacinths; finally, it is of so exquisite workmanship, as although the materials whereof it is built are no worse than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and gold, yet is the architecture thereof of more estimation and value than they; and is there any more to be seen, after the seeing hereof, than to see sally out at the castle gates a goodly troop of lovely damsels, whose brave and costly attire, if I should attempt to describe, as it is laid down in histories, we should never make an end? And she that seems the chiefest of all, to take presently our bold knight, that threw himself into the boiling lake, by the hand, and carry him into the rich castle or palace without speaking a word, and cause him to strip himself as naked as he was when his mother bore him and bathe him in very temperate waters, and afterwards anoint him all over with precious ointments, and put on him a shirt of most fine, odoriferous, and perfumed sendall; and then another damsel to come suddenly, and cast on his back a rich mantle, which they say is wont to be worth, at the very least, a rich city, yea, and more. Then what a sport it is, when they tell us after, that after this he is carried into another hall, where he finds the tables covered so orderly as he rests amazed! what, to see cast on his hands water distilled all of amber, and most fragrant flowers! what, to see him seated in a chair of ivory! what, to see him served by all the damsels with marvellous silence! what, the setting before him such variety of acates, and those so excellently dressed, as his appetite knows not to which of them it shall first address his hand! what, to hear the music which sounds whilst he is at dinner, without knowing who makes it, or whence it comes! And after that dinner is ended, and the tables taken away, the knight to remain leaning on a chair, and perhaps picking

of his teeth, as the custom is, and on a sudden to enter at the hall door another much more beautiful damsel than any of the former, and to sit by his side, and begin to recount unto him what castle that is, and how she is enchanted therein, with many other things that amazed the knight and amazed the readers. I will not enlarge myself any more in this matter, seeing that you may collect out of that which I have said, that any part that is read of any book of a knight-errant will delight and astonish him that shall peruse it with attention. And therefore, I pray you, believe me, and, as I have said already, read those kind of books, and you shall find that they will exile all the melancholy that shall trouble you, and rectify your disposition, if by fortune it be depraved. For I dare affirm of myself, that since I am become a knight-errant, I am valiant, courteous, liberal, well-mannered, generous, gentle, bold, mild, patient, and an endurer of labours, imprisonments, and enchantments. And although it be but so little a while since I was shut up in a cage like a madman, yet do I hope, by the valour of mine arm (Heaven concurring, and fortune not crossing me), to see myself within a few days the king of some kingdoms, wherein I may show the bounty and liberality included within my breast; for in good truth, sir, a poor man is made unable to manifest the virtue of liberality toward any other, although he virtually possess it himself in a most eminent degree; and the will to gratify which, only consisting of will, is a dead thing, as faith without works. For which cause I do wish that fortune would quickly present me some occasion whereby I might make myself an emperor, that I may discover the desire I have to do good unto my friends, but especially to this my poor squire Sancho Panza, who is one of the honestest men in the world, on whom I would fain bestow the earldom which I promised him many days past, but that I fear me he will not be able to govern his estate.'

Sancho, overhearing those last words of his master's, said, 'Labour you, Sir Don Quixote, to get me that earldom as often promised by you, as much longed for by me;



and I promise you that I will not want sufficiency to govern it ; and though I should, yet have I heard say that there are men in the world who take lordships to farm, paying the lord so much by the year, and undertaking the care of the government thereof, whilst the lord himself, with outstretched legs, doth live at his ease, enjoying the rents they bring him, and caring for nothing else ; and so will I do, and will not stand racking it to the utmost, but presently desist from all administration, and live merrily upon my rent, like a young duke, and so let the world wag and go how it will.' 'That, friend Sancho, is to be understood,' quoth the canon, 'of enjoying the revenues ; but as concerning the administration of justice, the lord of the seigniorie is bound to look to it : in that is required a sufficiency and ability to govern, and above all a good intention to deal justly and determine rightly ; for if this be wanting when we begin, our means and ends will always be subject to error ; and therefore is God wont as well to further the good designs of the simple, as to dis-favour the bad ones of those that be wittily wicked.'

'I understand not those philosophies,' quoth Sancho Panza ; 'but this I know well, that I would I had as speedily the earldom as I could tell how to govern it ; for I have as much soul as another, and as much body as he that hath most ; and I would be as absolute a king in my estate as any one would be in his ; and being such, I would do what I liked ; and doing what I liked, I would take my pleasure ; and taking my pleasure, I would be content ; and when one is content, he hath no more to desire ; and having no more to desire, the matter were ended : and then, come the estate when it will, or farewell it, and let us behold ourselves, as one blind man said to another.' 'They are no bad philosophies which thou comest out with, kind Sancho,' quoth the canon ; 'but yet for all that, there is much to be said concerning this matter of earldoms.' To that Don Quixote replied, 'I know not what more may be said, only I govern myself by the example of Amadis de Gaul, who made his squire earl of the Firm Island ; and therefore I may without scruple of conscience



make Sancho Panza an earl; for he is one of the best squires that ever knight-errant had.' The canon abode amazed at the well-compacted and orderly ravings of Don Quixote; at the manner wherewith he had deciphered the adventure of the Knight of the Lake; at the impression which his lying books had made into him; and finally, he wondered at the simplicity of Sancho Panza, who so earnestly desired to be made earl of the county his lord had promised him.

By this time the canon's serving-men, which had gone to the inn for the sumpter mule, were returned; and, making their table of a carpet and of the green grass of that meadow, they sat down under the shadow of the trees, and did eat there, to the end that the wainman might not lose the commodity of the pasture, as we have said before. And as they sat at dinner, they suddenly heard the sound of a little bell issuing from among the briers and brambles that were at hand; and instantly after they saw come out of the thicket a very fair she-goat, whose hide was powdered all over with black, white, and brown spots: after her followed a goatherd, crying unto her, and in his language bidding her stay or return to the fold; but the fugitive goat, all affrighted and fearful, ran towards the company, and, as it were, seeking in her dumb manner to be protected, strayed near unto them. Then did the goatherd arrive; and, laying hold of her horns (as if she had been capable of his reprehension), said unto her, 'O ye wanton ape, ye spotted elf! how come ye to halt with me of late days? What wolves do scare you, daughter? Will you not tell me, fair, what the matter is? But what can it be other than that you are a female, and therefore can never be quiet? A foul evil take your conditions, and all theirs whom you so much resemble! Turn back, love, turn back; and though you be not so content withal, yet shall you at least be more safe in your own fold, and among the rest of your fellows; for if you that should guide and direct them go thus distracted and wandering, what then must they do? What will become of them?'

The goatherd's words did not a little delight the hearers, but principally the canon, who said unto him, 'I pray

thee, good fellow, take thy rest here a while, and do not hasten that goat so much to her fold; for, seeing she is a female, as thou sayst, she will follow her natural instinct, how much soever thou opposest thyself unto it. Take therefore that bit, and drink a draught wherewithal thou mayst temper thy choler, and the goat will rest her the whilst.' And, saying so, he gave him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit; which he receiving, rendered him many thanks, and, drinking a draught of wine, did pacify himself, and said presently after, 'I would not have you, my masters, account me simple, although I spoke to this beast in so earnest a fashion; for in truth the words which I used unto her were not without some mystery. I am indeed rustic, and yet not so much but that I know how to converse with men and with beasts.' 'I believe that easily,' quoth the curate; 'for I know already, by experience, that the woods breed learned men, and sheep-cotes contain philosophers.' 'At the least, sir,' replied the goatherd, 'they have among them experienced men; and that you may give the more credit to this truth, and, as it were, touch it with your own hands (although, till I be bidden, I may seem to invite myself), I will, if you please to hear me but a while, relate unto you a very true accident, which shall make good what this gentleman' (pointing to the curate) 'and myself have affirmed.' To this Don Quixote answered, 'Because the case doth seem to have in it some shadow of knightly adventures I will, for my part, listen unto thee with a very good will; and I presume that all these gentlemen will do the like, so great is their discretion and desire to know any curious novelty which amaze, delight, and entertain the senses, as I do certainly believe thy history will. Therefore begin it, friend, and all of us will lend our ears unto it.' 'I except mine,' quoth Sancho; 'for I will go with this pasty unto that little stream, where I mean to fill myself for three days; for I have heard my lord Don Quixote say that a knight-errant's squire must eat when he can, and always as much as he can, because that oftentimes they enter by chance into some wood so intricate as they

cannot get out of it again in five or six days, and if a man's paunch be not then well stuffed, or his wallet well stored, he may there remain, and be turned, as many times it happens, into mummy.'

'Thou art in the right of it, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'go, therefore, where thou wilt, and eat what thou mayst; for I am already satisfied, and only want refection for my mind, which now I will give it by listening to this good fellow.' 'The same will we also give unto ours,' quoth the canon, who therewithal entreated the goatherd to keep promise, and begin his tale. Then he, stroking once or twice his pretty goat (which he yet held fast by the horns), said thus, 'Lie down, pried fool, by me; for we shall have time enough to return home again.' It seemed that the goat understood him; for as soon as her master sat down, she quietly stretched herself along by him, and, looking him in the face, did give to understand that she was attentive to what he was saying; and then he began his history in this manner.

## CHAPTER XXIV

*Relating that which the Goatherd told to those that carried away Don Quixote*

'THERE is a village distant some three leagues from this valley, which, albeit it be little, is one of the richest of this commark: therein some time did dwell a wealthy farmer of good respect, and so good, as although reputation and riches are commonly joined together, yet that which he had was rather got him by his virtue than by any wealth he possessed; but that which did most accumulate his happiness (as he himself was wont to say) was, that he had a daughter of so accomplished beauty, so rare discretion, comeliness, and virtue, that as many as knew and beheld her admired to see the passing endowments wherewith

Heaven and nature had enriched her. Being a child she was fair ; and, increasing daily in feature, she was at the age of sixteen most beautiful : the fame whereof extended itself over all the bordering villages. But why say I the bordering villages alone, if it spread itself over the furthest cities, yea, and entered into the king's palace, and into the ears of all kind of people, so that they came from all parts to behold her, as a rare thing and pattern of miracles ? Her father did carefully keep her, and she likewise heeded herself ; for there is neither guard, lock, nor bolt able to keep a maiden better than is her own wariness and care. The wealth of the father and worth of the daughter moved divers, as well of his own village as strangers, to demand her to wife ; but he (as one whom the disposal of so rich a jewel most nearly concerned) was much perplexed, and unable to determine on whom, among such an infinite number of importunate wooers, he might bestow her. Among others that bore this goodwill towards her, I myself was one to whom they gave many and very great hopes of good success ; the knowledge that her father had of me, my birth in the same village, my descent honest, and blood untainted, flourishing in years, very rich in goods, and no less in gifts of the mind. Another of the same village and qualities was also a suitor unto her ; which was an occasion to hold her in suspense, and put his will in the balance, deeming, as he did, that she might be bestowed on either of us two. And that he might be rid of that doubt, he resolved to tell it to Leandra (for so do they call the rich maid which hath brought me to extreme misery), noting discreetly that, seeing we both were equals, it would not be amiss to leave in his dear daughter's power the making choice of whether she liked best : a thing worthy to be noted by all those parents that would have their children marry ; wherein my meaning is not that they should permit them to make a bad or a base choice, but that they propound certain good ones, and refer to their liking which of them they will take. I know not what was the liking of Leandra, but only know this that the father posted us off, by alleging the over-green

years of his daughter, and using general terms, which neither obliged him nor discharged us. My rival was called Anselmo, and myself Eugenio, that you may also have some knowledge of the persons which were actors in this tragedy, whose conclusion is yet depending, but threatens much future disaster.

'About the very same time there arrived to our village one Vincent de la Rosa, son to a poor labourer of the same place, which Vincent returned as then from Italy and divers other countries, wherein he had been a soldier; for, being of some twelve years of age, a certain captain, that with his company passed along by our village, did carry him away with him; and the youth, after a dozen years more, came back again attired like a soldier, and painted with a hundred colours, full of a thousand devices of crystal, [and with] five steel chains. To-day he would put on some gay thing, the next day some other, but all of them slight, painted, and of little weight, less worth. The clownish people, which are naturally malicious, and if they have but ever so little idleness or leisure become malice itself, did note and reckon up all his braveries and jewels, and found that he had but three suits of apparel of different colours, with garters and stockings answerable to them; but he used so many disguisements, varieties, transformations, and inventions, which they, as if they had not counted them all, some one would have sworn that he had made show of more than ten suits of apparel, and more than twenty plumes of feathers; and let not that which I tell you of the apparel be counted impertinent, or from the matter, for it makes a principal part in the history. He would sit on a bench that stood under a great poplar-tree in the midst of the market-place, and there would hold us all with gaping mouths, listening to the gallant adventures and resolute acts he recounted unto us. There was no land in all the world whose soil he had not trodden on, no battle wherein he had not been present; he had slain more Moors than the kingdoms of Morocco and Tunis contained, and undertaken more single combats, as he said, than ever did either Gante, Luna, or Diego



Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand others whom he named; and yet he still came away with the victory, without having ever left one drop of blood. On the other side, he would show us signs of wounds, which, although they could not be discerned, yet would he persuade us that they were the marks of bullets which he received in divers skirmishes and wars. Finally, he would "thou" his equals, and those which knew him very well, with marvellous arrogancy; and said that his arm was his father, his works his lineage, and that beside his being a soldier he owed not a whit to the king. To these his arrogancies was annexed some superficial skill in music, for he could scratch a little on a gittern, and some would say that he made it speak; but his many graces made not a stop there, for he had likewise some shadows of poetry, and so would make a ballad of a league and a-half long upon every toy that happened in the village.

'This soldier, therefore, whom I have deciphered, this Vincent of the Rose, this braggart, this musician, this poet, eyed and beheld many times by Leandra, from a certain window of her house that looked into the market-place; and the golden show of his attire enamoured her, and his ditties enchanted her; for he would give twenty copies of every one he composed. The report of his worthy acts, beautified by himself, came also unto her ears; and finally (for so it is likely the devil had ordered the matter) she became in love with him, before he presumed to think once of soliciting her. And, as in love-adventures no one is accomplished with more facility than that which is favoured by the woman's desire, Leandra and Vincent made a short and easy agreement; and ere any one of her suitors could once suspect her desires, she had fully satisfied them, abandoned her dear and loving father's house (for her mother lives not), and running away from the village with the soldier, who departed with more triumph from that enterprise than from all the others which he had arrogated to himself. The accident amazed all the town; yea, and all those to whom the rumour thereof arrived were astonished, Anselmo amazed, her father sorrowful,



her kinsfolk ashamed, the ministers of justice careful, and the troopers ready to make pursuit. All the ways were laid, and the woods and every other place nearly searched; and at the end of three days they found the lustful Leandra hidden in a cave within a wood, naked in her smock, and despoiled of a great sum of money and many precious jewels which she had brought away with her. They returned her to her doleful father's presence, where, asking how she became so despoiled, she presently confessed that Vincent de la Rosa had deceived her; for, having passed his word to make her his wife, he persuaded her to leave her father's house, and made her believe that he would carry her to the richest and most delightful city of the world, which was Naples; and that she, through indiscretion and his fraud, had given credit to his words, and, robbing her father, stole away with him the very same night that she was missed; and that he carried her to a very rough thicket, and shut her up in that cave wherein they found her. She also recounted how the soldier, without touching her honour, had robbed her of all that she carried, and, leaving her in that cave, was fled away; which success struck us into greater admiration than all the rest, for we could hardly be induced to believe the young gallant's continency; but she did so earnestly protest it as it did not a little comfort her comfortless father, who made no reckoning of the riches he had lost, seeing his daughter had yet reserved that jewel which, being once gone, could never again be recovered. The same day that Leandra appeared, she also vanished out of our sights, being conveyed away by her father, and shut up in a nunnery at a certain town not far off, hoping that time would illiterate some part of the bad opinion already conceived of his daughter's facility. Leandra her youth served to excuse her error, at least with those which gained nothing by her being good or ill; but such as knew her discretion and great wit did not attribute her sin to ignorance, but rather to her too much lightness, and the natural infirmity of that sex, which for the most part is inconsiderate and slippery. Leandra being shut up, Anselmo's eyes lost their light, or

at least beheld not anything that could delight them ; and mine remained in darkness without light that could address them to any pleasing object, in Leandra's absence. Our griefs increased, our patience diminished ; we cursed the soldier's ornaments, and abhorred her father's want of looking to her. To be brief, Anselmo and myself resolved to abandon the village and come to this valley, where, he feeding a great flock of sheep of his own, and I as copious a herd of goats of mine, we pass our lives among these trees, giving vent to our passions, either by singing together the beautiful Leandra's praises or dispraises, or by sighing alone, and alone communicating our quarrelsome complaints with Heaven. Many others of Leandra's suitors have since, by our example, come to these intricate woods, where they use our very exercise ; and they are so many as it seems that this place is converted into the pastoral Arcadia ; it is full of shepherds and sheepfolds, and there is no one part thereof wherein the name of the beautiful Leandra resoundeth not. There one doth curse her, and termeth her humours inconstant and dishonest ; another condemns her of being so facile and light ; some one absolves and pardons her ; another condemns and despises her, and celebrates her beauty ; another execrates her disposition ; and finally, all blame, but yet adore her ; and the raving distraction of them all doth so far extend itself, as some one complains of disdain that never spoke word unto her, and some one laments and feels the enraged fits of jealousy though she never ministered any occasion thereof ; for, as I have said, her sin was known before her desires. There is no cleft of a rock, no bank of a stream, nor shadow of a tree, without some shepherd or other, that breathes out his misfortunes to the silent air. The echo repeats Leandra's name wheresoever it can be formed ; the woods resound Leandra ; the brooks do murmur Leandra ; and Leandra holds us all perplexed and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowledge what we fear.

‘And among all this flock of frantic men, none shows more or less judgment than my companion, Anselmo,

who, having so many other titles under which he might plain him, only complains of absence, and doth to the sound of a rebec (which he handles admirably well) sing certain doleful verses, which fully discover the excellency of his conceit. I follow a more easy and, in mine opinion, a more certain way—to wit, I rail on the lightness of women, on their inconstancy, double-dealing, dead promises, cracked trust, and the small discretion they show in placing of their affections; and this, sir, was the occasion of the words and reasons I lately used to this goat, whom I do esteem but little because she is a female, although she be otherwise the best of all my herd. And this is the history which I promised to tell you, wherein, if I have been prolix, I will be altogether as large in doing you any service; for I have here at hand my cabin, and therein store of fresh milk and savoury cheese, with many sorts of excellent fruit, no less agreeable to the sight than pleasing to the taste.'

## CHAPTER XXV

*Of the Falling Out of Don Quixote and the Goatherd; with the Adventure of the Disciplinants, to which the Knight gave End to his Cost.*

THE goatherd's tale bred a general delight in all the hearers, but specially in the canon, who did exactly note the manner wherewithal he delivered it, as different from the style or discourse of a rude goatherd, and approaching to the discretion of a perfect courtier; and therefore he said that the curate had spoken very judiciously in affirming that the woods bred learned men. All of them made bountiful tenders of their friendship and service to Eugenio, but he that enlarged himself more than the rest was Don Quixote, who said unto him, 'Certes, friend goatherd, if I were at this time able to undertake any adventure, I would presently set forward, and fall in hand with it to do you a

good turn; and I would take Leandra out of the monastery (wherein, without doubt, she is restrained against her will), in despite of the lady abbess, and all those that should take her part; and would put her into your hands, to the end you might dispose of her at your pleasure, yet still observing the laws of knighthood, which command that no man do any wrong and offer violence unto a damsel. Yet I hope in our Lord God, that the skill of a malicious enchanter shall not be of such force, but that the science of a better-meaning wizard shall prevail against him; and whensoever that shall befall, I do promise you my help and favour, as I am bound, by my profession, which chiefly consists in assisting the weak and distressed.'

The goatherd beheld him, and, seeing the knight so ill arrayed, and of so evil-favoured a countenance, he wondered, and questioned the barber, who sat near to him, thus: 'I pray you, sir, who is this man of so strange a figure, and that speaks so oddly?' 'Who else should he be,' answered the barber, 'but the famous Don Quixote of the Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the redresser of injuries, the protector of damsels, the affrighter of giants, and the overcomer of battles?'

'That which you say of this man,' answered the goatherd, 'is very like that which in books of chivalry is written of knights-errant, who did all those things which you apply to this man; and yet I believe that either you jest, or else that this gentleman's head is void of brains.'

'Thou art a great villain,' said Don Quixote, 'and thou art he whose pate wants brains; for mine is fuller than the very, very whore's that bore thee'; and, saying so, and snatching up a loaf of bread that stood by him, he rought the goatherd so furious a blow withal, as it beat his nose flat to his face; but the other, who was not acquainted with such jests, and saw how ill he was handled, without having respect to the carpet, napkins, or those that were eating, he leaped upon Don Quixote, and, taking hold of his collar with both the hands, would certainly have strangled him, if Sancho Panza had not arrived at that very instant, and, taking him fast behind, had not thrown

him back on the table, crushing dishes, breaking glasses, and shedding and overthrowing all that did lie upon it. Don Quixote, seeing himself free, returned to get upon the goatherd, who, all besmeared with blood, and trampled to pieces under Sancho's feet, groped here and there, grovelling as he was, for some knife or other, to take a bloody revenge withal, but the canon and curate prevented his purpose; and yet, by the barber's assistance, he got under him Don Quixote, on whom he rained such a shower of buffets, as he poured as much blood from the poor knight's face as had done from his own. The canon and curate were ready to burst for laughter; the troopers danced for sport; every one hissed, as men use to do when dogs fall out, and quarrel together; only Sancho Panza was wood, because he could not get from one of the canon's serving-men, who withheld him from going to help his master. In conclusion, all being very merry save the two buffetants, that tugged one another extremely, they heard the sound of a trumpet, so doleful as it made them turn their faces towards that part from whence it seemed to come. But he that was most troubled at the noise thereof was Don Quixote, who, although he was under the goatherd full sore against his will, and by him exceedingly bruised and battered, yet said unto him, 'Brother devil (for it is impossible that thou canst be any other, seeing that thou hast had valour and strength to subject my forces), I pray thee, let us make truce for one only hour; for the dolorous sound of that trumpet, which toucheth our ears, doth, methinks, invite me to some new adventure.' The goatherd, who was weary of buffeting, and being beaten, left him off incontinently; and Don Quixote stood up, and turned himself towards the place from whence he imagined the noise to proceed; and presently he espied, descending from a certain height, many men apparelled in white, like disciplinants. The matter indeed was, that the clouds had that year denied to bestow their dew on the earth, and therefore they did institute rogations, processions, and disciplines throughout all that country, to desire Almighty God to open the



hands of His mercy, and to bestow some rain upon them ; and to this effect, the people of a village near unto that place, came in procession to a devout hermitage, built upon one of the hills that environed that valley.

Don Quixote, noting the strange attire of the disciplinants, without any calling to memory how he had often seen the like before, did forthwith imagine that it was some new adventure, and that the trial thereof only appertained to him, as to a knight-errant ; and this his presumption was fortified the more, by believing that an image which they carried, all covered over with black, was some principal lady whom those miscreants and discourteous knights did bear away perforce. And as soon as this fell into his brain, he leaped lightly towards Rozinante, that went feeding up and down the plains, and dismounting from his pommel the bridle and his target that hanged thereat he bridled him in a trice ; and, taking his sword from Sancho, got instantly upon his horse, and then, embracing his target, said in a loud voice to all those that were present : ‘ You shall now see, O valorous company, how important a thing it is to have in the world such knights as profess the order of chivalry-errant. Now, I say, you shall discern, by the freeing of that good lady, who is there carried captive away, whether knights-adventurous are to be held in price ’ ; and, saying so, he struck Rozinante with his heels (for spurs he had none), and making him to gallop (for it is not read in any part of this true history that Rozinante did ever pass one formal or full career), he posted to encounter the disciplinants, although the curate, canon, and barber did what they might to withhold him ; but all was not possible, and much less could he be detained by these outcries of Sancho, saying, ‘ Whither do you go, Sir Don Quixote ? What devils do ye bear in your breast, that incite you to run thus against the Catholic faith ? See, sir, unfortunate that I am ! how that is a procession of disciplinants, and that the lady whom they bear is the blessed image of the immaculate Virgin. Look, sir, what you do ; for at this time it may well be said that you are not you know what.’ But Sancho laboured in vain ; for his lord rode



with so greedy a desire to encounter the white men, and deliver the mourning lady, as he heard not a word, and although he had, yet would he not then have returned back at the king's commandment. Being come at last near to the procession, and stopping Rozinante (who had already a great desire to rest himself a while), he said, with a troubled and hoarse voice, 'O you that cover your faces, perhaps because you are not good men, give ear and listen to what I shall say.' The first that stood at this alarm were those which carried the image; and one of the four priests which sung the litanies, beholding the strange shape of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, and other circumstances worthy of laughter, which he noted in our knight, returned him quickly this answer: 'Good sir, if you would say anything to us, say it instantly; for these honest men, as you see, are toiled extremely, and therefore we cannot, nor is it reason we should, stand lingering to hear anything, if it be not so brief as it may be delivered in two words.' 'I will say it in one,' said Don Quixote, 'and it is this: that you do forthwith give liberty to that beautiful lady, whose tears and pitiful semblance clearly denote that you carry her away against her will, and have done her some notable injury; and I, who was born to right such wrongs, will not permit her to pass one step forward, until she be wholly possessed of the freedom she doth so much desire and deserve.' All those that overheard Don Quixote gathered by his words that he was some distracted man, and therefore began to laugh very heartily, which laughing seemed to add gunpowder to his choler; for, laying his hand on his sword, without any more words, he presently assaulted the image-carriers; one whereof, leaving the charge of the burden to his fellows, came out to encounter the knight with a wooden fork (whereon he supported the bier whensoever they made a stand), and receiving upon it a great blow which Don Quixote discharged at him, it parted the fork in two; and yet he with the piece that remained in his hand, returned the knight such a thwack upon the shoulder, on the sword side, as his target not being able to make resistance against

that rustic force, poor Don Quixote was overthrown to the ground, and extremely bruised.

Sancho Panza, who had followed him puffing and blowing as fast as he could, seeing him overthrown, cried to his adversary that he should strike no more ; for he was a poor enchanted knight, that had never all the days of his life done any man harm ; but that which detained the swain was not Sancho's outcries, but to see that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot ; and therefore, believing that he had slain him, he tucked up his coat to his girdle as soon as he could, and fled away through the fields like a deer. In the meanwhile Don Quixote's companions did hasten to the place where he lay, when those of the procession seeing them (but principally the troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, with their crossbows) run towards them, did fear some disastrous success ; and therefore they gathered together in a troop about the image, and, lifting up their hoods and laying fast hold on their whips, and the priests on their tapers, they awaited the assault, with resolution both to defend themselves, and offend the assailants if they might. But fortune disposed the matter better than they expected ; for Sancho did nothing else than throw himself on his lord's body, making over him the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation of the world, and believing that he was dead. The curate was known by the other curate that came in the procession, and their acquaintance appeased the conceived fear of the two squadrons. The first curate, in two words, told the other what Don Quixote was ; and therefore he, and all the crew of the disciplinants, went over to see whether the poor knight were dead or alive ; and then might hear Sancho Panza, with the tears in his eyes, bewailing him in this manner : ' O flower of chivalry, who hast with one blow alone ended the career of thy so well bestowed peers ! O renown of this lineage, the honour and glory of all the Mancha ! yea, and of all the world beside ! which, seeing it wanteth thee, shall remain full of miscreants, secure from being punished for their misdeeds ! O liberal beyond all Alexanders, seeing thou

hast given me only for eight months' service the best island that the sea doth compass or engirt! O humbler of the proud, and stately to the humbled, undertaker of perils, endurer of affronts, enamoured without cause, imitator of good men, whip of the evil, enemy of the wicked, and, in conclusion, knight-errant, than which no greater thing may be said!

Don Quixote was called again to himself by Sancho his outcries, and then the first word that ever he spake was: 'He that lives absented from thee, most sweet Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than this! Help me, friend Sancho, to get up into the enchanted chariot again; for I am not in plight to oppress Rozinante's saddle, having this shoulder broken all into pieces.' 'That I will do with a very good will, my dear lord,' replied the squire; 'and let us return to my village with those gentlemen, which desire your welfare so much; and there we will take order for some other voyage, which may be more profitable and famous than this hath been.' 'Thou speakest reasonable, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and it will be a great wisdom to let overpass the cross aspect of those planets that reign at this present.' The canon, curate, and barber commended his resolution; and so, having taken delight enough in Sancho Panza's simplicity, they placed Don Quixote, as before, in the team. The processioners returning into their former order, did prosecute their way. The goatherd took leave of them all. The troopers would not ride any farther; and therefore the curate satisfied them for the pains they had taken. The canon entreated the curate to let him understand all that succeeded of Don Quixote, to wit, whether he amended of his frenzy or grew more distracted; and then he took leave to continue his journey. Lastly, all of them departed; the curate, barber, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the good Rozinante only remaining behind. Then the wainman yoked his oxen, and accommodated the knight on a bottle of hay, and afterwards followed on in his wonted [s]low manner, that way which the curate directed. At the end of two days they arrived to Don

Quixote's village, into which they entered about noon. This befel on a Sunday, when all the people were in the market-sted, through the middle whereof Don Quixote's cart did pass: all of them drew near to see what came in it, and when they knew their countryman they were marvellously astonished; the whilst a little boy ran home before, to tell the old wife and the knight's niece that their lord and uncle was returned, very lean, pale, disfigured, and stretched all along on a bundle of hay.

It would have moved one to compassion to have heard the lamentations and outcries then raised by the two good women, the blows they gave themselves, and the curses and execrations which they poured out against all books of knighthood; all which was again renewed when they saw Don Quixote himself entered in at their doors. At the news of this his arrival, Sancho Panza's wife repaired also to get some tidings of her goodman; for she had learned that he was gone away with the knight, to serve him as his squire; and as soon as ever she saw her husband, the question she asked him was, whether the ass were in health or no? Sancho answered that he was come in better health than his master. 'God be thanked,' quoth she, 'who hath done me so great a favour; but tell me now, friend, what profit hast thou reaped by this thy squireship? What petticoat hast thou brought me home? What shoes for thy little boys?' 'I bring none of these things, good wife,' quoth Sancho; 'although I bring other things of more moment and estimation.' 'I am very glad of that,' quoth his wife: 'show me those things of more moment and estimation, good friend; for I would fain see them, to the end that this heart of mine may be cheered, which hath been so swollen and sorrowful all the time of thine absence.' 'Thou shalt see them at home,' quoth Sancho, 'and therefore rest satisfied for this time; for and it please God that we travel once again to seek adventures, thou shalt see me shortly after an earl or governor of an island, and that not of every ordinary one neither, but of one of the best in the world.' 'I pray God, husband, it may be so,' replied she, 'for we have very great need of it. But

what means that island? for I understand not the word.' 'Honey is not made for the ass's mouth,' quoth Sancho; 'wife, thou shalt know it in good time, yea, and shalt wonder to hear the title of ladyship given thee by all thy vassals.' 'What is that thou speakest, Sancho, of lordships, islands, and vassals?' answered Joan Panza (for so was she called, although her husband and she were not kinsfolk, but by reason that in the Mancha the wives are usually called after their husband's surname). 'Do not busy thyself, Joan,' quoth Sancho, 'to know these things on such a sudden; let it suffice that I tell thee the truth, and therewithal sew up thy mouth. I will only say thus much unto thee, as it were by the way, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as for an honest man to be the squire of a knight-errant that seeks adventures. It is very true that the greatest number of adventures found out succeeded not to a man's satisfaction so much as he would desire; for of a hundred that are encountered, the ninety-and-nine are wont to be cross and untoward ones. I know it by experience, for I have come away myself out of some of them well canvassed, and out of others well beaten. But yet, for all that, it is a fine thing to expect events, traverse groves, search woods, tread on rocks, visit castles, and lodge in inns at a man's pleasure, without paying the devil a cross.'

All these discourses passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Joan Panza whilst the old woman and Don Quixote's niece did receive him, put off his clothes, and lay him down in his ancient bed: he looked upon them very earnestly, and could not conjecture where he was. The curate charged the niece to cherish her uncle very carefully, and that they should look well that he made not the third escape, relating at large all the ado that they had to bring him home. Here both the women renewed their exclamations; their execrations of all books of knighthood here came to be reiterated; here they besought Heaven to throw down, into the very centre of the bottomless pit the authors of so many lies and ravings; finally, they remained perplexed and timorous

that they should lose again their master and uncle, as soon as he was anything recovered : and it befel just as they suspected ; but the author of this history, although he have with all diligence and curiosity inquired after the acts achieved by Don Quixote in his third sally to seek adventures, yet could he never attain, at least by authentic writings, to any notice of them : only fame hath left in the memories of the Mancha, that Don Quixote after his third escape was at Saragossa, and present at certain famous jousts made in that city, and that therein befel him events most worthy of his valour and good wit ; but of his end he could find nothing, nor ever should have known aught, if good fortune had not offered to his view an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, which, as he affirmed, was found in the ruins of an old hermitage as it was a-repairing ; in which box were certain scrolls of parchment written with Gothical characters, but containing Castilian verses, which comprehended many of his acts, and specified Dulcinea of Toboso her beauty, deciphered Rozinante, and entreated of Sancho Panza's fidelity, as also of Don Quixote's sepulchre, with sundry epitaphs and elogies of his life and manners ; and those that could be read and copied out thoroughly were those that are here set down by the faithful author of this new and unmatched relation ; which author demands of the readers no other guerdon in regard of his huge travel spent in the search of all the old records of the Mancha, for the bringing thereof unto light, but that they will deign to afford it as much credit as discreet men are wont to give unto books of knighthood, which are of so great reputation now-a-days in the world ; for herewith he will rest most fully contented and satisfied, and withal encouraged to publish and seek out for other discourses, if not altogether so true as this, at least of as great both invention and recreation. The first words written in the scroll of parchment, that was found in the leaden box, were these.



THE ACADEMICS OF ARGAMASILLA, A TOWN OF THE  
MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE  
VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA: HOC  
SCRIPSERUNT.

AN EPITAPH OF MONICONGO, THE ACADEMIC OF ARGAMASILLA, TO  
DON QUIXOTE'S SEPULCHRE.

The clatt'ring thunderbolt that did adorn  
The Mancha, with more spoils than Jason Crete ;  
The wit, whose weathercock was sharp as thorn,  
When somewhat flatter it to be was meet ;  
The arm which did his power so much dilate,  
As it Gaeta and Cathay did retch ;  
The dreadfull'st muse, and eke discreetest, that  
In brazen sheets did praises ever stretch ;  
He that the Amadis left behind,  
And held the Galaors but in small esteem,  
Both for his bravery and his loving mind ;  
He dumb that made Don Belianis to seem ;  
And he that far on Rozinante err'd,  
Under this frozen stone doth lie interr'd.

---

PANIAGANDO, AN ACADEMIC OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF  
DULCINEA OF TOBOSO.

SONNET.

She which you view, with triple face and sheen,  
High-breasted and courageous, like a man,  
Is tall Dulcinea, of Toboso queen ;  
Of great Quixote well-beloved than.  
He, for her sake, treads the one and the other side  
Of the brown mountain, and the famous fields  
Of Montiel and Aranjuez so wide,  
On foot, all tired, loaden with spear and shield  
(The fault was Rozinante's). O hard star !  
That this Manchegan dame and worthy knight,  
In tender years, when people strongest are,  
She lost by death the glimpse of beauty bright ;  
And he, although in marble richly done,  
Yet love's wrath and deceits she could not shun.

CAPRICHIOSO, THE MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMIC OF ARGAMASILLA, IN  
PRAISE OF ROZINANTE, DON QUIXOTE HIS STEED.

SONNET.

Into the proud erected diamond stock,  
Which Mars with bloody plants so often bored,  
Half wood with valour, the Manchegan stuck  
His wav'ring standard; and his arms restored:  
For them thereon he hung, and his bright sword,  
Wherewith he hacks, rents, parts, and overthrows  
(New prowesses), to which art must afford  
New styles on this new Palatine to gloze.  
And if Gaul much her Amadis doth prize,  
Whose brave descendants have illustred Greece,  
And filled it full of trophies and of fame:  
Much more Bellona's court doth solemnise  
Quixote, whose like in Gaul or Grecia is;  
So honoured none as in Mancha his name.  
Let no oblivion his glory stain,  
Seeing in swiftmess Rozinante his steed  
Even Bayard doth, and Briliador exceed.

---

BURLADOR, ACADEMIC OF ARGAMASILLA, TO SANCHE PANZA.

SONNET.

This Sancho Panza is of body little;  
But yet, O miracle! in valour great;  
The simplest squire, and, sooth to say, least subtle  
That in this world, I swear, lived ever yet.  
From being an earl, he scarce was a thread's breadth,  
Had not at once conspired to cross his guerdon  
The malice of the times, and men misled,  
Which scarce, an ass encount'ring, would him pardon.  
Upon the like he rode: Oh, give me leave  
To tell how this meek squire after the horse  
Mild Rozinante, and his lord, did drive!  
Oh, then, vain hopes of men! what thing is worse?  
Which proves us, desired ease to lend,  
Yet do at last in smokes our glories end.

---

CHACHIDIABLO, ACADEMIC OF ARGAMASILLA, ON DON QUIXOTE HIS TOMB.

AN EPITAPH.

The worthy knight lies there,  
Well bruised, but evil-andant,

Who, borne on Rozinante,  
Rode ways both far and near.  
Sancho, his faithful squire,  
Panza yclept also,  
Lieth beside him too ;  
In his trade without peer.

---

TIQUITOC, ACADEMIC OF ARGAMASILLA, ON DULCINEA OF  
TOBOSO'S SEPULCHRE.

AN EPITAPH.

Dulcinea here beneath  
Lies, though of flesh so round,  
To dust and ashes ground  
By foul and ugly death.  
She was of gentle breath,  
And somewhat like a dame,  
Being great Quixote's flame,  
And her town's glory, eath.

These were the verses that could be read. As for the rest, in respect that they were half consumed and eaten away by time, they were delivered to a scholar, that he might by conjectures declare their meaning ; and we have had intelligence that he hath done it, with the cost of many nights' watching and other great pains, and that he means to publish them, and also gives hope of a third sally made by Don Quixote.



THE HISTORY OF THE  
VALOROUS AND WITTY KNIGHT-ERRANT  
DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

*THE SECOND PART*





## THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE TO THE READER

Now God defend, reader, noble or plebeian, whate'er thou art! how earnestly must thou needs by this time expect this prologue, supposing that thou must find in it nothing but revenge, brawling, and railing upon the author of the Second Don Quixote, of whom I only say as others say, that he was begot in Tordesillas, and born in Tarragona! The truth is, herein I mean not to give thee content. Let it be never so general a rule that injuries awaken and rouse up choler in humble breasts, yet in mine must this rule admit an exception. Thou, it may be, wouldst have me be-ass him, be-madman him, and be-fool him; but no such matter can enter into my thought; no, let his own rod whip him; as he hath brewed, so let him bake; elsewhere he shall have it: and yet there is somewhat which I cannot but resent, and that is, that he exprobrates unto me my age and my maim,<sup>1</sup> as if it had been in my power to hold time back, that so it should not pass upon me, or if my maim had befallen me in a tavern, and not upon the most famous occasion which either the ages past or present have seen<sup>2</sup> nor may the times to come look for the like. If my wounds shine not in the eyes of such as behold them, yet shall they be esteemed at least in the judgment of such as know how they were gotten. A soldier had rather be dead in the battle than free by running away; and so is it with me, that should men set before me and facilitate an impossibility, I should rather have desired to have been in

<sup>1</sup> He lost one of his hands.

<sup>2</sup> At the battle of Lepanto.

that prodigious action than now to be in a whole skin free from my scars for not having been in it. The scars which a soldier shows in his face and breast are stars which lead others to the heaven of honour, and to the desire of just praise : and beside, it may be noted that it is not so much men's pens which write as their judgments ; and these use to be bettered with years. Nor am I insensible of his calling me envious, and describing me as an ignorant. What envy may be, I vow seriously that, of those two sorts that are, I skill not but of that holy, noble, and ingenious envy, which being so as it is, I have no meaning to abuse any priest, especially if he hath annexed unto him the title of Familiar of the Inquisition : and if he said so, as it seems by this second author that he did, he is utterly deceived ; for I adore his wit, admire his works and his continual virtuous employment. And yet in effect I cannot but thank this sweet signior author for saying that my novels are more satiric than exemplar ; and that yet they are good, which they could not be were they not so quite thorough. It seems thou tellest me that I write somewhat limited and obscurely, and contain myself within the bounds of my modesty, as knowing that a man ought not add misery to him that is afflicted, which doubtless must needs be very great in this signior, since he dares not appear in open field in the light, but conceals his name, feigns his country, as if he had committed some treason against his King. Well, if thou chance to light upon him and know him, tell him from me that I hold myself no whit aggrieved at him ; for I well know what the temptations of the devil are ; and one of the greatest is when he puts into a man's head that he is able to compose and print a book, whereby he shall gain as much fame as money, and as much money as fame ; for confirmation hereof, I entreat thee, when thou art disposed to be merry and pleasant, to tell him this tale.

There was a madman in Seville which hit upon one of the prettiest absurd tricks that ever madman in this world lighted on, which was : he made him a cane sharp at one end, and then catching a dog in the street, or elsewhere, he

held fast one of the dog's legs under his foot, and the other he held up with his hand. Then, fitting his cane as well as he could behind, he fell a-blowing till he made the dog as round as a ball ; and then, holding him still in the same manner, he gave him two claps with his hand on the belly, and so let him go, saying to those which stood by (which always were many), 'How think you, my masters, is it a small matter to blow up a dog like a bladder?' And how think you, is it a small matter to make a book? If this tale should not fit him, then, good reader, tell him this other, for this also is of a madman and a dog. In Cordova was another madman, which was wont to carry on his head a huge piece of marble, not of the lightest, who, meeting a masterless dog, would stalk up close to him, and on a sudden down with his burden upon him ; the dog would presently yearn, and barking and yelling run away ; three streets could not hold him. It fell out afterwards, among other dogs upon whom he let fall his load, there was a capper's dog, which his master made great account of, upon whom he let down his great stone and took him full on the head : the poor battered cur cries pitifully ; his master spies it, and, affected with it, gets a meteyard, assaults the madman, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skin ; and at every blow that he gave him he cries out, 'Thou dog, thou thief! my spaniel! Saw'st thou not, thou cruel villain, that my dog was a spaniel?' And ever and anon repeating still 'his spaniel,' he sent away the madman all black and blue. The madman was terribly scared herewith, but got away, and for more than a month after never came abroad : at last out he comes with his invention again, and a bigger load than before ; and coming where the dog stood, viewing him over and over again very heedily, he had no mind, he durst not let go the stone, but only said, 'Take heed, this is a spaniel.' In fine, whatsoever dogs he met, though they were mastiffs or fisting-hounds, he still said they were spaniels. So that after that he never durst throw his great stone any more. And who knows but the same may befall this our historian, that he will no more let fall the weight

of his wit in books ? for in being naught, they are harder than rocks.

Tell him too, that for his menacing that with his book he will take away all my gain, I care not a straw for him ; but, betaking myself to the famous interlude of Perendenga, I answer him, ‘Let the old man my master live, and Christ be with us all.’ Long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose Christianity and well-known liberality against all the blows of my short fortune keeps me on foot ; and long live that eminent charity of the Cardinal of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojus ! Were there no printing in the world, or were there as many books printed against me as there are letters in the rhymes of Mingo Revulgo, those two princes, without any solicitation of flattery or any other kind of applause, of their sole bounty have taken upon them to do me good, and to favour me ; wherein I account myself more happy and rich than if Fortune, by some other ordinary way, had raised me to her highest honour. A poor man may have it, but a vicious man cannot. Poverty may cast a mist upon nobleness, but cannot altogether obscure it ; but, as the glimmering of any light of itself, though but through narrow chinks and crannies, comes to be esteemed by high and noble spirits, and consequently favoured. Say no more to him, nor will I say any more to thee ; but only advertise that thou consider that this *Second Part of Don Quixote*, which I offer thee, is framed by the same art and cut out of the same cloth that the first was. In it I present thee with Don Quixote enlarged, and at last dead and buried, that so no man presume to raise any further reports of him ; those that are past are enow ; and let it suffice that an honest man may have given notice of these discreet follies, with purpose not to enter into them any more. For plenty of anything, though never so good, makes it less esteemed ; and scarcity, though of evil things, makes them somewhat accounted of. I forgot to tell thee that thou mayst expect *Persiles*, which I am now about to finish ; as also the *Second Part of Galatea*.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
VALOROUS AND WITTY KNIGHT-ERRANT  
DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

THE SECOND PART

CHAPTER I

*How the Vicar and the Barber passed their Time with Don Quixote, touching his Infirmary*

CID HAMET BENENGELI tells us in the Second Part of this History, and Don Quixote his third sally, that the vicar and barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, because they would not renew and bring to his remembrance things done and past. Notwithstanding, they forbore not to visit his niece and the old woman, charging them they should be careful to cherish him, and to give him comforting meats to eat, good for his heart and brain, from whence in likelihood all his ill proceeded. They answered that they did so, and would do it, with all possible love and care, for they perceived that their master continually gave signs of being in his entire judgment; at which the two received great joy, and thought they took the right course when they brought him enchanted in the ox-wain (as hath been declared in the First Part of this so famous as punctual History). So they determined to visit him, and make some trial of his amendment, which they

thought was impossible; and agreed not to touch upon any point of knight-errantry, because they would not endanger the ripping up of a sore whose stitches made it yet tender.

At length they visited him, whom they found set up in his bed, clad in a waistcoat of green baize, on his head a red Toledo bonnet, so dried and withered up as if his flesh had been mummied. He welcomed them, and they asked him touching his health: of it and himself he gave them good account, with much judgment and elegant phrase, and in process of discourse they fell into State matters, and manner of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that; reforming one custom and rejecting another, each of the three making himself a new law-maker, a modern Lycurgus, and a spick-and-span new Solon; and they so refined the Commonwealth as if they had clapped it into a forge, and drawn it out in another fashion than they had put it in. Don Quixote in all was so discreet that the two examiners undoubtedly believed he was quite well and in his right mind. The niece and the old woman were present at this discourse, and could never give God thanks enough, when they saw their master with so good understanding. But the vicar, changing his first intent, which was not to meddle in matters of cavallery, would now make a thorough trial of Don Quixote's perfect recovery; and so now and then tells him news from court, and, amongst others, that it was given out for certain that the Turk was come down with a powerful army, that his design was not known, nor where such a cloud would discharge itself, and that all Christendom was affrighted with this terror he puts us in with his yearly alarm; likewise, that his Majesty had made strong the coasts of Naples, Sicily, and Malta. To this said Don Quixote, 'His Majesty hath done like a most politic warrior, in looking to his dominions in time, lest the enemy might take him at unawares; but, if my counsel might prevail, I would advise him to use a prevention which he is far from thinking on at present.' The vicar scarce heard this, when he thought with himself, 'God



defend thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou fallest headlong from the high-top of thy madness into the profound bottom of thy simplicity.' But the barber presently, being of the vicar's mind, asks Don Quixote what advice it was he would give; 'for peradventure,' said he, 'it is such an one as may be put in the roll of those many idle ones that are usually given to princes.' 'Mine, goodman shaver,' quoth Don Quixote, 'is no such.' 'I spoke not to that intent,' replied the barber, 'but that it is commonly seen that all or the most of your projects that are given to his Majesty are either impossible or frivolous, either in detriment of the king or kingdom.' 'Well, mine,' quoth Don Quixote, 'is neither impossible nor frivolous, but the plainest, the justest, the most manageable and compendious that may be contained in the thought of any projector.' 'You are long a-telling us it, Master Don Quixote,' said the vicar. 'I would not,' replied he, 'tell it you here now, that it should be early to-morrow in the ears of some privy councillor, and that another should reap the praise and reward of my labour.' 'For me,' quoth the barber, 'I pass my word, here and before God, to tell neither king nor keisar, nor any earthly man, what you say,—an oath learned out of the Ballad of the Vicar, in the Preface whereof he told the king of the thief that robbed him of his two hundred double pistolets and his gadding mule.' 'I know not your histories,' said Don Quixote; 'but I presume the oath is good, because master barber is an honest man.' 'If he were not,' said the vicar, 'I would make it good, and undertake for him that he shall be dumb in this business upon pain of excommunication.' 'And who shall undertake for you, master vicar?' quoth Don Quixote. 'My profession,' answered he, 'which is to keep counsel.' 'Body of me!' said Don Quixote, 'is there any more to be done then, but that the king cause proclamation to be made that at a prefixed day all the knights-errant that rove up and down Spain repair to the court? and if there came but half a dozen, yet such an one there might be amongst them as would destroy all the Turk's power. Harken to me, ho! and let me take

you with me: do you think it is strange that one knight-errant should conquer an army of two hundred thousand fighting-men, as if all together had but one throat, or were made of sugar pellets? But tell me, how many stories are full of those marvels? You should have brave Don Belianis alive now, with a pox to me, for I'll curse no other; or some one of that invincible lineage of Amadis de Gaul; for if any of these were living at this day, and should affront the Turk, i' faith I would not be in his coat. But God will provide for His people, and send some one, if not so brave a knight-errant as those formerly, yet at least that shall not be inferior in courage; and God knows my meaning, and I say no more.' 'Alas!' quoth the niece at this instant, 'hang me, if my master have not a desire to turn knight-errant again.' Then cried Don Quixote, 'I must die so; march the Turk up and down when he will, and as powerfully as he can—I say again, God knows my meaning.' Then said the barber, 'Good sirs, give me leave to tell you a brief tale of an accident in Seville, which because it falls out so pat, I must tell it.' Don Quixote was willing, the vicar and the rest gave their attention, and thus he began:

'In the house of the madmen at Seville, there was one put in there by his kindred, to recover him of his lost wits; he was a bachelor of law, graduated in the Canons at Osuna, and though he had been graduated at Salamanca, yet, as many are of opinion, he would have been mad there too. This bachelor, after some years' imprisonment, made it appear that he was well and in his right wits, and to this purpose writes to the archbishop, desiring him earnestly and with forcible reasons to deliver him from that misery in which he lived, since by God's mercy he had now recovered his lost understanding; and that his kindred, only to get his wealth, had kept him there, and so meant to hold him still, wrongfully, till his death. The archbishop, induced by many sensible and discreet lines of his, commanded one of his chaplains to inform himself from the rector of the house of the truth, and to speak also with the madman, that if he perceived he was in his

wits he should give him his liberty. The chaplain did this, and the rector said that the party was still mad; that although he had sometimes fair intermissions, yet in the end he would grow to such a raving as might equal his former discretion, as he told him he might perceive by discoursing with him. The chaplain would needs make trial, and, coming to him, talked with him an hour or more; and in all that time the madman never gave him a cross nor wild answer, but rather spoke so advisedly, that the chaplain was forced to believe him to be sensible enough; and, amongst the rest, he told him the rector had an inkling against him, because he would not lose his kindred's presents, that he might say he was mad by fits. Withal he said that his wealth was the greatest wrong to him in his evil fortune, since to enjoy that his enemies defrauded him, and would doubt of God's mercy to him that had turned him from a beast to a man. Lastly, he spoke so well that he made the rector to be suspected, and his kindred thought covetous and damnable persons, and himself so discreet that the chaplain determined to have him with him, that the archbishop might see him, and be satisfied of the truth of the business. With this good belief the chaplain required the rector to give the bachelor the clothes he brought with him thither. Who replied, desiring him to consider what he did, for that the party was still mad. But the rector's advice prevailed nothing with the chaplain to make him leave him; so he was forced to give way to the archbishop's order, and to give him his apparel, which was new and handsome. And when the madman saw himself civilly clad, and his madman's weeds off, he requested the chaplain that in charity he would let him take his leave of the madmen his companions. The chaplain told him that he would likewise accompany him, and see the madmen that were in the house. So up they went, and with them some others there present, and the bachelor being come to a kind of cage, where an outrageous madman lay, although as then still and quiet, he said, "Brother, if you will command me aught, I am going to my house; for now it

hath pleased God of His infinite goodness and mercy, without my desert, to bring me to my right mind. I am now well and sensible, for unto God's power nothing is impossible. Be of good comfort; trust in Him, that since He hath turned me to my former estate, He will do the like to you, if you trust in Him. I will be careful to send you some dainty to eat, and by any means eat it; for let me tell you what I know by experience, that all our madness proceeds from the emptiness of our stomachs, that fills our brains with air. Take heart, take heart; for this dejecting in misery lessens the health, and hastens death." Another madman in a cage over against heard all the bachelor's discourse, and raising himself upon an old mattress, upon which he lay stark naked, asked aloud who it was that was going away sound and in his wits. The bachelor replied, "It is I, brother, than am going, for I have no need to stay here any longer; for which I render infinite thanks to God, that hath done me so great a favour." "Take heed what you say, bachelor," replied the madman; "let not the devil deceive you; keep still your foot, and be quiet here at home, and so you may save a bringing back." "I know," quoth the bachelor, "I am well, and shall need to walk no more stations hither." "You're well?" said the madman: "the event will try! God be with you; but I swear to thee by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this day's offence I will eat up all Seville for delivering thee from hence, and saying thou art in thy wits; I will take such a punishment on this city as shall be remembered for ever and ever, Amen. Knowest not thou, poor rascal bachelor, that I can do it, since, as I say, I am thundering Jupiter, that carry in my hands the scorching bolts with which I can and use to threaten and destroy the world? But in one thing only will I chastise this ignorant town, which is that for three years together there shall fall no rain about it, nor the liberties thereof, counting from this time and instant henceforward that this threat hath been made. Thou free, thou sound, thou wise? and I mad, I sick, I bound? As sure will I rain as I mean to hang myself."

The standers-by gave attention to the madman ; but our bachelor, turning to the chaplain and taking him by the hand, said, " Be not afraid, sir, nor take any heed to this madman's words ; for if he be Jupiter, and will not rain, I that am Neptune, the father and god of the waters, will rain as oft as I list and need shall require." To which quoth the chaplain, " Nay, Master Neptune, it were not good angering Master Jupiter. I pray stay you here still, and some other time, at more leisure and opportunity, we will return for you again." The rector and standers-by began to laugh, and the chaplain grew to be half abashed ; the bachelor was unclothed, there remained ; and there the tale ends.'

' Well, is this the tale, master barber,' quoth Don Quixote, ' that because it fell out so pat you could not but relate it? Ah, goodman shavester, goodman shavester ! how blind is he that sees not light through the bottom of a meal-sieve ! and is it possible that you should not know that comparisons made betwixt wit and wit, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and betwixt birth and birth, are always odious, and ill-taken ? I am not Neptune, god of the waters, neither care I who thinks me a wise man, I being none ; only I am troubled to let the world understand the error it is in, in not renewing that most happy age in which the order of knight-errantry did flourish. But our depraved times deserve not to enjoy so great a happiness as former ages, when knights-errant undertook the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the succouring of orphans, the chastising the proud, the reward of the humble. Most of your knights nowadays are such as rustle in their silks, their cloth of gold and silver ; and such rich stuffs as these they wear rather than mail, with which they should arm themselves. You have no knight now that will lie upon the bare ground, subject to the rigour of the air, armed cap-a-pie ; none now that upright on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, strives to behead sleep, as they say your knights-errant did. You have none now that, coming out of this wood, enters into that mountain, and from thence tramples

over a barren and desert shore of the sea, most commonly stormy and unquiet; and finding at the brink of it some little cock-boat, without oars, sail, mast, or any kind of tackling, casts himself into it with undaunted courage, yields himself to the implacable waves of the deep main, that now toss him as high as heaven and then cast him as low as hell; and he, exposed to the inevitable tempest, when he least dreams of it, finds himself at least three thousand leagues distant from the place where he embarked himself, and leaping on a remote and unknown shore, lights upon successes worthy to be written in brass and not parchment. But now sloth triumphs upon industry, idleness on labour, vice on virtue, presumption on valour, the theory on the practice of arms, which only lived and shined in those golden ages and in those knights-errant. If not, tell me who was more virtuous, more valiant than the renowned Amadis de Gaul; more discreet than Palmerin of England; more affable and free than Tirante the White; more gallant than Lisuart of Greece; a greater hackster, or more hacked, than Don Belianis; more undaunted than Perian of Gaul; who a greater undertaker of dangers than Felismarte of Hircania; who more sincere than Esplandian; who more courteous than Don Cierongilio of Thracia; who more fierce than Rodomant; who wiser than King Sobrinus; who more courageous than Renaldo; who more invincible than Roldan; who more comely or more courteous than Rogero, from whom the Dukes of Ferrara at this day are descended, according to Turpin in his Cosmography? All these knights, and many more, master vicar, that I could tell you, were knights-errant, the very light and glory of knighthood. These, or such as these, are they I wish for; which if it could be, his Majesty would be well served, and might save a great deal of expense, and the Turk might go shake his ears; and therefore let me tell you, I scorn to keep my house, since the chaplain delivers me not, and his Jupiter, as goodman barber talks, rains not; here am I that will rain when I list: this I speak that goodman Bason may know I understand him.'



‘Truly, Master Don Quixote,’ said the barber, ‘I spoke it not to that end; and so help me God as I meant well, and you ought not to resent anything.’ ‘I know well enough whether I ought or no, sir,’ replied Don Quixote. Then quoth the vicar, ‘Well, go to; I have not spoken a word hitherto; I would not willingly remain with one scruple which doth grate and gnaw upon my conscience, sprung from what Master Don Quixote hath here told us.’ ‘For this and much more you have full liberty, good master vicar,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and therefore tell your scruple, for sure it is no pleasure to continue with a scrupulous conscience.’ ‘Under correction,’ quoth the vicar, ‘this it is: I can by no means be persuaded that all that troop of knights-errant which you named were ever true and really persons of flesh and bone in this world; I rather imagine all is fiction, tales and lies, or dreams set down by men waking, or, to say trulier, by men half-asleep.’ ‘There’s another error,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘into which many have fallen, who believe not that there have been such knights in the world; and I myself, many times, in divers companies, and upon several occasions, have laboured to show this common mistake, but sometimes have failed in my purpose, at others not,—supporting it upon the shoulders of Truth, which is so infallible that I may say that with these very eyes I have beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a goodly tall man, well-complexioned, had a broad beard and black, an equal countenance betwixt mild and stern, a man of small discourse, slow to anger, and soon appeased; and, just as I have delineated Amadis, I might in my judgment paint and decipher out as many knights-errant as are in all the histories of the world; for, by apprehending they were such as their histories report them, by their exploits they did and their qualities, their features, colours, and statures may in good philosophy be guessed at.’ ‘How big, dear Master Don Quixote,’ quoth the barber, ‘might giant Morgante be?’ ‘Touching giants,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘there be different opinions whether there have been any or no in the world; but the holy Scripture, which cannot

err a jot in the truth, doth show us plainly that there were, telling us the story of that huge Philistine Goliath, that was seven cubits and a half high, which is an unmeasurable greatness. Besides, in the Isle of Sicilia there have been found shank-bones and shoulder-bones so great that their bigness showed their owners to have been giants, and as huge as high towers, which geometry will make good. But, for all this, I cannot easily tell you how big Morgante was, though I suppose he was not very tall; to which opinion I incline, because I find in his history, where there is particular mention made of his acts, that many times he lay under a roof; and therefore, since he found an house that would hold him, 'tis plain he could not be of extraordinary bigness.' 'Tis true,' quoth the vicar, who, delighting to hear him talk so wildly, asked him what he thought of the faces of Renaldo of Mont-alban, Don Roldan, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, who were all knights-errant. 'For Renaldo,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I dare boldly say, he was broad-faced, his complexion high, quick and full-eyed, very exceptionous and extremely choleric, a lover of thieves and debauched company. Touching Rolando, or Rotolando, or Orlando—for histories afford him all these names—I am of opinion and affirm that he was of a mean stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bow-legged, auburn-bearded, his body hairy, and his looks threatening, dull of discourse, but affable and well-behaved.' 'If Orlando,' said the vicar, 'was so sweet a youth as you describe him, no marvel though the fair Angelica disdained him and left him for the handsome, brisk, and conceited beard-budding Medor, and that she had rather have his softness than t'other's roughness.' 'That Angelica,' quoth Don Quixote, 'was a light housewife, a gadder, and a wanton, and left the world as full of her fopperies as the reports of her beauty; she despised a thousand knights, a thousand both valiant and discreet, and contented herself with a poor beardless page, without more wealth or honour than what her famous singer Ariosto could give her, in token of his thankfulness to his friend's love, either because he durst not in this

respect, or because he would not chant what befel this lady, after her base prostitution, for sure her carriage was not very honest. So he left her when he said,—

“And how Cataya’s sceptre she had at will,  
Perhaps some one will write with better quill.”

And undoubtedly this was a kind of prophecy, for poets are called *vates*—that is, soothsayers—and this truth hath been clearly seen, for since that time a famous Andalusian poet wept and sung her tears, and another famous and rare poet of Castile her beauty.’ ‘But tell me, Master Don Quixote,’ quoth the barber, ‘was there ever any poet that wrote a satire against this fair lady, amongst those many that have written in her praise?’ ‘I am well persuaded,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘that if Sacripant or Orlando had been poets they had trounced the damosel; for it is an ordinary thing amongst poets once disdained or not admitted by their feigned mistresses (feigned indeed, because they feign they love them) to revenge themselves with satires and libels,—a revenge truly unworthy noble spirits; but hitherto I have not heard of any infamatory verse against the lady Angelica, that hath made any hurly-burly in the world.’ ‘Strange!’ quoth the vicar. With that they might hear the niece and the old woman, who were before gone from them, keep a noise without in the court, so they went to see what was the matter.

## CHAPTER II

*Of the Notable Fray that Sancho Panza had with the Niece and the Old Woman, and other Delightful Passages*

THE story says, that the noise which Don Quixote, the vicar, and the barber heard was of the niece and the old woman, that were rating Sancho Panza, that strove with them for entrance to see Don Quixote, who kept the door against him. ‘What will this bloodhound have here?’

said they; 'get you home to your own house, for you are he, and none else, that doth distract and ringlead our master, and carry him astray.' To which quoth Sancho, 'Woman of Satan, I am he that is distracted, ringled, and carried astray, and not your master; 'twas he that led me up and down the world, and you deceive yourselves and understand by halves. He drew me from my house with his conycatching, promising me an island, which I yet hope for.' 'A plague of your islands,' replied the niece, 'cursed Sancho! And what be your islands? is it anything to eat, goodman glutton, you cormorant, as you are?' 'Tis not to eat,' quoth Sancho, 'but to rule and govern, better than four cities, or four of the king's judges.' 'For all that,' said the old woman, 'you come not in here, you bundle of mischief and sack of wickedness: get you home and govern there, and sow your grain, and leave seeking after islands or dilands.' The vicar and the barber took great delight to hear this dialogue between the three; but Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should out with all, and should blunder out a company of malicious fooleries, or should touch upon points that might not be for his reputation, he called him to him, and commanded the women to be silent, and to let him in. Sancho entered, and the vicar and barber took leave of Don Quixote, of whose recovery they despaired, seeing how much he was bent upon his wild thoughts, and how much he was besotted with his damned knights-errant. 'So,' quoth the vicar to the barber, 'you shall quickly, gossip, perceive, when we least think of it, that our gallant takes his flight again by the river.' 'No doubt,' said the barber; 'but I wonder not so much at the knight's madness, as the squire's simplicity, that believes so in the islands, and I think all the art in the world will not drive that out of his noddle.' 'God mend them,' said the vicar, 'and let us expect what issue the multitude of this knight and squire's absurdities will have; for it seems they were both framed out of one forge, as it were, for the master's madness, without the servant's folly, is not worth a chip.' 'Tis true,' said the barber, 'and I

should be glad to know their present discourse.' 'I warrant,' said the vicar, 'the niece and old woman will tell us all when they have done, for they are not so mannerly as not to hearken.'

In the interim, Don Quixote locked in Sancho, and thus discoursed with him : 'I am very sorry, Sancho, you should affirm and make good that I was he that drew you from your dog-hole cottage, knowing that I willingly left mine, a palace in comparison. We went out jointly, so we marched on, and so we held our whole peregrination, both of us having undergone the same lot, the same fortune ; and, if once thou wast tossed in a blanket, I have been banged an hundred times, and herein have I the advantage of thee.' 'Why, it was very fit,' answered Sancho, 'for, as you hold, misfortunes are more annexed to knights-errant than to their squires.' 'Thou art deceived, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote ; 'for, according to the saying, "*Quando caput dolet*," etc.'— 'I understand no other language but mine own,' said Sancho. 'Why, I mean,' replied Don Quixote, 'that when the head aches all the body is out of tune ; so that I, being thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou a part of me, since thou art my servant, in which respect the ill that toucheth me must concern and grieve thee, and so thine me.' 'Indeed,' quoth Sancho, 'it ought to be so ; but when I was tossed in the blanket, my head stood aloof, like a part, beholding me fly in the air, without any feeling [of] my grief ; and, since the members are bound to suffer for the head, the head in requital should also suffer for them.' 'You mean, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that I had no feeling of your being tossed ? And, if you mean so, do not, neither imagine any such thing ; for at that time I was more vexed in spirit than thou couldst be in body. But leave we this for the present, for we shall have leisure to consider and rectify it, and tell me, friend Sancho, what say the common people of me ? In what estimation do the gentlemen hold me ? In what the knights and gallants ? What say they of my valour ? what of my exploits ? what of my affability ? what



discourse they touching my plot in raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? To conclude, I would have thee tell me all that thou hast heard: and you must tell we without adding to my praise or diminishing my dispraise, for it is the part of loyal servants to tell the naked truth to their masters, in its native colour, without increasing it by flattery or diminishing it for any other vain respect. And I would have thee, Sancho, learn by the way that, if the naked truth should come to the ears of princes, without the apparel of flattery, we should have another manner of world, and other ages would be called iron, and not ours, and this would be the golden age. And let me advise thee, Sancho, that well and discreetly thou tell me the truth of what thou knowest, concerning my demand.' 'I shall, with a very good will, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'upon condition that you shall not be angry at what I shall tell you, since you will have the naked truth, without any other clothing than what I have seen her with.' 'By no means will I be angry,' answered Don Quixote; 'thou mayst speak freely, Sancho, and without any disguise.' 'Why, then, first of all I must tell you, the common people hold you for a notable madman, and that I am no less [a] coxcomb. The ordinary gentlemen say that, not containing yourself within the limits of gentry, you will needs be-don yourself, and be a man of honour, having but three or four acres of land, and a rag before and another behind. The knights say they would not have your poor squires be ranked with them that clout their own shoes, and take up a stitch in their own black stockings with green silk.' 'That concerns not me,' quoth Don Quixote, 'for thou seest that I go always well clad, and never patched: indeed a little torn sometimes, but more with my armour than by long wearing.' 'Concerning your valour,' quoth Sancho, 'your affability, your exploits, and your plot, there be different opinions: some say you are a madman, but a merry one; others that you are valiant, but withal unfortunate; a third sort, that you are affable, but impertinent; and thus they descant upon



us, that they leave neither you nor me a sound bone.' 'Why, look thou, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'where-soever virtue is eminent it is persecuted; few or none of those brave heroes that have lived have scaped malicious calumnation. Julius Caesar, that most courageous, most wise, most valiant captain, was noted to be ambitious, and to be somewhat slovenly in his apparel and his conditions; Alexander, who for his exploits obtained the title of Great, is said to have been given to drunkenness; Hercules, he with his many labours, was said to have been lascivious and a striker; Don Galaor, brother to Amadis de Gaul, was grudged at for being offensive, and his brother for a sheep-biter. So that, Sancho, since so many worthy men have been calumniated, I may well suffer mine, if it have been no more than thou tellest me.' 'Why, there's the quiddity of the matter, body of my father!' quoth Sancho. 'Was there any more said then?' quoth Don Quixote. 'There's more behind yet,' said Sancho; 'all that was said hitherto is cakes and whitebread to this. But, if you will know all concerning these calumnies, I'll bring you one hither by and by that shall tell 'em you all without missing a scrap; for last night Bartholomew Carrasco's son arrived, that comes from study from Salamanca, and hath proceeded bachelor, and, as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that your history was in print, under the title of *The Most Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and he tells me that I am mentioned too, by mine own name of Sancho Panza, and Dulcinea del Toboso is in too, and other matters that passed betwixt us, at which I was amazed, and blessed myself how the historian that wrote them could come to the knowledge of them.' 'Assure thee, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the author of our history is some sage enchanter: for such are not ignorant of all secrets they write.' 'Well,' said Sancho, 'if he were wise and an enchanter, I will tell you according as Samson Carrasco told me,—for that's the man's name that spoke with me,—that the author's name of this history is Cid Hamet Beregena.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It should be Benengeli, but Sancho simply mistakes, as followeth in the next note.

'That is the name of a Moor,' said Don Quixote. 'It is very like,' quoth Sancho, 'for your Moors are great lovers of Berengens.'<sup>1</sup> 'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'you are out in the Moor's surname, which is Cid Hamet Benengeli; and Cid in the Arabic signifieth Lord.' 'It may be so,' quoth Sancho, 'but, if you will have the bachelor come to you, I'll bring him to you flying.' 'Friend,' quoth Don Quixote, 'thou shalt do me a special pleasure; for I am in suspense with what thou hast told me, and will not eat a bit till I am informed of all.' 'Well, I go for him,' said Sancho. And, leaving his master a while, went for the bachelor, with whom after he returned, and the three had a passing pleasant dialogue.

### CHAPTER III

*The Ridiculous Discourse that passed betwixt Don Quixote, Sancho, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco*

DON QUIXOTE was monstrous pensative, expecting the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear the news of himself in print, as Sancho had told him; and he could not be persuaded that there was such a history, since yet the blood of enemies killed by him was scarce dry upon his sword blade, and would they have his noble acts of chivalry already in the press? Notwithstanding, he thought that some wise man, or friend, or enemy, by way of enchantment, had committed them to the press: if a friend, then to extol him for the most remarkable of any knight-errant; if an enemy, to annihilate them, and clap 'em beneath the basest and meanest that ever were mentioned of any inferior squire; although, thought he to himself, no acts of squire were ever divulged; but if there

<sup>1</sup> Berengena is a fruit in Spain which they boil with sod meat, as we do carrots, and here was Sancho's simplicity in mistaking, and to think that name was given the author for loving the fruit.

were any history, being of a knight-errant, it must needs be lofty and stately, famous, magnificent, and true. With this he comforted himself somewhat, but began to be discomforted to think that his author must be a Moor, by reason of that name of Cid; and from Moors there could be no truth expected, for all of them are cheaters, impostors, and chymists.

He feared likewise that he might treat of his love with some indecency, that might redound to the lessening and prejudice of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's honesty; he desired that he might declare his constancy and the decorum he had ever kept toward her, contemning queens and empresses, and damsels of all sorts, keeping distance with violencies of natural motions. Sancho and Carrasco found him thus tossed and turmoiled in these and many such-like imaginations, whom Don Quixote received with much courtesy.

This bachelor, though his name was Samson, was not very tall, but a notable wag-halter, lean-faced, but of a good understanding: he was about four-and-twenty years of age, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed, all signs of a malicious disposition, and a friend to conceits and merriment, as he showed it when he saw Don Quixote; for he fell upon his knees before him, saying, 'Good Master Don Quixote, give me your greatness his hand; for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, you are, sir, one of the most complete knights-errant that hath been or shall be upon the roundness of the earth. Well fare Cid Hamet Benengeli, that left the stories of your greatness to posterity! and more than well may that curious author fare that had the care to cause them to be translated out of the Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, to the general entertainment of all men!'

Don Quixote made him rise and said: 'Then it seems my history is extant, and that he was a Moor and a wise man that made it.' 'So true it is,' quoth Samson, 'that, upon my knowledge, at this day there be printed above twelve thousand copies of your history; if not, let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia speak, where they have

been printed; and the report goes that they are now printing at Antwerp, and I have a kind of guess that there is no nation or language where they will not be translated.' 'One of the things, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that ought to give a man virtuous and eminent content is to see himself living, and to have a good name from everybody's mouth, to be printed and in the press; I said with a good name, for otherwise no death could be equalled to that life.' 'If it be for a good name,' said the bachelor, 'your worship carries the prize from all knights-errant; for the Moor in his language, and the Christian in his, were most careful to paint to the life your gallantry, your great courage in attempting of dangers, your patience in adversities, and your sufferance as well in misfortunes as in your wounds, your honesty and constancy in the so platonic loves of yourself and my Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.' 'I never,' replied Sancho, 'heard my lady styled Don before, only the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and there the history erreth somewhat.' 'This is no objection of moment,' said Carrasco. 'No, truly,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but tell me, signior bachelor, which of the exploits of mine are most ponderous in this history?'

'In this,' said the bachelor, 'there be different opinions, as there be different tastes. Some delight in the adventure of the windmills, that you took to be Briareans and giants; others in that of the fulling-hammers; this man in the description of the two armies, which afterwards fell out to be two flocks of sheep; that man doth extol your adventure of the dead man that was carried to be buried at Segovia; one saith that that of the freeing of the galley-slaves goes beyond them all; another that none comes near that of the Benitian giants, with the combat of the valorous Biscayner.' 'Tell me,' said Sancho, 'sir bachelor, comes not that in of the Yanguesian carriers, when our precious Rozinante longed for the forbidden fruit?' 'The wise man,' said Samson, 'left out nothing; he sets down all most punctually, even to the very capers that Sancho fetched in the blanket.' 'Not in the blanket,' replied Sancho, 'but in the air, more than I was willing.'

‘According to my thought,’ said Don Quixote, ‘there is no human history in the world that hath not his changes, especially those that treat of cavallery, which can never be full of prosperous successes.’ ‘For all that,’ replied the bachelor, ‘there be some that have read your history, that would be glad the authors had omitted some of those infinite bastings that in divers encounters were given to Sir Don Quixote.’ ‘Ay, there,’ quoth Sancho, ‘comes in the truth of the story.’ ‘They might likewise in equity silence them,’ said Don Quixote, ‘since those actions that neither change nor alter the truth of the story are best left out, if they must redound to the misprizing of the chief person of the history. Eneas, i’ faith, was ne’er so pitiful as Virgil paints him out, nor Ulysses so subtle as Homer describes him.’ ‘True it is,’ said Samson; ‘but it is one thing to write like a poet, and another like an historian: the poet may say or sing things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; and the historian must write things, not as they ought to be, but as they have been, without adding or taking away aught from the truth.’

‘Well,’ said Sancho, ‘if you go to telling of truths, we shall find that this Signior Moor hath all the bastings of my master and me; for I am sure they never took measure of his worship’s shoulders, but they took it of all my body too; but no marvel, for, as my master himself saith, the rest of the parts must participate of the head’s grief.’ ‘Sancho, you are a crack-rope,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘i’ faith you want no memory when you list to have it.’ ‘If I would willingly forget those cudgellings that I have had, the bunches yet fresh on my ribs would not consent.’ ‘Peace, Sancho,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘and interrupt not the bachelor, whom I request to proceed and tell me what is said of me in the mentioned history.’ ‘And of me too,’ said Sancho, ‘for it is said that I am one of the principal parsonages of it.’ ‘Personages, and not parsonages, you would say, Sancho,’ quoth Samson. ‘More correcting of words!’ quoth Sancho. ‘Go to this, and we shall not end in



our lifetime.' 'Hang me, Sancho,' said Samson, 'if you be not the second person in the story; and you have some that had as lief hear you speak as the best there; though others would not stick to say you were too credulous to believe that your government of the island offered by Sir Don Quixote, here present, might be true.'

'There is yet sunshine upon the walls,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and when Sancho comes to be of more years, with the experience of them he will be more able and fit than now to be a governor.' 'By the mass,' said Sancho, 'if I be not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall never govern, though I come to be as old as Methusalem; the mischief is, that the said island is delayed I know not how, and not that I want brain to govern it.' 'Leave all to God, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'for all will be well, and perhaps better than you think for; and the leaves in the tree move not without the will of God.'

'Tis true, indeed,' said Samson, 'for, if God will, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one.' 'I have seen,' said Sancho, 'of your governors in the world that are not worthy to wipe my shoes, and, for all this, they give 'em titles, and are served in plate.' 'Those are not governors of islands,' replied Samson, 'but of other easier governments; for they that govern islands must be at least grammarians.' 'For your "gra" I care not, but your "mare" I could like enough; but, leaving this government to God's hands, let Him place me where He pleaseth. I say, sir bachelor Samson Carrasco, that I am infinitely glad that the author of the history hath spoken of me in such sort that the things he speaks of me do not cloy the reader; for, by the faith of a Christian, if he had spoken anything of me not befitting an old Christian as I am<sup>1</sup>, I should make deaf men hear on't.' 'That were to work miracles,' said Samson. 'Miracles or not miracles,' quoth Sancho, 'every man look how he speaks or writes of

<sup>1</sup>In Spanish *Christiano viejo*, a name they desire to be distinguished from the Moors by.



men, and set not down each thing that comes into his noddle in a mingle-mangle.' 'One of the faults that they say,' said Carrasco, 'is in that history is this: that his author put in a certain novel or tale, entitled *The Curious-Impertinent*; not that it was ill or not well contrived, but that it was unseasonable for that place, neither had it anything to do with the history of Don Quixote.'

'I'll hold a wager,' quoth Sancho, 'the dog-bolt hath made a gallimaufry.' 'Let me tell you,' said Don Quixote, 'the author of my story is not wise, but some ignorant prater, that at unawares and without judgment undertook it, hab-nab, as Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, "As it happens." Sometimes he would paint ye a cock, but so unlike that he was forced to write underneath it in Gothish letters, "This is a cock"; and thus I believe it is with my history, that it hath need of a comment to make it understood.'

'No, surely,' replied Samson; 'it is so conspicuous and so void of difficulty that children may handle him, youths may read him, men may understand him, and old men may celebrate him. To conclude, he is so gleaned, so read, and so known to all sorts of people that they scarce see a lean horse pass by, when they say, "There goeth Rozinante." And amongst these pages are most given to read him; you have no great man's withdrawing room that hath not a *Don Quixote* in him; some take him, if others lay him down; these close with him, they demand him. Lastly, the story is the most pleasing, the least hurtful for entertainment that hath hitherto been seen; for all over it there is not to be seen a dishonest word, or one like one, nor an imagination less than catholic.'

'He that should write otherwise,' quoth Don Quixote, 'should write no truths, but lies; and he that doth so ought to be burned, like them that coin false money; and I know not what the author meant to put in novels and strange tales, my story affording him matter enough; belike he holds himself to the proverb of chaff and hay,

etc. Well, I'll tell you, out of mentioning only my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my honest wishes, and my onsets, he might have made a greater volume than all Tostatus' works. Indeed, signior bachelor, all that I conceive is, that to write a history, or any other work of what sort so ever, a man had need of a strong judgment and a ripe understanding: to speak wittily and write conceits belongs only to good wits: the cunningest part in a play is the fool's, because he must not be a fool that would well counterfeit to seem so. An history is as a sacred thing, which ought to be true and real; and where truth is there God is, inasmuch as concerneth truth: howsoever, you have some that do so compose and cast their works from them as if they were fitters.'

'There is no book so bad,' said the bachelor, 'that hath not some good in it.' 'No doubt of that,' said Don Quixote; 'but many times it falls out that those that have worthily hoarded up and obtained great fame by their writings, when they commit them to the press, they either altogether lose it, or in something lessen it.' 'The reason of it,' quoth Samson, 'is this, that as the printed works are viewed by leisure their faults are easily espied, and they are so much the more pried into by how much the greater the author's fame is. Men famous for their wits, great poets, illustrious historians, are always, or for the most part, envied by them that have a pleasure and particular pastime to judge of other men's writings, without publishing their own.' 'That's not to be wondered at,' cries Don Quixote, 'for there be many divines that are nothing worth in a pulpit, and are excellent in knowing the defect or excess of him that preacheth.' 'All this,' said Carrasco, 'Sir Don Quixote, is right; but I could wish such censurers were more mild and less scrupulous in looking on the motes of the most clear sun of his works whom they bite; for, if "*aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*," let 'em consider how much he watched to show the light of his work, without the least shadow that might be; and it might be that what seems ill to them were moles, that sometimes increase the beauty of the face that hath them;

and thus, I say, that he that prints a book puts himself into a manifest danger, being of all impossibilities the most impossible to frame it so that it may content and satisfy all that shall read it.'

'The book that treats of me,' quoth Don Quixote, 'will please very few.' 'Rather contrary,' says Samson, 'for, as "*stultorum infinitus est numerus*," an infinite number have been delighted with this history; but some found fault, and craftily taxed the author's memory, in that he forgot to tell who was the thief that stole Sancho's Dapple; for there is no mention there, only it is inferred that he was stole, and not long after we see him mounted upon the same ass, without knowledge how he was found. They also say, that he forgot to tell what Sancho did with those hundred pistols which he found in the mail in Sierra Morena, for he never mentions them more, and there be many that desire to know what became of them, and how he employed them, which is one of the essential points in the work.'

'Master Samson,' said Sancho, 'I am not now for your reckonings or relations, for my stomach is faint, and, if I fetch it not again with a sup or two of the old dog, it will make me as gaunt as Saint Lucia. I have it at home, and my pigsney stays for me. When I have dined I am for ye, and will satisfy you and all the world in anything you will ask me, as well touching the loss of mine ass as the expense of the hundred pistols.' And so, without expecting any reply, or exchanging another word, home he goes.

Don Quixote entreated the bachelor to stay and take a pittance with him; the bachelor accepted the invitement, and so stayed dinner. Beside their ordinary fare, they had a pair of household pigeons added. At table they discoursed of cavallery; Carrasco followed his humour; the banquet was ended, and they slept out the heat; Sancho returned, and the former discourse was renewed.

## CHAPTER IV

*How Sancho Panza satisfies the Bachelor Samson Carrasco's Doubts and Demands, with other Accidents worthy to be known and related*

SANCHO came back to Don Quixote's house, and turning to his former discourse said, 'Touching what Master Samson desired to know—who, how, and when mine ass was stolen—by way of answer I say, that the very same night we fled from the hue-and-cry we entered Sierra Morena, after the unfortunate adventure of the galley-slaves and the dead man that was carrying to Segovia. My master and I got us unto a thicket, where he leaning upon his lance, and I upon my Dapple, both of us well bruised and wearied with the former skirmishes, we fell to sleep as soundly as if we had been upon four feather-beds, especially I, that slept so soundly that he, whosoever he was, might easily come and put me upon four stakes, which he had fastened upon both sides of my pack-saddle, upon which he left me thus mounted, and, without perceiving it, got my Dapple from under me.' 'This was easy to be done,' said Don Quixote, 'and no strange accident; for we read that the same happened to Sacripant, when, being at the siege of Albraca, that famous thief Brunelo, with the selfsame sleight, got his horse from under his legs.' Sancho proceeds: 'It was light day,' said he, 'when I had scarce stretched myself, but the stakes failed, and I got a good squelch upon the ground; then I looked for mine ass, but, not finding him, the tears came to mine eyes, and I made such strange moan that, if the author of our history omitted it, let him be assured he forgot a worthy passage. I know not how long after, coming with my lady the Princess Micomicona, I knew mine ass, and that he who rode on him in the habit of a gypson was that Gines de Passamonte, that cheater, that arrant mischief-monger that my master and I freed from the chain.'

'The error was not in this,' said Samson, 'but that, before there was any news of your ass, the author still said you were mounted upon the selfsame Dapple.' 'I know not what to say to that,' quoth Sancho, 'but that either the historian was deceived, or else it was the carelessness of the printer.' 'Without doubt,' saith Samson, 'twas like to be so. But what became of the pistols? were they spent?'

'I spent them upon myself,' quoth Sancho, 'and on my wife and children, and they have been the cause that she hath endured my journeys and careers which I have fetched in my master Don Quixote's service; for if I should have returned empty, and without mine ass, I should have been welcomed with a pox. And, if you will know any more of me, here I am that will answer the king himself in person; and let nobody intermeddle to know whether I brought or whether I brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for, if the blows that I have had in these voyages were to be paid in money, though every one of them were taxed but at three-farthings apiece, an hundred pistols more would not pay me the half of them; and let every man look to himself, and not take white for black, and black for white; for every man is as God hath made him, and sometimes a great deal worse.'

'Let me alone,' quoth Carrasco, 'for accusing the author of the history, that if he print it again he shall not forget what Sancho hath said, which shall make it twice as good as it was.' 'Is there aught else, sir bachelor,' said Don Quixote, 'to be mended in this legend?' 'Yes, marry, is there,' said he; 'but nothing so important as what hath been mentioned.' 'Perhaps the author promiseth a Second Part?' quoth Don Quixote. 'He doth,' said Samson, 'but saith he neither finds nor knows who hath it, so that it is doubtful whether it will come out or no; so that partly for this, and partly because some hold that Second Parts were never good, and others that there is enough written of Don Quixote, it is doubted that there will be no Second Part, although some, more



Jovial than Saturnists, cry out, "Let's have more Quixotisms : Let Don Quixote assault and Sancho speak, let the rest be what they will, this is enough." 'And how is the author inclined ?'

To which said Samson, 'When he hath found this history, that he searcheth after with extraordinary diligence, he will straight commit it to the press, rather for his profit, though, than for any other respect.' To this said Sancho, 'What ! doth the author look after money and gain ?' 'Tis a wonder if he be in the right ; rather he will be like your false-stitching tailors upon Christmas Eves, for your hasty work is never well performed. Let that Master Moor have a care of his business, for my master and I will furnish him with rubbish enough at hand, in matter of adventures, and with such different successes that he may not only make one Second Part, but one Hundredth. The poor fellow thinks, belike, that we sleep here in a hay-mow ; well, let it come to scanning, and he shall see whether we be defective. This I know, that if my master would take my counsel, he should now be abroad in the champion, remedying grievances, rectifying wrongs, as good knights-errant are wont to do.'

No sooner had Sancho ended this discourse when the neighing of Rozinante came to his ears, which Don Quixote took to be most auspicious, and resolved within three or four days after to make another sally, and, manifesting his mind to the bachelor, asked his advice to know which way he should begin his journey ; whose opinion was that he should go to the kingdom of Aragon, and to the city of Saragosa, where not long after there were solemn jousts to be held in honour of St. George, wherein he might get more fame than all the knights of Aragon, which were above all other knights. He praised his most noble and valiant resolution, but withal desired him to be more wary in attempting of dangers, since his life was not his own, but all theirs also who needed his protection and succour in their distress.

'I renounce that, Master Samson,' said Sancho, 'for my master will set upon an hundred armed men as a boy



would upon half a dozen of young melons. Body of the world! sir bachelor, there is a time to attempt, a time to retire; all must not be "Saint Jaques, and upon 'em!"<sup>1</sup> Besides, I have heard, and I believe from my master himself, if I have not forgotten, that valour is a mean between the two extremes of a coward and a rash man; and, if this be so, neither would I have him fly nor follow, without there be reason for it; but, above all, I wish that, if my master carry me with him, it be upon condition that he fight for us both, and that I be tied to nothing but waiting upon him, to look to his clothes and his diet, for this will I do as nimbly as bring him water; but to think that I will lay hand to my sword, although it be but against base fellows and poor rascals, is most impossible. I, Master Samson, strive not to hoard up a fame of being valiant, but of the best and truest squire that ever served knight-errant; and if Don Quixote my master, obliged thereunto by my many services, will bestow any island upon me of those many his worship saith we shall light upon, I shall be much bound to him; and, if he give me none, I was born, and one man must not live to rely on another, but on God; and perhaps I shall be as well with a piece of bread at mine ease as to be a governor; and what do I know whether, in these kinds of government, the devil hath set any tripping-block before me where I may stumble and fall, and dash out my teeth? Sancho was I born, Sancho must I die. But, for all that, if so and so, without any care or danger, Heaven should provide some island for me, or any such-like thing, I am not so very an ass as to refuse it, according to the proverb, "Look not a given horse in the mouth."

'Friend Sancho,' quoth Carrasco, 'you have spoken like an oracle; notwithstanding, trust in God and Master Don Quixote, that he will give you not only an island, but a kingdom too.' 'I think one as well as t'other,' quoth Sancho, 'and let me tell you, Master Samson,' said Sancho, 'I think my master's kingdom would not be bestowed on

<sup>1</sup> "*Santiago, y Cierra España!*" As we use in England, "Saint George and the Victory."

me in vain ; for I have felt mine own pulse, and find myself healthy enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and thus I have told my master many times.'

'Look ye, Sancho,' quoth Samson, 'honours change manners, and perhaps, when you are once a governor, you may scarce know your own mother.' 'That's to be understood,' said Sancho, 'of them that are basely born, and not of those that have on their souls four fingers fat of the old Christian, as I have.<sup>1</sup> No, but come to my condition, which will be ungrateful to nobody.' 'God grant it,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and we shall see when the government comes ; for methinks I have it before mine eyes.' Which said, he asked the bachelor whether he were a poet, and that he would do him the favour to make him some verses, the subject of his farewell to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and withal that at the beginning of every verse he should put a letter of her name, that so, joining all the first letters, there might be read Dulcinea del Toboso. The bachelor made answer that, though he were none of the famous poets of Spain, which they said were but three and an half, yet he would not refuse to compose the said metre, although he found a great deal of difficulty in the composition, because there were seventeen letters in the name ; and if he made four staves, of each four verses, that there would be a letter too much ; and if he made them of five, which they call decimi, there would be three too little ; but for all that he would see if he could drown a letter, so in four staves there might be read Dulcinea del Toboso. 'By all means,' quoth Don Quixote, 'let it be so ; for, if the name be not plain and conspicuous, there is no woman will believe the metre was composed for her.'

Upon this they agreed, and that eight days after their departure should be. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the vicar and Master Nicholas,<sup>2</sup> his niece, and the old woman, lest they should disturb his noble and valiant resolution. Carrasco assured

<sup>1</sup>To express his not being born a Jew or Moor.

<sup>2</sup>The Barber.

him, and so took leave, charging Don Quixote he should let him hear of all his good or bad fortune at his best leisure. So they took leave, and Sancho went to provide for their journey.

## CHAPTER V

*Of the Wise and Pleasant Discourse that passed betwixt Sancho Panza and his Wife Teresa Panza, and other Accidents worthy of Happy Remembrance*

THE translator of this history, when he came to write this fifth chapter, says that he holds it for apocrypha, because Sancho speaks in it after another manner than could be expected from his slender understanding, and speaks things more acutely than was possible for him ; yet he would translate it for the accomplishment of his promise ; and so goes on, as followeth.

Sancho came home so jocund and so merry that his wife perceived it a flight-shot off, insomuch that she needs would ask him, 'Friend Sancho, what's the matter that you are so joyful?' To which he answered, 'Wife, I would to God I were not so glad as I make show for.' 'I understand you not, husband,' quoth she ; 'and I understand not what you mean, that, if it pleased God, you would not be so contented ; for, though I be a fool, yet I know not who would willingly be sad.'

'Look ye, Teresa,' said Sancho, 'I am jolly, because I am determined to serve my master Don Quixote once more, who will now this third time sally in pursuit of his adventures, and I also with him, for my poverty will have it so, besides my hope that rejoiceth me, to think that I may find another hundred pistolets for those that are spent. Yet I am sad again to leave thee and my children ; and if it pleased God that I might live quietly at home, without putting myself into those deserts and crossways, which He might easily grant if He pleased and were willing, it is

manifest that my content might be more firm and wholesome, since the present joy I have is mingled with a sorrow to leave thee: so that I said well, I should be glad if it pleased God I were not so contented.'

'Fie, Sancho,' quoth Teresa; 'ever since thou hast been a member of a knight-errant thou speakest so round-about the bush that nobody can understand thee.' 'It is enough,' quoth Sancho, 'that God understands me, who understands all things; and so much for that. But mark, sister, I would have you for these three days look well to my Dapple, that he may be fit for arms. Double his allowance, seek out his pack-saddle and the rest of his tackling; for we go not to a marriage, but to compass the world, and to give and take with giants, sprites, and hobgoblins; to hear hissing, roaring, bellowing, and bawling, and all this were sweet-meat if we had not to do with Yangueses<sup>1</sup> and enchanted Moors.'

'I believe, indeed,' quoth Teresa, 'that your squire-errant gain not their bread for nothing; I shall therefore pray to our Lord, that he deliver you speedily from this misfortune.' 'I'll tell you, wife,' said Sancho, 'if I thought not ere long to be governor of an island, I should die suddenly.' 'None of that, husband,' quoth Teresa; 'let the hen live, though it be with her pip; live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without government were you born, without government have you lived hitherto, and without government must you go or be carried to your grave, when it shall please God. How many be there in the world that live without governments, yet they live well enough, and well esteemed of! Hunger is the best sauce in the world, and when the poor want not this they eat contentedly. But hark, Sancho; if you should chance to see a government, pray forget not me and your children: little Sancho is now just fifteen years old, and 'tis fit he go to school if his uncle the abbot mean to make him a churchman; and look ye too, Mary Sancha our daughter will not die if we marry her; for I suspect she desires marriage as much as you your govern-

<sup>1</sup>The carriers that beat the master and man. *Vide* Part I., Don Quixote.

ment; and indeed a daughter is better ill married than well paramoured.'

'In good faith,' quoth Sancho, 'if I have aught with my government, wife, Mary Sancha shall be so highly married that she shall be called lady at least.' 'Not so, Sancho,' quoth Teresa: 'the best way is to marry her with her equal; for, if instead of her pattens you give her high-shoes<sup>1</sup>; if, instead of a coarse petticoat, a farthingale and silk kirtle; and from little Mal, my Lady Wacham, the girl will not know herself, and she will every foot fall into a thousand errors, discovering the thread of her gross and coarse web.'

'Peace, fool!' said Sancho; 'all must be two or three years' practice, and then her greatness will become her, and her state fall out pat. Howsoever, what matter is it? Let her be your ladyship, and come what will on it.' 'Measure yourself by your means,' said Teresa, 'and seek not after greater; keep yourself to the proverb, "Let neighbours' children hold together." 'Twere pretty, i' faith, to marry our Mary with a great lord or knight, that, when the toy takes him in the head, should new-mould her, calling her milkmaid, boor's daughter, rock-peeler. Not while I live, husband; for this, forsooth, have I brought up my daughter? Get you money, Sancho, and for marrying her let me alone. Why, there's Lope Tocho, John Toch's son, a sound chopping lad; we know him well, and I know he casts a sheep's eye upon the wench; and 'tis good marrying her with this her equal, and we shall have him always with us, and we shall be all one—parent, sons, and grandsons, and son-in-law—and God's peace and blessing will always be amongst us; and let not me have her married into your courts and grand palaces, where they'll neither understand her nor she them.'

'Come hither, beast,' quoth Sancho; 'woman of Barabbas, why wilt thou, without any reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter where she may bring me grandsons that may be styled lordship? Behold, Teresa, I have always heard mine elders say that he that

<sup>1</sup> Chapines.



will not when he may, when he desireth shall have nay; and it is not fit that whilst good luck is knocking at our door we shut it: let us therefore sail with this prosperous wind.' (For this, and for that which followeth, that Sancho spoke, the author of the history says he held this chapter for apocrypha.) 'Do not you think, brute-one,' said Sancho, 'that it will be fit to fall upon some beneficial government that may bring us out of want, and to marry our daughter Sancha to whom I please, and you shall see how she shall be called Dona Teresa Panza, and sit in the church with your carpet and your cushions, and your hung cloths, in spite of the gentlewomen of the town? No, no; remain still as you are, in one estate, without increasing or diminishing, like a picture in hangings; go to, let's have no more; little Sancha must be a countess, say thou what thou wilt.'

'What a coil you keep!' quoth Teresa; 'for all that, I fear this earldom will be my daughter's undoing; yet do what ye will, make her duchess or princess, it shall not be with my consent; I have always loved equality, and I cannot abide to see folks take upon 'em without grounds. I was christened Teresa, without welt or gard, nor additions of Don or Dona; my father's name was Cascaio, and because I am your wife they call me Teresa Panza, for indeed they should have called me Teresa Cascaio. But great ones may do what they list, and I am well enough content with this name, without putting any Don upon it, to make it more troublesome, that I shall not be able to bear it. And I will not have folk laugh at me, as they see me walk in my countess's apparel, or my governess's; you shall have them cry straight, "Look how stately the hog-rubber goes, she that was but yesterday at her spindle, and went to church with the skirt of her coat over her head instead of an huke; to-day she is in her farthingale and in her buttons, and so demure as if we knew her not." God keep me in my seven wits, or my five, or those that I have, and I'll not put myself to such hazards. Get you, brother, to be a government or an island, and take state as you please, for, by my mother's holidam, neither I nor my



daughter will stir a foot from our village ; better a broken joint than a lost name, and keep home the honest maid, to be doing is her trade. Go you with Don Quixote to your adventures, and leave us to our ill fortunes ; God will send better, if we be good ; and I know not who made him a Don, or a title which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had.'

'Now I say,' quoth Sancho, 'thou hast a familiar in that body of thine. Lord bless thee for a woman, and what a company of things hast thou strung up without head or feet ! What hath your Cascaio, your buttons, or your proverbs, or your state to do with what I have said ? Come hither, coxcomb, fool,—for so I may call you, since you understand not my meaning, and neglect your happiness,—if I should say my daughter should cast herself down some tower, or she should rove up and down the world, as did the Princess Donna Urraca,<sup>1</sup> you had reason not to consent ; but if in less than two trap-blows, or the opening and shutting of an eye, I clap ye a Don and ladyship upon your shoulders, and bring it out of your stubble, and put it you under barn-cover, and set you in your state, with more cushions than the Almohada Moors had in all their lineage, why will you not consent to that that I will have you ?' 'Would you know why, husband ?' answered Teresa : 'for the proverb that says he that covers thee discovers thee. Every one passeth his eyes slightly over the poor, and upon the rich man they fasten them ; and, if the said rich man have at any time been poor, there is your grumbling and cursing, and your back-biters never leave, who swarm as thick as hives of bees thorough the streets.'

'Mark, Teresa,' said Sancho, 'and give ear to my speech, such as peradventure you have not heard in all your lifetime ; neither do I speak anything of mine own, for all I purpose to speak is sentences of our preacher that preached all last Lent in this town, who, as I remember, said that all things that we see before our eyes present do assist our memories much better, and with much more

<sup>1</sup> An *infanta* of Spain.

vehemency, than things past.' (All these reasons here delivered by Sancho are the second for which the translator of the history holds this chapter for apocrypha, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who proceeded, saying :) 'Whereupon it happens that, when we see some personage well clad in rich apparel, and with many followers, it seems he moves and invites us perforce to give him respect: although our memory at that very instant represents unto us some kind of baseness which we have seen in that personage, the which doth vilify him, be it either for poverty or lineage, both passed over are not, and that which we see present only is. And if this man, whom fortune blotted out of his baseness, and to whom consequently his father left all height of prosperity, be well-behaved, liberal, and courteous towards all men, and contends not with such as are most anciently noble, assure thyself, Teresa, all men will forget what he was, and reverence him for what he is, except the envious, whom the greatest scape not.' 'I understand you not, husband,' replied Teresa; 'do what you will, and do not trouble me with your long speeches and your rhetoric; and if you be revolved to do what you say'— 'Resolved you must say, wife,' quoth Sancho, 'and not revolved.' 'I pray dispute not with me, husband,' said Teresa; 'I speak as it pleases God, and strive not for more eloquence; and I tell you, if you persist in having your government, take your son Sancho with you, and teach him from henceforth to govern, for it is fit that the sons do inherit and learn the offices of their fathers.'

'When I have my government,' quoth Sancho, 'I will send post for him, and I will send thee moneys, for I shall want none, and there never want some that will lend governors money when they have none. But clothe him so that he shall not appear what he is, and may seem what he must be.' 'Send you money,' quoth Teresa, 'and I'll clad him like a date-leaf.' 'So that now,' said Sancho, 'we are agreed that our daughter shall be a countess.' 'The day that I shall see her a countess,' said Teresa, 'will be my death's-day. But I tell you again,

do what you will ; for we women are born with this clog, to be obedient to our husbands, though they be no better than leeks.' And here she began to weep so heartily as if her little daughter Sancha had been dead and buried.

Sancho comforted her, saying that, though she must be a countess, yet he would defer it as long as he could. Here their dialogue ended, and Sancho returned to see Don Quixote, to give order for their departure.

## CHAPTER VI

*What passed betwixt Don Quixote, his Niece, and the Old Woman ; and it is one of the most Material Chapters in all the History*

WHILST Sancho and his wife were in this impertinent aforesaid discourse, Don Quixote's niece and old woman were not idle, and by a thousand signs guessed that her uncle and their master would a-slashing the third time, and return to the exercising of his (for them) ill knight-errantry. They sought by all means possible to divert him from so bad a purpose ; but all was to no purpose, to preach in a desert, or to beat cold iron. Notwithstanding, amongst many other discourses that passed betwixt them, the old woman told him, ' Truly, master, if you keep not your foot still, and rest quiet at home, and suffer yourself to be led through mountains and valleys, like a soul in purgatory, seeking after those they call adventures, which I call misfortunes, I shall complain on you, and cry out to God and the king, that they remedy it.' To which Don Quixote answered : ' Woman, what God will answer to your complaints I know not, nor what his Majesty will ; only I know, if I were a king, I would save a labour in answering such an infinity of foolish petitions as are given him daily ; for one of the greatest toils, amongst many other that kings have, is this : to be bound to hearken to

all, to answer all; therefore I would be loath that ought concerning me should trouble him.' 'Then,' quoth the old woman, 'tell us, sir, in his Majesty's court be there not knights?' 'Yes,' answered he, 'and many, and good reason, for the adornment and greatness of princes, and for ostentation of the royal Majesty.' 'Why would not your worship,' replied she, 'be one of them that might quietly serve the king your master at court?'

'Look ye, friend,' answered Don Quixote; 'all knights cannot be courtiers, nor all courtiers neither can, nor ought to be knights-errant. In the world there must be of all sorts, and, though we be all knights, yet the one and the other differ much: for your courtiers, without stirring out of their chambers, or over the court thresholds, can travel all the world over, looking upon a map, without spending a mite, without suffering heat, cold, hunger, or thirst; but we, the true knights-errant, with sun, with cold, with air, with all the inclemencies of heaven, night and day, a-horseback and on foot, do trace the whole world through: and we do not know our enemies by supposition, as they are painted, but in their real being; and at all times and upon every occasion we set upon them, without standing upon trifles, or on the laws of duello, whether a sword or lance were longer or shorter, whether either of the parties wore a charm or some hidden deceit, if they shall fight after the sun's going down or no, with other ceremonies of this nature which are used in single combats betwixt man and man, that thou knowest not of, but I do. Know further that the good knight-errant, although he see ten giants that with their heads not only touch but overtop the clouds, and that each of them hath legs as big as two great towers, and arms like the masts of mighty ships, and each eye as big as a mill-wheel and more fiery than a glass-oven, must not be affrighted in any wise, rather with a staid pace and undaunted courage he must set on them, close with them, and, if possible, overcome and make them turn tail in an instant; yea, though they came armed with the shells of a certain fish,

which, they say, are harder than diamonds ; and though instead of swords they had cutting-skeins of Damasco steel, or iron clubs with pikes of the same, as I have seen them more than once or twice. All this have I said, woman mine, that you may see the difference betwixt some knights and others ; and it is reason that princes should more esteem this second, or, to say fitter, this first species of knights-errant ; for, as we read in their histories, such an one there hath been amongst them that hath been a safeguard, not only of one kingdom, but of many.'

'Ah, sir,' then said his niece, 'beware ; for all is lies and fiction that you have spoken touching your knights-errant, whose stories, if they were not burnt, they deserve each of them at least to have a penance inflicted upon them, or some note by which they might be known to be infamous, and ruiners of good customs.'

'I assure thee certainly,' quoth Don Quixote, 'if thou wert not lineally my niece, as daughter to mine own sister, I would so punish thee for the blasphemy thou hast spoken, as should resound thorough all the world. Is it possible that a piss-kitchen, that scarce knows how to make bone-lace, dares speak and censure the histories of knights-errant ? What would Sir Amadis have said if he should have heard this ? But I warrant he would have forgiven thee, for he was the humblest and most courteous knight of his time, and moreover a great protector of damosels ; but such an one might have heard thee that thou mightest have repented thee ; for all are not courteous or pitiful, some are harsh and brutish. Neither are all that bear the name of knights so truly ; for some are of gold, others of alchymy ; yet all seem to be knights, but all cannot brook the touchstone of truth. You have some base knaves that burst again to seem knights, and some that are knights that kill themselves in post-haste till they become peasants. The one either raise themselves by their ambition or virtue ; the others fall, either by their negligence or vice ; and a man had need be wise to distinguish between these

two sorts of knights, so near in their names, so distant in their actions.'

'Help me God!' quoth the niece, 'that you should know so much, uncle, as were it in case of necessity, you might step into a pulpit, and preach in the streets;<sup>1</sup> and for all that you go on so blindly and fall into so eminent a madness that you would have us think you valiant now you are old; that you are strong being so sickly; that you are able to make crooked things straight, being crooked with years; and that you are a knight when you are none: for, though gentlemen may be knights, yet the poor cannot.'

'You say well, niece, in that,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and I could tell thee things concerning lineages that should admire thee; but because I will not mingle divinity with humanity I say nothing. Mark ye, ho! to four sorts of lineages—hearken to me—may all in the world be reduced, and they are these: some that from base beginnings have arrived at the greatest honours; others that had great beginnings and so conserve them till the end; others that, though they had great beginnings, yet they end pointed like a pyramis, having lessened and annihilated their beginning, till it ends in nothing; others there are, and these the most, that neither had good beginning nor reasonable middle, and so they pass away without mention, as the lineage of the common and ordinary sort of people. Let the house of the Othomans be an example to thee of the first, who had an obscure beginning, but rose to the greatness they now preserve; that from a base and poor shepherd that gave them their first beginning have come to this height in which now we see them. Many princes may be an instance of the second lineage, that began in greatness, and was so preserved without augmentation or diminution, only kept their inheritance, containing themselves within the limits of their own kingdoms peacefully. Thousands of examples there be of such as began in greatness, and lessened towards their

<sup>1</sup> An usual thing in Spain, that a friar or Jesuit, when a fiery zeal takes him, makes his pulpit in any part of the street or market-place.



end. For all your Pharaohs, your Ptolemies of Egypt, your Caesars of Rome, with all the hurry, if I may so term them, of your infinite princes, monarchs, lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Grecians, and Barbarians,—all these lineages, all these lordships, ended, pointed, and came to nought, as well they as those that gave them beginning; for it is not possible to find any of their successors, and, if it were, he must be in mean and base estate. With the common sort I have nothing to do, since they only live and serve to increase the number of men, without deserving more fame or eulogy of their greatness. Thus much, fools, you may infer from all that hath been said, that the confusion of lineages is very great; and that those are the most great and glorious that show it in the virtue, wealth, and liberality of their owners. Virtue, wealth, and liberality, I say, for that great man that is vicious will be the more so by his greatness, and the rich man not liberal is but a covetous beggar; for he that possesseth riches is not happy in them, but in the spending them; not only in spending, but in well spending them. The poor knight hath no way to show he is a knight, but that he is virtuous, affable, well-fashioned, courteous and well-behaved, and officious; not proud, not arrogant, not back-biting; and above all, charitable; for in a penny that he gives cheerfully to the poor he shows himself as liberal as he that for ostentation gives an alms before a multitude; and there is no man that sees him adorned with these virtues, but, although he know him not, he will judge of him and think he is well descended; for, if he were not, 'twere miraculous, and the reward of virtue hath been always praise, and the virtuous must needs be praised. There be two courses for men to come to be wealthy and noble by; the one is arts, t'other arms. I have more arms than learning, and was born, according to my inclination that way, under the influence of the planet Mars, so that I must of force follow his steps, which I mean to do in spite of all the world, and it is vain for you to strive to persuade me that I should nill what the heavens will me, fortune ordains, and reason requires, and above all my affection desires. Well, in

knowing, as I know, the innumerable troubles that are annexed to knight-errantry, so I know the infinite goods that are obtained with it. And I know that the path of virtue is very narrow, and the way of vice large and spacious ; and I know that their ends and resting-places are different ; for that of vice, large and spacious, ends in death ; and that of virtue, narrow and cumbersome, ends in life ; and not in a life that hath ending, but that is endless ; and I know what our great Castilian poet<sup>1</sup> said :

“To the high seat of immortality,  
Through crabbed paths we must our journey take,  
Whence he that falls can never climb so high.”

‘Woe is me !’ said the niece, ‘my master too is a poet, he knows everything. I’ll hold a wager, if he would be a mason, he would build a house as easily as a cage.’ ‘I promise thee, niece,’ said Don Quixote, ‘if these knightly cogitations did not rap my senses there is nothing I could not do, nor no curiosity should escape me, especially cages and tooth-pickers.’

By this one knocked at the door, and asking who was there, Sancho answered, ‘’Tis I.’ The old woman, as soon as she heard him, ran to hide herself, because she would not see him. The niece let him in ; and his master Don Quixote went to receive him with open arms ; and they both locked themselves in, where they had another dialogue as good as the former.

## CHAPTER VII

*What passed betwixt Don Quixote and his Squire,  
with other most Famous Accidents*

THE old woman, as soon as she saw her master and Sancho locked together, began to smell their drift ; and

<sup>1</sup> Boscan.

imagining that his third sally would result from that consultation, and taking her mantle, full of sorrow and trouble, she went to seek the bachelor Samson Carrasco, supposing that as he was well spoken, and a late acquaintance of Don Quixote's, he might persuade him to leave his doting purpose. She found him walking in the court of his house, and seeing him, she fell down in a cold sweat, all troubled, at his feet. When Carrasco saw her so sorrowful and affrighted, he asked her, 'What's the matter? what accident is this? Methinks thy heart is at thy mouth.' 'Nothing,' said she, 'Master Samson, but my master is run out; doubtless, he is run out.' 'And where runs he?' said he; 'hath he broken a hole in any part of his body?' 'He runs not out,' answered she, 'but out of the door of his madness. I mean, sweet sir bachelor, he means to be a-gadding again, and this is his third time he hath gone a-hunting after those you call adventures: I know not why they give 'em this name. The first time they brought him us athwart upon an ass, beaten to pieces. The second time he came clapped up in an ox-wain, and locked in a cage, and he made us believe he was enchanted; and the poor soul was so changed that his mother that brought him forth would not have known him, so lean, so wan, his eyes so sunk in his head, that I spent above six hundred eggs to recover him, as God is my witness and all the world, and my hens that will not let me lie.' 'That I well believe,' quoth the bachelor, 'for they are so good, and so fat, and so well nurtured that they will not say one thing for another if they should burst for it. Well, is there aught else? hath there any other ill luck happened more than this you fear, that your master will abroad?' 'No, sir,' said she. 'Take no care,' quoth he, 'but get you home on God's name, and get me some warm thing to breakfast, and by the way as you go pray me the orison of St. Apolonia, if you know it, and I'll go thither presently, and you shall see wonders.' 'Wretch that I am!' quoth she; 'the orison of St. Apolonia, quoth you? that were if my master had the toothache, but his pain is in his head.' 'I know what I

say,' quoth he, 'and do not you dispute with me, since you know I have proceeded bachelor at Salamanca. Do you think there is no more than to take the degree?' said he. With that, away she goes: and he went presently to seek the vicar, and communicate with him, what shall be said hereafter.

At the time that Don Quixote and Sancho were locked together, there passed a discourse between them, which the history tells with much punctuality, and a true relation. Sancho said to his master, 'I have now reluced my wife to let me go with you whithersoever you please.' 'Reduced you would say, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote. 'I have bid you more than once, if I have not forgotten,' said Sancho, 'that you do not correct my words, if so be you understand my meaning; and when you do not understand them, cry, "Sancho, or devil, I understand thee not"; and if I do not express myself, then you may correct me, for I am so focible.'

'I understand thee not, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'for I know not the meaning of your focible.' 'So focible is,' said Sancho, 'I am, so, so.' 'Less and less do I understand,' said Don Quixote. 'Why, if you do not understand,' said Sancho, 'I cannot do withal, I know no more, and God be with me.' 'Thou meanest docible, I believe, and that thou art so pliant and so taking that thou wilt apprehend what I shall tell thee, and learn what I shall instruct thee in.'

'I'll lay a wager,' said Sancho, 'you searched and understood me at first, but that you would put me out, and hear me blunder out a hundred or two of follies.' 'It may be so,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but what says Teresa?' 'Teresa bids me make sure work with you, and that we may have less saying and more doing; for great sayers are small doers. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and I say a woman's advice is but slender, yet he that refuseth it is a madman.' 'I say so too,' quoth Don Quixote; 'but say, friend Sancho, proceed; for to-day thou speakest preciously.'

'The business is,' quoth Sancho, 'that, as you better

know than I, we are all mortal here to-day, and gone to-morrow, as soon goes the young lamb to the roast as the old sheep ; and no man can promise himself more days than God hath given him ; for death is deaf, and when she knocks at life's door, she is in haste ; neither threats, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres can stay her, as the common voice goes, and as they tell us in pulpits.'

'All this is true,' said Don Quixote ; 'but I know not where thou meanest to stop.' 'My stop is,' quoth Sancho, 'that your worship allow me some certain wages by the month, for the time that I shall serve you ;<sup>1</sup> and that the said wages be paid me out of your substance ; for I'll trust no longer to good turns, which come either slowly, or meanly, or never ; God give me joy of mine own ! In a word, I must know what I may gain, little or much ; for the hen lays as well upon one egg as many, and many littles make a mickle ; and whilst something is gotten nothing is lost. Indeed, if it should so happen, which I neither believe nor hope for, that your worship should give me the island you promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor would carry things with such extremity, as not to have the rent of that island prized, and so to discount for the wages I received, cantity for cantity.' 'Is not quantity as much worth as cantity, friend Sancho ?' answered Don Quixote. 'I understand you now,' said Sancho, 'and dare lay anything that I should have said quantity, and not cantity : but that's no matter, seeing you have understood me.'

'I understand you very well,' answered Don Quixote, 'and have penetrated the utmost of your thoughts, and know very well what mark you aim at, with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look ye, Sancho, I could willingly afford you wages, if I had found in any histories of knights-errant any example that might give me light through the least chink of any wages given monthly or yearly ; but I have read all or the most part of their histories, and do not remember that ever I have read that any knight-errant hath allowed any set wages to his squire ;

<sup>1</sup> The custom of Spain is to pay their servants' wages by the month.

only I know that all lived upon countenance, and, when they least dreamt of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded either with an island or some such thing equivalent, and at least they remained with honour and title. If you, Sancho, upon these hopes and additaments have a mind to return to my service, a' God's name; but to think that I will pluck the old use of knight-errantry out of his bounds, and off the hinges, is a mere impossibility. So that, Sancho, you may go home and tell your Teresa mine intention; and if that she and you will rely upon my favour, bene quidem; and, if not, let's part friends; for, if my pigeon-house have cumins, it will want no doves. And take this by the way, "A good expectation is better than a bad possession, and a good demand better than an ill pay." I speak thus, Sancho, that you may plainly see I know as well as you to sprinkle proverbs like rain-showers. Lastly, let me tell you, if you will not trust to my reward, and run the same fortune with me, God keep you, and make you a saint; for I shall not want more obedient squires, and more careful, and not so irksome nor so talkative as you.'

When Sancho heard his master's firm resolution, he waxed cloudy, and the wings of his heart began to stoop, for he thought verily his master would not go without him for all the treasure in the world. Thus being doubtful and pensative, Samson Carrasco entered, and the niece, desirous to hear how he persuaded her master that he should not return to his adventures.

In came Samson, a notable crack-rope, and, embracing him as at first, began in this loud key: 'O flower of chivalry, bright light of arms, honour and mirror of our Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God of His infinite goodness, that he or they that hinder or disturb this thy third sally, that they never find it in the labyrinth of their desires, nor let the ill they wish for ever be accomplished.' And, turning to the old woman, he said: 'You need no longer pray the orison of Saint Apolonia, for I know the determination of the spheres is that Don Quixote put in execution his lofty and new designs; and I



should much burden my conscience if I should not persuade and intimate unto this knight that he do no longer withdraw and hold back the force of his valorous arm, and the courage of his most valiant mind, for with his delaying he defrauds the rectifying of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of damsels, the bulwark of married women, and other matters of this quality, which concern, appertain, depend, and are annexed unto the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, my beautiful, my brave Don Quixote, rather to-day than to-morrow ; let your greatness be upon the way ; and, if anything be wanting to your journey, here am I to supply with my wealth, with my person, and, if need be, to be thy magnificence his squire, which I shall hold a most happy fortune.'

Then said Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, 'Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should want no squires ? See who offers himself to me ; the most rare bachelor Samson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delighter of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, silent, suffering of heats and colds, hunger and thirst, with all the abilities that belong to the squire of a knight-errant : but Heaven forbid that for my pleasure I hox and break off the column of learning the vessel of sciences, and that I lop off the eminent branch of the liberal arts : remain thou another Samson in thy country, honour it and those grey hairs of thine aged parents, for I will content myself with any squire, since Sancho deigns not to attend me.'

'I do deign,' said Sancho, all tender, and the tears standing in his eyes, and thus proceeds : 'It shall not be said, master, for me, "No longer pipe no longer dance" ; nor am I made of hardest oak, for all the world knows, and especially my town, who the Panzas were, from whom I descend ; besides, I know and have searched out, by many good works and many good words, the desire that your worship hath to do me a kindness, and, if I have been to blame to meddle in reckonings concerning my wages, it was to please my wife, who, when

she once falls into a vein of persuading, there's no hammer that doth so fasten the hoops of a bucket as she doth, till she obtain what she would have. But howsoever the husband must be husband, and the wife wife; and, since I am a man everywhere—I cannot deny that—I will also be so at home in spite of any; so that there's no more to be done but that you make your will and set to your codicil, in such sort that it may not be revoked, and let's straight to our journey, that Master Samson's soul may not suffer; for he saith his conscience is unquiet till he have persuaded you to your third sally through the world, and I afresh offer my service faithfully and loyally, as well and better than any squire that ever served knight-errant in former times, or in present.'

The bachelor wondered to hear Sancho's manner and method of speaking; for, though in the first history he had read of his master, he never thought Sancho had been so witty as they there paint him out; yet hearing him now mention will and codicil, revoking instead of revoking, he believed all that he had read of him, and confirmed him to be one of the most solemnest coxcombs of our age, and said to himself that two such madmen as master and man were not in all the world again.

Now Don Quixote and Sancho embraced, and remained friends, and with the grand Carrasco's approbation and goodwill, who was then their oracle, it was decreed that within three days they should depart, in which they might have time to provide all things necessary for their voyage, and to get an helmet, which Don Quixote said he must by all means carry. Samson offered him one, for he knew a friend of his would not deny it him, although it were fouler with mould and rust than bright with smooth steel.

The niece and old woman cursed the bachelor unmercifully; they tore their hair, scratched their faces, and, as your funeral mourners use, they howled at their master's departure, as if he had been a dead man. The design that Samson had to persuade him to this third sally was to do what the history tells us hereafter, all by the advice of the vicar and the barber, to whom he had before communicated

it. Well, in those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho fitted themselves with what they thought they needed; and, Sancho having set down the time to his wife, and Don Quixote to his niece and the old woman, toward night, without taking leave of anybody but the bachelor, who would needs bring them half a league from the town, they took their way towards Toboso, Don Quixote upon his good Rozinante, and Sancho on his old Dapple. His wallets were stuffed with provant, and his purse with money that Don Quixote gave him for their expenses. Samson embraced him and desired him that he might hear of his good or ill fortune, to rejoice for the one or be sorry for the other, as the law of friendship did require. Don Quixote made him a promise, Samson returned home, and the two went on towards the famous city of Toboso.

## CHAPTER VIII

*What befel Don Quixote, going to see his Mistress  
Dulcinea del Toboso*

‘BLESSED be the powerful Ala!’ saith Hamet Benengeli, at the beginning of this eighth chapter.<sup>1</sup> ‘Blessed be Ala!’ which he thrice repeated, and said that he rendered these benedictions to see that now Don Quixote and Sancho were upon their march, and that the readers of their delightful history may reckon that from this time the exploits and conceits of Don Quixote and his squire do begin. He persuades them that they should forget the former chivalry of the noble knight, and fix their eyes upon his acts to come, which begin now in his way towards Toboso, as the former did in the fields of Montiel; and it is a small request, for so much as he is to perform; so he proceeds, saying:

<sup>1</sup> ‘Ala’ amongst the Moors is as much as ‘Mahomet’ amongst the Turks.

Don Quixote and Sancho were now all alone, and Samson was scarce gone from them, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh, which both by knight and squire were held for lucky signs and an happy presaging, though, if the truth were told, Dapple's sighs and brayings were more than the horse's neighing, whereupon Sancho collected that his fortune should exceed and overtop his master's, building I know not upon what judicial astrology, that sure he knew, although the history says nothing of it; only he would often say when he fell down or stumbled, he would have been glad not to have gone abroad, for of stumbling or falling came nothing but tearing his shoes or breaking a rib; and, though he were a fool, yet he was not out in this.

Don Quixote said unto him: 'Friend Sancho, the night comes on us apace, and it will grow too dark for us to reach Toboso ere it be day, whither I am determined to go before I undertake any adventure; and there I mean to receive a benediction, and take leave of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, after which I know and am assured I shall end and close up every dangerous adventure, for nothing makes knights-errant more hardy than to see themselves favoured by their mistresses.' 'I believe it,' quoth Sancho; 'but I doubt you will not speak with her; at least, not see her where you may receive her blessing, if she give you it not from the mud walls where I saw her the first time, when I carried the letter and news of your mad pranks which you were playing in the heart of Sierra Morena.'

'Were those mud walls in thy fantasy, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'where or thorough which thou sawest that never-enough-praised gentleness and beauty? They were not so, but galleries, walks, or goodly stone pavements—or how call ye 'em?—of rich and royal palaces.' 'All this might be,' answered Sancho, 'but to me they seemed no better, as I remember.' 'Yet let's go thither,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for, so I see her, let them be mud walls or not, or windows; all is one whether I see her thorough chinks or thorough garden lattices, for each ray that comes from

the sun of her brightness to mine eyes will lighten mine understanding and strengthen mine heart, and make me sole and rare in my wisdom and valour.'

'Truly, sir,' said Sancho, 'when I saw that sun, it was not so bright that it cast any rays from it; and belike 'twas that, as she was winnowing the wheat I told you of, the dust that came from it was like a cloud upon her face, and dimmed it.'

'Still dost thou think, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'believe, and grow obstinate that my mistress Dulcinea was winnowing, it being a labour so unfit for persons of quality, that use other manners of exercises and recreation, which show a flight-shoot off their nobleness! Thou dost ill remember those verses of our poet, where he paints out unto us the exercises which those four nymphs used in their crystal habitations, when they advanced their heads above the loved Tagus,<sup>1</sup> and sat in the green fields working those rich embroideries which the ingenious poet there describes unto us, all which were of gold, of purl, and woven with embossed pearls. Such was the work of my mistress when thou sawest her, but that the envy which some base enchanter bears to mine affairs turns all that should give me delight into different shapes; and this makes me fear that the history of my exploits which is in print—if so be some wizard my enemy were the author—that he hath put one thing for another, mingling with one truth a hundred lies, diverting himself to tell tales not fitting the continuing of a true history. O envy, thou root of infinite evils, thou worm of virtues! All vices, Sancho, do bring a kind of pleasure with them; but envy hath nothing but distaste, rancour, and raving.'

'I am of that mind too,' said Sancho; 'and I think that in the history that Carrasco told us of, that he had seen of us, that my credit is turned topsy-turvy, and, as they say, goes a-begging. Well, as I am honest man I never spoke ill of any enchanter, neither am I so happy as to be envied; true it is that I am somewhat malicious and have certain knavish glimpses; but all is covered and hid under the

<sup>1</sup>A river in Spain.

large cloak of my simplicity, always natural to me, but never artificial; and if there were nothing else in me but my belief (for I believe in God, and in all that the Roman Church believes, and am sworn a mortal enemy to the Jews), the historians ought to pity me and use me well in their writings. But, let 'em say what they will, naked was I born, naked I am; I neither win nor lose; and, though they put me in books, and carry me up and down from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let 'em say what they will.'

'Twas just the same,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that happened to a famous poet of our times, who, having made a malicious satire against all the courtesans, he left out one amongst them, as doubting whether she were one or no, who, seeing she was not in the scroll among the rest, took it unkindly from the poet, asking him what he had seen in her that he should not put her amongst the rest, and desired him to enlarge his satire, and put her in the spare room; if not, she would scratch out his eyes. The poet consented, and set her down with a vengeance; and she was satisfied to see herself famous, although indeed infamous. Besides, the tale of the shepherd agrees with this that set Diana's Temple on fire, which was one of the Seven Wonders of the World, because he would be talked of for it; and, although there were an edict that no man should either mention him by speaking or writing, that he might not attain to his desire, yet his name was known to be Erostratus. The same allusion may be had out of an accident that befel the great Emperor Charles the Fifth with a knight of Rome. The emperor was desirous to see the famous temple of the Rotunda, which in ancient times was called "the Temple of All the Gods," and now, by a better style, "of all Saints," and it is the only entire edifice that hath remained of all the Gentiles in Rome, and that which doth most conserve the glory and magnificence of its founders. 'Tis made like an half orange, exceeding large and very lightsome, having but one window that gives it light, or, to say truer, but one round louver on



the top of it. The emperor looking on the edifice, there was a Roman knight with him that showed him the devices and contriving of that great work and memorable architecture, and, stepping from the louver, said to the emperor : " A thousand times, mighty monarch, have I desired to seize your majesty, and cast myself down from this louver, to leave an everlasting fame behind me." " I thank you," said the emperor, " that you have not performed it, and henceforward I will give you no such occasion to show your loyalty ; and therefore I command you that you neither speak to me nor come to my presence." And, for all these words, he rewarded him. I'll tell you, Sancho, this desire of honour is an itching thing. What dost thou think cast Horatius from the bridge all armed into deep Tiber ? What egged Curtius to launch himself into the lake ? What made Mutius burn his hand ? What forced Caesar against all the soothsayers to pass the Rubicon ? And, to give you more modern examples, what was it bored those ships, and left those valorous Spaniards on ground, guided by the most courteous Cortez in the New World ? All these and other great and several exploits are, have been, and shall be the works of fame, which mortals desire as a reward and part of the immortality which their famous arts deserve ; though we that be Christian Catholic knights-errant must look more to the happiness of another world, which is eternal in the ethereal and celestial regions, than to the vanity of fame, which is gotten in this present frail age, and which, let it last as long as it will, it must have ending with this world which hath its limited time ; so that, O Sancho, our actions must not pass the bounds that Christian religion, which we profess, hath put us in. In giants we must kill pride, envy in generousness and noble breasts ; anger in a continent, reposed, and quiet mind ; riot and drowsiness in temperance and vigilance ; lasciviousness in the loyalty we observe to those that we have made the mistresses of our thoughts ; and sloth by travelling up and down the world, seeking occasions that may make us, beside Christians, famous knights. These, Sancho, are

the means by which the extremes of glory are obtained, which fame brings with it.'

'All that you have hitherto spoken,' quoth Sancho, 'I understand passing well; but I would fain have you zolve me of one doubt, which even now comes into my head.' 'Resolve,' thou wouldst say, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'speak i' God's name, for I'll answer thee as well as I can.' 'Tell me, sir,' said Sancho; 'these Julies or Augusts, and all these famous knights you talk of, that are dead, where are they now?' 'The Gentiles,' said he, 'undoubtedly are in hell; the Christians, if they were good Christians, either in purgatory<sup>1</sup> or in hell.' 'Tis very well; but the sepulchres where the bodies of these great lordings lie interred, have they silver lamps<sup>2</sup> burning before them, or are their chapel walls decked with crutches, winding-sheets, periwigs, legs, and wax eyes? And, if not with these, with what?' 'The sepulchres of the Gentiles,' said Don Quixote, 'were, for the most part, sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Caesar's body were put upon a huge pyramis of stone, which at this day is called Saint Peter's Needle. The Emperor Adrian's sepulchre was a great castle as big as a pretty village; it was called Moles Adriani, and, at this day, the Castle of Saint Angelo in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a sepulchre which was held to be one of the Seven Wonders of the World. But none of all these, nor many others the Gentiles had, were decked with winding-sheets, nor any kind of offerings or signs that testified they were saints that were buried in them.'

'That's it I come to,' said Sancho; 'and tell me now, which is more, to raise a dead man or to kill a giant?' 'The answer is at hand,' said Don Quixote: 'to raise a dead man.' 'There I caught you,' quoth Sancho. 'Then, the fame of him that raiseth the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk, restoreth sick men, who hath lamps burning before his sepulchre, whose chapel is full of devout people, which upon their knees adore his

<sup>1</sup> According to the Romish opinion, erroneous.

<sup>2</sup> Relics that use to be hanged up in the papists' churches.

relics,—this man hath greater renown, and in another world, than ever any of your Gentile emperors or knights-errant ever left behind them.’

‘I grant you that,’ quoth Don Quixote. ‘Well,’ answered Sancho, ‘this fame, these graces, these prerogatives—how call ye ’em?—have the bodies and relics of saints, that, by the approbation and license of our holy Mother the Church, have their lamps, their lights, their winding-sheets, their crutches, their pictures, their heads of hair, their eyes and legs, by which they increase men’s devotions, and endear their Christian fame. Kings carry the bodies of saints or their relics upon their shoulders; they kiss the pieces of their bones, and do deck and enrich their chapels with them, and their most precious altars.’

‘What will you have me infer from all this, Sancho?’ quoth Don Quixote. ‘I mean,’ said Sancho, ‘that we endeavour to be saints, and we shall the sooner obtain the fame we look after. And let me tell you, sir, that yesterday or t’other day,—for so I may say, it being not long since,—there were two poor barefoot friars canonised or beatified, and now many think themselves happy to kiss or touch those iron chains with which they girt and tormented their bodies; and they are more revered than is, as I said, Roldan’s sword in the armoury of our lord the King—God save him! So that, master mine, better it is to be a poor friar, of what order soever, than a valiant knight-errant; a dozen or two of lashes obtain more at God’s hands than two thousand blows with the lance, whether they be given to giants, to spirits, or hobgoblins.’

‘All this is true,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘but all cannot be friars, and God Almighty hath many ways by which He carries His elect to heaven. Cavallery is a religion, and you have many knights saints in heaven.’ ‘That may be,’ said Sancho; ‘but I have heard you have more friars there than knights-errant.’ ‘That is,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘because the religious in number are more than the knights.’ ‘But there are many knights-errant,’ said Sancho. ‘Many, indeed,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘but few that deserve the name.’

In these and such-like discourses they passed the whole night and the next day, without lighting upon anything worth relation, for which Don Quixote was not a little sorry ; at last, the next day toward night, they discovered the goodly city of Toboso, with which sight Don Quixote's spirits were revived, but Sancho's dulled, because he knew not Dulcinea's house, nor ever saw her in his life, no more than his master ; so that, the one to see her, and the other because he had not seen her, were at their wits' end, and Sancho knew not how to do, if his master should send him to Toboso. But Don Quixote resolved to enter the city in the night, and till the time came they stayed between certain oaks that were near Toboso ; and, the prefixed moment being come, they entered the city, where they lighted upon things, things indeed.

## CHAPTER IX

*Where is set down as followeth*

MIDNIGHT was near spun out when Don Quixote and Sancho left the mountain and entered the city : the town was all hushed, and the dwellers were asleep with their legs stretched at length, as they say ; the night was brightsome, though Sancho wished it had been darker, that he might not see his madness ; the dogs in the town did nothing but bark and thunder in Don Quixote's ears, and affrighted Sancho's heart ; now and then an ass brayed, hogs grunted, cats mewed, whose different howlings were augmented with the silent night ; all which the enamoured knight held to be ominous, but yet he spoke to Sancho : ' Son Sancho,' said he, ' guide to Dulcinea's palace ; it may be we shall find her waking.' ' Body of the sun !' quoth Sancho, ' to what palace shall I guide ? for where I saw her highness it was a little house.' ' Belike,' quoth Don Quixote, ' she was retired into some corner of her palace

to solace herself in private with her damosels, as great ladies and princesses use to do.' 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'since, whether I will or no, you will have my mistress Dulcinea's house to be a palace, do you think nevertheless this to be a fit time of night to find the door open in? Do you think it fit that we bounce, that they may hear and let us in, to disquiet the whole town? Are we going to a bawdy-house, think ye, like your whoremasters that come and call and enter at what hour they list, how late soever it be?' 'First of all, to make one thing sure, let's find the palace,' replied Don Quixote, 'and then, Sancho, I'll tell thee what's fit to be done. And look, Sancho, either my sight fails me or that great bulk and shadow that we see is Dulcinea's palace.' 'Well, guide on, sir,' said Sancho; 'it may be it is so, though I'll first see it with my eyes, and feel it with my hands, and believe it as much as it is now day.'

Don Quixote led on, and, having walked about some two hundred paces, he lighted on the bulk that made the shadow, and saw a great steeple, which he perceived was not the palace, but of the chief church in the town. Then said he, 'Sancho, we are come to the church.' 'I see it very well,' quoth Sancho, 'and I pray God we come not to our graves; for it is no good sign to haunt churchyards so late, especially since I told you, as I remember, that this lady's house is in a little alley without passage through.' 'A pox on thee, blockhead!' said Don Quixote; 'where hast thou ever found that king's houses and palaces have been built in such alleys?' 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'every country hath their several fashions. It may be here in Toboso they build their great buildings thus, and therefore pray, sir, give me leave to look up and down the streets or lanes that lie in my way, and it may be that in some corner I may light upon this palace—the devil take it!—that thus mocks and misleads us.' 'Speak mannerly, sir,' quoth Don Quixote, 'of my mistress' things, and let's be merry and wise, and cast not the rope after the bucket.'

'I will forbear,' said Sancho; 'but how shall I endure

that you will needs have me be thoroughly acquainted with a house I never saw but once, and to find it at midnight, being you cannot find it that have seen it a million of times?' 'Sirrah, I shall grow desperate,' quoth Don Quixote. 'Come hither, heretic. Have not I told thee a thousand times that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor never crossed the thresholds of her palace, and that I only am enamoured on her by hearsay, and the great fame of her beauty and discretion?' 'Why, now I hear you,' said Sancho; 'and, since you say you have never seen her—nor I neither.' 'That cannot be,' said Don Quixote; 'for you told me, at least, that you had seen her winnowing of wheat, when you brought me the answer of the letter I sent by you.' 'Ne'er stand upon that,' said Sancho; 'for let me tell you, that I only saw her by hearsay too, and so was the answer I brought, for I know her as well as I can box the moon.' 'Sancho, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'there's a time to laugh and a time to mourn. Not because I say I have neither seen nor spoken to the mistress of my soul shouldest thou say thou hast neither seen nor spoken to her, it being otherwise, as thou knowest.'

Being in this discourse, they saw one passing by them with two mules, and by the noise the plough made which they drew upon the ground they might see it was some husbandman that rose by break of day to go to his tillage, and so it was: as he came, he went singing that *Romante* of the battle of Roncesvalles with the Frenchmen. In hearing of which quoth Don Quixote, 'Sancho, hang me if we have any good fortune this night! Do not you hear what this clown sings?' 'Yes, marry, do I,' said Sancho; 'but what doth the Chase of Roncesvalles concern us?' 'Tis no more than if he had sung the *Romante* of Calainos;<sup>1</sup> and all one, for our good or ill luck in this business.'

By this the ploughman came by them, and Don Quixote questioned him: 'Can you tell me, friend, so God reward

<sup>1</sup> As if we should have said in English Chevy Chase, or some such-like.



you, which is the palace of the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso?' 'Sir,' answered the young man, 'I am a stranger, and have lived but a while in this town; and serve a rich husbandman, to till his ground; here over-against the vicar and the sexton both live; any of them will tell you of this lady princess, as having a list of all the inhabitants of Toboso; although I think there is no such princess here, but many gentlefolk, each of which may be a princess in her own house.' 'Why, friend,' quoth Don Quixote, 'it may be that she I ask for is amongst these.' 'It may be so,' said the fellow, 'and God speed you, for now it begins to be day-peep'; and, switching his mules, he stayed for no more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in a deep suspense and very malcontent, told him, 'Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be so fit that we sun ourselves in the street; it is better to go out of the city, and that you shade yourself in some grove hereabouts, and I will come back anon, and not leave a by-place in all this town, where I may search for the house, castle, or palace of my lady, and it were ill luck if I found her not; and, if I do, I will speak with her and let her know where and how you do, expecting that she give you order and direction how you may see her, without any manner of prejudice to her honour and good name.' 'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou hast spoken a thousand sentences, enclosed in the circle of thy short discourse. The advice that thou hast now given me I hunger after, and most lovingly accept of. Come, son, let us take shade, and thou shalt return, as thou sayst, to seek, to see, and to speak to my mistress, from whose discretion and courtesy I hope for a thousand miraculous favours.'

Sancho stood upon thorns till he had drawn his master from the town, lest he should verify the lie of the answer that he had carried him from Dulcinea to Sierra Morena. So he hastened him to begone, which was presently done, some two miles from the town, where they found a forest or wood, where Don Quixote took shade; and Sancho

returned to the city to speak with Dulcinea, in which embassy matters befel him that require a new attention, and a new belief.

## CHAPTER X

*How Sancho cunningly enchanted the Lady Dulcinea, and other Successes, as ridiculous as true*

THE author of this history, coming to relate that which he doth in this chapter, says that he would willingly have passed it over in silence, as fearing not to be believed, because here Don Quixote's madness did exceed, and was at least two flight-shots beyond his greatest that ever was; but, for all this fear and suspicion, he set it down as t'other acted it, without adding or diminishing the least jot of truth in the history, not caring for anything that might be objected against him for a liar; and he had reason, for truth is stretched, but never breaks, and tramples on the lie as oil doth upon water; and so, prosecuting his history, he says that as Don Quixote had shaded himself in the forest or oak-wood near the grand Toboso, he willed Sancho to return to the city, and not to come to his presence without he had first spoken to his mistress from him, requesting her that she would please to be seen by her captived knight, and to deign to bestow her blessing on him, that by it he might hope for many most prosperous successes in all his onsets and dangerous enterprises. Sancho took on him to fulfil his command, and to bring him now as good an answer as the former.

'Go, lad,' said Don Quixote, 'and be not daunted when thou comest before the beams of the sun of beauty, which thou goest to discover. Oh, happy thou above all the squires of the world! be mindful, and forget not how she entertains thee,—if she blush just at the instant when thou deliverest my embassy; if she be stirred and troubled when she hears my name; whether her cushion cannot

hold her, if she be set in the rich state of her authority. And if she stand up, mark her whether she clap sometimes one foot upon another; if she repeat the answer she gives thee twice or thrice over, or change it from mild to curst, from cruel to amorous; whether she seem to order her hair, though it be not disordered. Lastly, observe all her actions and gestures; for, if thou relate them just as they were, I shall guess what is hidden in her heart, touching my love, in matter of fact; for know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not, that the actions and outward motions that appear, when love is in treaty, are the certain messengers that bring news of what passeth within. Go, friend; and better fortune guide thee than mine, and send thee better success than I can expect 'twixt hope and fear in this uncouth solitude in which thou leavest me.'

'I go,' said Sancho, 'and will return quickly. Enlarge that little heart of yours, no bigger than an hazel-nut, and consider the saying, "Faint heart never," etc.; "Sweet meat must have sour sauce"; and another, "Where we least think, there goes the hare away." This I say, because that if to-night we found not the castle or palace of my lady, now by day I doubt not but to find it, when I least dream of it, and so to find her.' 'Believe me, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'thou always bringest thy proverbs so to the hair of the business we treat of as God give me no worse fortune than I desire.'

This said, Sancho turned his back and switched his Dapple; and Don Quixote stayed a-horseback, easing himself on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of sorrowful and confused thoughts, where we will leave him, and wend with Sancho, who parted from his master no less troubled and pensative than he; insomuch that he was scarce out of the wood when, turning his face and seeing that Don Quixote was out of sight, he lighted from his ass, and, resting at the foot of a tree, he began to discourse thus to himself, and say, "'Now, brother Sancho, I pray let's know, whither is your worship going? To seek some ass that you have lost?'" "No, forsooth." "Well, what is it you seek for?" "I seek a matter of

nothing—a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all heaven withal.” “And where do you think to find this you speak of, Sancho?” “Where? Why, in the grand city of Toboso.” “Well, and from whom do you seek her?” “From the most famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, he that righteth wrongs, gives the thirsty meat, and the hungry drink.”<sup>1</sup> “All this is well. And do you know her house, Sancho?” “My master says it is a royal palace, or a lofty tower.” “And have you ever seen her, trow?” “Neither he nor I, never.” “And do you think it were well that the men of Toboso should know that you were here to entice their princesses, and to trouble their wenches, and should come and grind your ribs with bangs, and leave you never a sound bone? Indeed, belike they should consider that you are commanded, friend, but as a messenger; that you are in no fault, not you. Trust not to that, Sancho, for your Manchegan people are as choleric as honest, and do not love to be jested with. In very deed, if they smell you, you are sure to pay for it.” “Ware hawk, ware hawk! No, no, let me for another’s pleasure seek better bread than’s made of wheat! and I may as well find this Dulcinea as one Mary in Robena,<sup>2</sup> or a scholar in black in Salamanca. The devil, the devil, and none else, hath clapped me into this business.”

This soliloquy passed Sancho with himself, and the upshot was this: ‘All things,’ said he, ‘have a remedy but death, under whose yoke we must all pass in spite of our teeth, when life ends. This master of mine, by a thousand signs that I have seen, is a bedlam, fit to be bound; and I come not a whit short of him, and am the greater coxcomb of two, to serve him, if the proverb be true that says, “Like master, like man”; and another, “Thou art known by him that doth thee feed, not by him that doth thee breed.” He being thus mad, then, and subject, out of madness, to mistaking of one thing for another, to judge black for white, and white for black, as appeared when he

<sup>1</sup> Mistakes of simplicity.

<sup>2</sup> As if we should say, one Joan in London.

said the windmills were giants, and the friars' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and much more to this tune, it will not be hard to make him believe that some husbandman's daughter, the first we meet with, is the Lady Dulcinea; and, if he believe it not, I'll swear; and, if he swear I'll outswear him; and, if he be obstinate, I'll be so more: so that I will stand to my tackling, come what will on it. Perhaps with mine obstinacy I shall so prevail with him that he will send me no more upon these kind of messages, seeing what bad despatch I bring him; or perhaps he will think that some wicked enchanter, one of those that he says persecute him, hath changed her shape to vex him.'

With this conceit Sancho's spirit was at rest, and he thought his business was brought to a good pass; and so, staying there till it grew to be toward the evening, that Don Quixote might think he spent so much time in going and coming from Toboso, all fell out happily for him; for when he got up to mount upon Dapple he might see three country-wenches coming towards him from Toboso, upon three ass-colts, whether male or female the author declares not, though it be likely they were she-asses, they being the ordinary beasts that those country-people ride on; but, because it is not very pertinent to the story, we need not stand much upon deciding that. In fine, when Sancho saw the three country-wenches, he turned back apace to find out his master Don Quixote, and found him sighing, and uttering a thousand amorous lamentations.

As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said: 'How now, Sancho, what is the matter? May I mark this day with a white or a black stone?' 'Twere fitter,' quoth Sancho, 'you would mark it with red ochre, as the inscriptions are upon professors' chairs, that they may plainly read that see them.' 'Belike, then,' quoth Don Quixote, 'thou bringest good news.' 'So good,' said Sancho, 'that you need no more but spur Rozinante, and straight discover the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with two damsels waiting on her, coming to see your worship.' 'Blessed God! friend Sancho, what sayst thou?' quoth Don Quixote.

'See thou deceive me not with thy false mirth to glad my true sorrow.'

'What should I get by deceiving you,' quoth Sancho, 'the rather yourself being so near to discover the truth? Spur, sir, ride on, and you shall see our mistress the princess coming, clad indeed and adorned like herself; she and her damsels are a very spark of gold; they are all robes of pearl, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of gold ten storeys high at least; their hairs hung loose over their shoulders, that were like so many sunbeams playing with the wind; and, besides all this, they are mounted upon three flea-bitten hackneys, the finest sight that can be.' 'Hackneys thou wouldst say, Sancho.' 'Hackney or hackney,' quoth Sancho, 'there is little difference; but, let them come upon what they will, they are the bravest ladies that can be imagined, especially my lady the Princess Dulcinea that dazzles the senses.' 'Let's go, son Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote; 'and, for a reward for this unlooked-for good news, I bequeath the best spoil I get in our first adventure next; and, if this content thee not, I give thee my this year's colts by my three mares thou knowest I have to foal in our own town common.' 'The colts I like,' quoth Sancho, 'but for the goodness of the spoil of the first adventure, I have no mind to that.'

By this they came out of the wood, and saw the three country-wenches near them. Don Quixote stretched his eyes all over Toboso way, and, seeing none but the three wenches, he was somewhat troubled, and demanded of Sancho if he had left them coming out of the city. 'How! out of the city?' quoth Sancho; 'are your eyes in your noddle, that you see them not coming here, shining as bright as the sun at noon?' 'I see none,' said he, 'but three wenches upon three asses.' 'Now, God keep me from the devil!' quoth Sancho; 'and is it possible that three hackneys—or how call ye 'em?—as white as a flake of snow, should appear to you to be asses? As sure as may be, you shall pull off my beard if that be so.' 'Well, I tell you, friend Sancho, 'tis as sure that they are he or she asses, as I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and thou



Sancho Panza ; at least to me they seem so.' 'Peace, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'and say not so ; but snuff your eyes, and reverence the mistress of your thoughts, for now she draws near.' And so saying he advanced to meet the three country-wenches, and, alighting from Dapple, took one of their asses by the halter, and, fastening both his knees to the ground, said, 'Queen, and princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good liking your captived knight that stands yonder turned into marble, all amazed and without his pulse, to see himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the way-beaten knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.'

And now Don Quixote was on his knees by Sancho, and beheld with unglad but troubled eyes her that Sancho called queen and lady ; but, seeing he discovered nothing in her but a country-wench, and not very well-favoured, for she was blub-faced and flat-nosed, he was in some suspense, and durst not once open his lips. The wenches too were astonished to see those two so different men upon their knees, and that they would not let their companion go forward. But she that was stayed, angry to hear herself misused, broke silence first, saying, 'Get you out of the way, with a mischief, and let's be gone, for we are in haste.' To which quoth Sancho : 'O princess and universal Lady of Toboso ! why doth not your magnanimous heart relent, seeing the pillar and prop of knight-errantry prostrated before your sublimated presence ?' Which when one of the other two heard, after she had cried out to her ass, that was turning aside, she said : 'Look how these yonkers come to mock at poor country-folk, as if we knew not how to return their flouts upon them ! Get you gone your way and leave us, you had best.'

'Rise, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'at this instant, for I perceive now that mine ill fortune, not satisfied, hath shut up all the passages by which any content might come to this my wretched soul within my flesh. O thou, the

extreme of all worth to be desired, the bound of all human gentleness, the only remedy of this mine afflicted heart that adores thee ! now that the wicked enchanter persecutes me, and hath put clouds and cataracts in mine eyes, and for them only, and none else, hath transformed and changed thy peerless beauty and face into the face of a poor country-wench,—if so be now he have not turned mine too into some hobgoblin, to make it loathsome in thy sight, look on me gently and amorously, perceiving by this submission and kneeling which I use to thy counterfeited beauty the humility with which my soul adores thee.’

‘Marry, muff!’ quoth the country-wench; ‘I care much for your courtings ! Get you gone, and let us go, and we shall be beholding to you.’

Sancho let her pass by him, most glad that he had sped so well with his device. The country-wench that played Dulcinea’s part was no sooner free, when, spurring her hackney with a prickles she had at the end of her cudgel, she began to run apace; and the ass, feeling the smart of it more than ordinary, began to wince so fast that down came my Lady Dulcinea; which when Don Quixote saw, he came to help her up, and Sancho went to order and gird her pack-saddle, that hung at the ass’s belly; which being fitted, and Don Quixote about to lift his enchanted mistress in his arms to her ass, she, being now got upon her legs, saved him that labour, for, stepping a little back, she fetched a rise, and clapping both her hands upon the ass’s crupper, she lighted as swift as an hawk upon the pack-saddle, and sat astride like a man.

Then said Sancho : ‘By Saint Roque, our mistress is as light as a robin-ruddock, and may teach the cunningest Cordovan or Mexicanian to ride on their jennets. At one spring she hath leaped over the crupper, and without spurs makes the hackney run like a musk-cat; and her damosels come not short of her, for they fly like the wind.’ And he said true; for when Dulcinea was once on horseback they all made after her, and set a-running for two miles without looking behind them.

Don Quixote still looked after them; but, when they

were got out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said : ' Sancho, how thinkest thou ? How much enchanters do hate me ! And see how far their malice extends, and their aim at me, since they have deprived me of the happiness I should have received to have seen my mistress in her true being. Indeed, I was born to be an example of unfortunate men, to be the mark and butt at which ill-fortune's arrows should be sent. And thou must note, Sancho, that these enchanters were not content to have changed and transformed my Dulcinea, but they have done it into a shape so base and ugly as of a country-wench thou sawest ; and, withal, they have taken from her that which is so proper to her and great ladies, to wit, her sweet scent of flowers and amber ; for let me tell thee, Sancho, that when I went to help Dulcinea to her hackney—which as thou sayst, seemed to me to be a she-ass—she gave me such a breath of raw garlic as pierced and intoxicated my brain.'

' O base rout ! ' cried out Sancho instantly ; ' O dismal and ill-minded enchanters ! I would I might see you all strung up together like galls, or like pilchards in shoals. Cunning you are, much you can, and much you do. It had been enough for you, rascals, to have turned the pearls of my lady's eyes into corky galls, and her most pure golden hair into bristles of a red ox's tail, and, finally, all her feature from good to bad, without meddling with her breath ; for only by that we might have guessed what was concealed under that coarse rind ; though, to say true, I never saw her coarseness, but her beauty, which was infinitely increased by a mole she had upon her lip, like a mustacho, with seven or eight red hairs like threads of gold, and above a handful long.' ' To this mole,' quoth Don Quixote, ' according to the correspondency that those of the face have with those of the body, she hath another in the table of her thigh that corresponds to the side where that of her face is ; but hairs of that length thou speakest of are very much for moles.' ' Well, I can tell you,' quoth Sancho, ' that there they appeared, as if they had been born with her.' ' I believe it, friend,' replied Don Quixote ; ' for nature

could form nothing in Dulcinea that was not perfect and complete ; and so, though she had a hundred moles, as well as that one thou sawest in her, they were not moles, but moons and bright stars. But tell me, Sancho, that which thou didst set on, which seemed to me to be a pack-saddle, was it a plain saddle or a saddle with a back ?' 'It was,' said Sancho, 'a jennet-saddle, with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it.' 'And could not I see all this? Well, now I say again, and will say it a thousand times, I am the unhappiest man alive.' The crack-rope Sancho had enough to do to hold laughter, hearing his master's madness, that was so delicately gulled.

Finally, after many other reasons that passed betwixt them both, they gat up on their beasts, and held on the way to Saragosa, where they thought to be fitly to see the solemnities that are performed once every year in that famous city. But before they came thither things befel them that, because they are many, famous, and strange, they deserve to be written and read, as shall be seen here following.

## CHAPTER XI

*Of the Strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote, with the Cart or Waggon of the Parliament of Death*

DON QUIXOTE went on, wonderful pensative to think what a shrewd trick the enchanter had played him, in changing his mistress Dulcinea into the rustic shape of a countrywench, and could not imagine what means he might use to bring her to her pristine being ; and these thoughts so distracted him that carelessly he gave Rozinante the reins, who, perceiving the liberty he had, stayed every stitch-while to feed upon the green grass of which those fields were full ; but Sancho put him out of his maze, saying, 'Sir, sorrow was not ordained for beasts but men, yet if men do exceed

in it they become beasts. Pray, sir, recollect and come to yourself, and pluck up Rozinante's reins ; revive and cheer yourself, show the courage that befits a knight-errant. What a devil's the matter ? What faintness is this ? Are we dreaming on a dry summer ? Now, Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world ! since the welfare of one only knight-errant is more worth than all the enchantments and transformations in the world.'

'Peace, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, with a voice now not very faint ; 'peace, I say, and speak no blasphemies against that enchanted lady, for I only am in fault for her misfortune and unhappiness ; her ill plight springs from the envy that enchanter's bear me.' 'So say I too,' quoth Sancho ; 'for what heart sees her now, that saw her before, and doth not deplore ?' 'Thou mayst well say so, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'since thou sawest her in her just entire beauty, and the enchantment dimmed not thy sight nor concealed her fairness. Against me only, only against mine eyes, the force of its venom is directed. But for all that, Sancho, I have fallen upon one thing, which is that thou didst ill describe her beauty to me ; for, if I forget not, thou saidst she had eyes of pearls, and such eyes are rather the eyes of a sea-bream than a fair dame's ; but, as I think, Dulcinea's eyes are like two green emeralds rared with two celestial arcs, that serve them for eyebrows. And therefore, for you pearls, take them from her eyes and put them to her teeth ; for doubtless, Sancho, thou mistookest eyes for teeth.'

'All this may be,' said Sancho, 'for her beauty troubled me as much as her foulness since hath done you ; but leave we all to God, who is the knower of all things that befalls us in this vale of tears, in this wicked world, where there is scarce anything without mixture of mischief, impostorship, or villainy. One thing, master mine, troubles me more than all the rest—to think what means there will be, when you overcome any giant or other knight, and command him to present himself before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea, where this poor giant or miserable vanquished knight shall find her ?' Methinks I see 'em go staring up

and down Toboso to find my Lady Dulcinea, and, though they should meet her in the middle of the street, yet they would no more know her than my father.'

'It may be, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'her enchantment will not extend to take from vanquished and presented giants and knights the knowledge of Dulcinea; and therefore, in one or two of the first I conquer and send, we will make trial whether they see her or no, commanding them that they return to relate unto me what hath befallen them.'

'I say, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I like what you have said very well, and by this device we shall know what we desire; and, if so be she be only hidden to you, your misfortune is beyond hers. But, so my Lady Dulcinea have health and content, we will bear and pass it over here as well as we may, seeking our adventures; and let time alone, who is the best physician for these and other infirmities.'

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho Panza, but he was interrupted by a waggon that came cross the way, loaden with the most different and strange personages and shapes that might be imagined. He that guided the mules, and served for waggoner, was an ugly devil. The waggon's self was open, without tilt or boughs. The first shape that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes was of Death herself, with a human face, and next her an angel with large painted wings; on one side stood an emperor, with a crown upon his head, to see to, of gold; at Death's feet was the god called Cupid, not blindfolded, but with his bow, his quiver, and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed, only he had no morion or headpiece, but a hat full of divers-coloured plumes. With these there were other personages of different fashions and faces. All which, seen on a sudden, in some sort troubled Don Quixote, and affrighted Sancho's heart; but straight Don Quixote was jocund, believing that some rare and dangerous adventure was offered unto him; and with this thought, and a mind disposed to give the onset to any peril, he got himself before the waggon, and with a loud and threatening voice cried out, 'Carter, coachman, or devil, or what-



soe'er thou art, be not slow to tell me who thou art, whither thou goest, and what people these are thou carriest in thy cart-coach, rather like Charon's boat than waggons now in use.'

To which the devil, staying the cart, gently replied, 'Sir, we are players of Thomas Angulo's company. We have played a play called *The Parliament of Death* against this Corpus Christi tide, in a town behind the ridge of yonder mountain, and this afternoon we are to play it again at the town you see before us, which because it is so near, to save a labour of new attiring us, we go in the same clothes in which we are to act. That young man plays Death; that other an angel; that woman, our author's wife, the queen; a fourth there, a soldier; a fifth the emperor; and I the devil, which is one of the chiefest actors in the play, for I have the best part. If you desire to know anything else of us, ask me, and I shall answer you most punctually; for, as I am a devil, nothing is unknown to me.'

'By the faith of a knight-errant,' said Don Quixote, 'as soon as ever I saw this waggon I imagined some strange adventure towards; and now I say it is fit to be fully satisfied of these apparitions, by touching them with our hands. God be with you, honest people; act your play, and see whether you will command anything wherein I may be serviceable to you; for I will be so most cheerfully and willingly: for since I was a boy I have loved mask-shows, and in my youth I have been ravished with stage-plays.'

Whilst they were thus discoursing, it fell out that one of the company came toward them, clad for the fool in the play, with morrice-bells, and at the end of a stick he had three cows' bladders full-blown, who thus masked, running toward Don Quixote, began to fence with his cudgel, and to thwack the bladders upon the ground, and to frisk with his bells in the air, which dreadful sight so troubled Rozinante that, Don Quixote not able to hold him in, for he had gotten the bridle betwixt his teeth, he fell a-running up and down the field, much swifter than his anatomised bones made show for. Sancho, that considered in what danger of being thrown down his master

might be, leaped from Dapple, and with all speed ran to help him ; but, by that time he came to him, he was upon the ground, and Rozinante by him, for they both tumbled together. This was the common pass Rozinante's tricks and boldness came to. But no sooner had Sancho left his horsebackship to come to Don Quixote, when the damning devil with the bladders leaped on Dapple, and, clapping him with them, the fear and noise, more than the blows, made him fly thorough the field toward the place where they were to play. Sancho beheld Dapple's career and his master's fall, and knew not to which of the ill chances he might first repair ; but yet, like a good squire and faithful servant, his master's love prevailed more with him than the cockering of his ass, though every hoisting of the bladders, and falling on Dapple's buttocks, were to him trances and tidings of death, and rather had he those blows had lighted on his eyeballs than on the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this perplexity he came to Don Quixote, who was in a great deal worse plight than he was willing to see him ; and, helping him on Rozinante, said, 'Sir, the devil hath carried away Dapple.' 'What devil?' quoth Don Quixote. 'He with the bladders,' replied Sancho. 'Well, I will recover him,' said Don Quixote, 'though he should lock him up with him in the darkest and deepest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho, for the waggon goes but slowly, and the mules shall satisfy Dapple's loss.' 'There is no need,' said Sancho ; 'temper your choler, for now I see the devil hath left Dapple, and he returns to his home.' And he said true, for the devil having fallen with Dapple, to imitate Don Quixote and Rozinante, he went on foot to the town, and the ass came back to his master.

'For all that,' said Don Quixote, 'it were fit to take revenge of the devil's unmannerliness upon some of those in the waggon, even of the emperor himself.' 'Oh, never think of any such matter,' said Sancho, 'and take my counsel, that is, never to meddle with players, for they are a people mightily beloved. I have known one of 'em

in prison for two murders, and yet scaped scot-free. Know this, sir, that, as they are merry jovial lads, all men love, esteem, and help them, especially if they be the king's players, and all of them in their fashion and garb are gentleman-like.' 'For all that,' said Don Quixote, 'the devil-player shall not scape from me and brag of it, though all mankind help him.' And so saying, he got to the waggon, that was now somewhat near the town, and, crying aloud, said, 'Hold, stay, merry Greeks, for I'll make ye know what belongs to the asses and furniture belonging to the squires of knights-errant.' Don Quixote's noise was such that those of the waggon heard it; and, guessing at his intention by his speeches, in an instant Mistress Death leaped out of the waggon, and after her the emperor, the devil-waggoner, and the angel, and the queen too, with little Cupid; all of them were straight loaded with stones, and put themselves in order, expecting Don Quixote with their peeble-points.

Don Quixote, that saw them in so gallant a squadron, ready to discharge strongly their stones, held in Rozinante's reins, and began to consider how he should set upon them with least hazard of his person. Whilst he thus stayed, Sancho came to him, and, seeing him ready to give the onset, said: 'Tis a mere madness, sir, to attempt this enterprise; I pray consider that, for your river-sops,<sup>1</sup> there are no defensive weapons in the world, but to be shut up and inlaid under a brazen bell; and consider likewise 'tis rather rashness than valour for one man alone to set upon an army wherein Death is, and where emperors fight in person, and where good and bad angels help; and, if the consideration of this be not sufficient, may this move you, to know that amongst all these, though they seem to be kings, princes, and emperors, yet there is not so much as one knight-errant.'

'Thou hast hit upon the right, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the very point that may alter my determination. I neither can nor must draw my sword, as I have often told thee, against any that be not knights-errant. It concerns

<sup>1</sup> Meaning the stones.

thee, Sancho, if thou meanest to be revenged for the wrong done unto thine ass; and I will encourage thee, and from hence give thee wholesome instructions.' 'There needs no being revenged of anybody,' said Sancho, 'for there is no Christianity in it; besides, mine ass shall be contented to put his cause to me and to my will, which is to live peaceable and quietly, as long as Heaven shall be pleased to afford me life.' 'Since this is thy determination,' said Don Quixote, 'honest, wise, discreet, Christian-like, pure Sancho, let us leave these dreams, and seek other better and more real adventures; for I see this country is like to afford us many miraculous ones.'

So he turned Rozinante's reins, and Sancho took his Dapple; Death with all the flying squadron returned to the waggon, and went on their voyage; and this was the happy end of the waggon of Death's adventure, thanks be to the good advice that Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the day after there happened another adventure, no less pleasant, with an enamoured knight-errant as well as he.

## CHAPTER XII

### *Of the Rare Adventure that befel Don Quixote with the Knight of the Looking-Glasses*

DON QUIXOTE and his squire passed the ensuing night after their Death's encounter, under certain high and shady trees, Don Quixote having first, by Sancho's entreaty, eaten somewhat of the provision that came upon Dapple; and as they were at supper Sancho said to his master, 'Sir, what an ass had I been, had I chosen for a reward the spoils of the first adventure which you might end, rather than the breed of the three mares! Indeed, indeed, a bird in the hand is better than two in the bush.'

'For all that,' quoth Don Quixote, 'if thou, Sancho, hadst let me give the onset, as I desired, thou hadst had

to thy share, at least, the empress's golden crown and Cupid's painted wings, for I had taken 'em away against the hair, and given 'em thee.' 'Your players' sceptres and emperors' crowns,' said Sancho, 'are never of pure gold, but leaf and tin.'

'Tis true,' answered Don Quixote, 'for it is very necessary that your play-ornaments be not fine, but counterfeit and seeming, as the play itself is, which I would have thee, Sancho, to esteem of, and consequently the actors too, and the authors, because they are the instruments of much good to a commonwealth, being like looking-glasses, where the actions of human life are lively represented; and there is no comparison that doth more truly present to us what we are, or what we should be, than comedy and comedians. If not, tell me, hast not thou seen a play acted, where kings, emperors, bishops, knights, dames, and other personages are introduced? One plays a ruffian, another the cheater; this a merchant, t'other a soldier; one a crafty fool, another a foolish lover; and, the comedy ended and the apparel taken away, all the rehearsers are the same they were.' 'Yes, marry, have I,' quoth Sancho. 'Why, the same thing,' said Don Quixote, 'happens in the comedy and theatre of this world, where some play the emperors, others the bishops, and, lastly, all the parts that may be in a comedy; but, in the end—that is, the end of our life—death takes away all the robes that made them differ, and at their burial they are equal.' 'A brave comparison,' quoth Sancho; 'but not so strange to me, that have heard it often, as that of the chess-play, that while the game lasts every piece hath its particular motion; and, the game ended, all are mingled and shuffled together, and cast into a leathern bag, which is a kind of burial.'

'Every day, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'thou growest wiser and wiser.' 'It must needs be,' said Sancho, 'that some of your wisdom must cleave to me; for grounds that are dry and barren, by mucking and tilling them, give good fruit; I mean your conversation hath been the muck that hath been cast upon the sterile ground of my barren

wit, and the time that I have served you the tillage, with which I hope to render happy fruit, and such as may not gainsay or slide out of the paths of good manners which you have made in my withered understanding.'

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's affected reasons, and it seemed true to him, what he had said touching his reformation; for now and then his talk admired him, although for the most part, when Sancho spoke by way of contradiction, or like a courtier, he ended his discourse with a downfall from the mount of his simplicity to the profundity of his ignorance; but that wherein he showed himself most elegant and memorable was in urging of proverbs, though they were never so much against the hair of the present business, as hath been seen and noted in all this history.

A great part of the night they passed in these and such-like discourses, but Sancho had a great desire to let fall the portcullises, as he called them, of his eyes, and sleep; and so, undressing his Dapple, he turned him freely to graze. With Rozinante's saddle he meddled not, for it was his master's express command that whilst they were in field or slept not within doors he should not unsaddle him, it being an ancient custom observed by knights-errant to take the bridle and hang it at the saddle-pommel, but beware taking away the saddle, which Sancho observed, and gave him the same liberty as to his Dapple, whose friendship and Rozinante's was so sole and united that the report goes by tradition from father to son that the author of this true history made particular chapters of it; only, to keep the decency and decorum due to so heroic a story he omitted it, although sometimes he forgets his purpose herein, and writes that, as the two beasts were together, they would scratch one another, and, being wearied and satisfied, Rozinante would cross his throat over Dapple's neck at least half a yard over the other side, and, both of them looking wistly on the ground, they would stand thus three days together, at least as long as they were let alone, or that hunger compelled them not to look after their provender. 'Tis said, I say, that the author, in his story,



compared them, in their friendship, to Nisus and Euryalus, to Pylades and Orestes, which if it were so, it may be seen, to the general admiration, how firm and steadfast the friendship was of these two pacific beasts, to the shame of men, that so ill know the rules of friendship one to another. For this it was said, 'No falling out like to that of friends.' And let no man think the author was unreasonable in having compared the friendship of these beasts to the friendship of men; for men have received many items from beasts, and learned many things of importance, as the stork's dung, the dog's vomit and faithfulness, the crane's watchfulness, the ant's providence, the elephant's honesty, and the horse's loyalty.

At length Sancho fell fast asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote reposed himself under an oak; but not long after, a noise behind wakened him, and, rising suddenly, he looked and hearkened from whence the noise came, and he saw two men on horseback, and the one, tumbling from his saddle, said to the other, 'Alight, friend, and unbridle our horses, for methinks this place hath pasture enough for them, and befits the silence and solitude of my amorous thoughts.' Thus he spoke, and stretched himself upon the ground in an instant, but, casting himself down, his armour wherewith he was armed made a noise, a manifest token that made Don Quixote think he was some knight-errant, and coming to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he plucked him by the arm, and told him softly, 'Brother Sancho, we have an adventure.' 'God grant it be good!' quoth Sancho; 'and where is this master adventure's worship?' 'Where, Sancho!' replied Don Quixote: 'look on one side, look, and there thou shalt see a knight-errant stretched who, as it appears to me, is not overmuch joyed, for I saw him cast himself from his horse, and stretch on the ground, with some shows of grief, and as he fell he crossed his arms.' 'Why, in what do you perceive that this is an adventure?' quoth Sancho. 'I will not say,' answered Don Quixote, 'that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to it, for thus adventures begin. But hark, it seems he is tuning

a lute or viol, and, by his spitting and clearing his breast, he prepares himself to sing.' 'In good faith, you say right,' quoth Sancho, 'and 'tis some enamoured knight.' 'There is no knight-errant,' said Don Quixote, 'that is not so. Let us give ear, and by the circumstance we shall search the labyrinth of his thoughts, if so be he sing ; for out of the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh.' Sancho would have replied to his master ; but the Knight of the Wood's voice, which was but so-so, hindered him, and whilst the two were astonished he sung as followeth :

## SONNET.

Permit me, mistress, that I follow may  
 The bound, cut out just to your heart's desire,  
 The which in mine I shall esteem for aye,  
 So that I never from it will retire.  
 If you be pleased, my grief I silent stay,  
 And die, make reckoning that I straight expire ;  
 If I may tell it you, the unusual way,  
 I will, and make Love's self be my supplier.  
 Fashioned I am to proof of contraries,  
 As soft as wax, as hard as diamond too ;  
 And to Love's laws my soul herself applies ;  
 Or hard, or soft, my breast I offer you ;  
 Graven, imprint in't what your pleasure is,  
 I, secret, swear it never to forego.

With a deep-fetched 'Heigh-ho !' even from the bottom of his heart, the Knight of the Wood ended his song ; and, after some pause, with a grieved and sorrowful voice, uttered these words : 'Oh, the fairest and most ungrateful woman in the world ! And shall it be possible, most excellent Casildea de Vandalia, that thou suffer this thy captive knight to pine and perish, with continual peregrinations, with hard and painful labours ? Sufficeth not that I have made all the knights of Navarre, of Leon, all the Tartesians, all the Castilians confess thee to be the fairest lady of the world—ay, and all the knights of Mancha too ?' 'Not so,' quoth Don Quixote straight ; 'for I am of the Mancha, but never yielded to that, for I neither could nor ought confess a thing so prejudicial to

the beauty of my mistress ; and thou seest, Sancho, how much this knight is wide ; but let us hear him, it may be he will unfold himself more.' 'Marry, will he,' quoth Sancho, 'for he talks as if he would lament a month together.'

But it fell out otherwise ; for the Knight of the Wood having overheard that they talked somewhat near him, ceasing his complaints, he stood up, and with a clear but familiar voice thus spake : 'Who's there ? who is it ? Is it haply some of the number of the contented or of the afflicted ?' 'Of the afflicted,' answered Don Quixote. 'Come to me, then,' said he of the Wood, 'and make account you come to sadness itself, and to affliction's self.' Don Quixote, when he saw himself answered so tenderly and so modestly, drew near, and Sancho likewise. The wailful knight laid hold on Don Quixote's arm, saying, 'Sit down, sir knight ; for to know that you are so, and one that profeseth knight-errantry, it is enough that I have found you in this place, where solitariness and the Serene bear you company,<sup>1</sup> the natural beds and proper beings for knights-errant.' To which Don Quixote replied, 'A knight I am, and of the profession you speak of ; and, though disgraces, misfortunes, and sorrows have their proper seat in my mind, notwithstanding, the compassion I have to other men's griefs hath not left it. By your complaints I guess you are enamoured,—I mean that you love that ungrateful fair one mentioned in your laments.' Whilst they were thus discoursing, they sat together lovingly upon the cold ground, as if by daybreak their heads also would not break. The Knight of the Wood demanded, 'Are you happily enamoured, sir knight ?' 'Unhappily I am,' quoth Don Quixote, 'although the unhappiness that ariseth from well-placed thoughts ought rather to be esteemed a happiness than otherwise.' 'True it is,' replied he of the Wood, 'if disdains did not vex our reason and understanding, which, being unmerciful, come nearer to revenge.' 'I was never,' said Don Quixote, 'disdained of my mistress.' 'No, indeed,' quoth Sancho,

<sup>1</sup> Serene, the night-dew that falls.

who was near them; 'for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as butter.' 'Is this your squire?' said he of the Wood. 'He is,' said Don Quixote. 'I ne'er saw squire,' replied he of the Wood, 'that durst prate so boldly before his master; at least yonder is mine, as big as his father, and I can prove he never unfolded his lips, whensoever I spake.' 'Well, i' faith,' quoth Sancho, 'I have spoken, and may speak before—as—and perhaps—but let it alone; the more it is stirred, the more it will stink.'

The Squire of the Wood took Sancho by the hand, saying, 'Let us go and talk what we list squire-like, and let us leave these our masters; let them fall from their lances and tell of their loves, for I warrant you the morning will overtake them before they have done.' 'A' God's name,' quoth Sancho; 'and I'll tell you who I am, that you may see whether I may be admitted into the number of your talking squires.' So the two squires went apart, between whom there passed as witty a dialogue as their masters' was serious.

### CHAPTER XIII

*Where the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood is prosecuted, with the Discreet, Rare, and Sweet Colloquy that passed betwixt the Two Squires*

THE knights and their squires were divided, these telling their lives, they their loves; and thus saith the story, that the Squire of the Wood said to Sancho, 'It is a cumbersome life that we lead, sir,—we, I say, that are squires to knights-errant; for truly we eat our bread with the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses that God laid upon our first parents.' 'You may say also,' added Sancho, 'that we eat it in the frost of our bodies; for who endure more heats and colds than your miserable squires to knights-errant? And yet not so bad if we might eat at all, for

good fare lessens care; but sometimes it happens that we are two days without eating, except it be the air that blows on us.' 'All this may be borne,' quoth he of the Wood, 'with the hope we have of reward; for, if the knight-errant whom a squire serves be not too unfortunate he shall, with a little good hap, see himself rewarded with the government of some island, or with a reasonable earldom.' 'I,' said Sancho, 'have often told my master that I would content myself with the government of any island, and he is so noble and liberal that he hath often promised it me.' 'I,' said he of the Wood, 'for my services would be satisfied with some canonry which my master too hath promised me.' 'Your master, indeed,' said Sancho, 'belike is an ecclesiastical knight, and may do his good squires these kindnesses; but my master is merely lay, though I remember that some persons of good discretion, though out of bad intention, counselled him that he should be an archbishop, which he would not be, but an emperor; and I was in a bodily fear lest he might have a mind to the Church, because I held myself incapable of benefits by it; for let me tell you, though to you I seem a man, yet in Church matters I am a very beast.'

'Indeed, sir,' said he of the Wood, 'you are in the wrong, for your island-governments are not all so special, but that some are crabbed, some poor, some distasteful, and, lastly, the stateliest and best of all brings with it a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which he to whom it falls to his lot undergoes. Far better it were that we who profess this cursed slavery retire home, and there entertain ourselves with more delightful exercises, to wit, hunting and fishing; for what squire is there in the world so poor that wants his nag, his brace of greyhounds, or his angle-rod, to pass his time with at his village?' 'I want none of this,' said Sancho. 'True it is, I have no nag; but I have an ass worth two of my master's horse. An ill Christmas God send me—and let it be the next ensuing—if I would change for him, though I had four bushels of barley to boot. You laugh at the price of my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of mine ass;

—well, greyhounds I shall not want neither, there being enough to spare in our town ; besides, the sport is best at another man's charge.' 'Indeed, indeed, sir squire,' said he of the Wood, 'I have proposed and determined with myself to leave these bezzlings of these knights, and return to my village, and bring up my children, for I have three like three orient pearls.' 'Two have I, said Sancho, 'that may be presented to the Pope in person, especially one, a wench, which I bring up to be a countess—God save her !—although it grieve her mother.' 'And how old,' asked he of the Wood, 'is this lady countess that you bring up so ?' 'Fifteen, somewhat under or over,' said Sancho ; 'but she is as long as a lance, and as fresh as an April morning, and as sturdy as a porter.' 'These are parts,' said he of the Wood, 'not only for her to be a countess, but a nymph of the greeny grove. Ah, whoreson whore, and what a sting the quean hath !' To which quoth Sancho, somewhat musty, 'She is no whore, neither was her mother before her ; and none of them, God willing, shall be, as long as I live. And I pray, sir, speak more mannerly ; for these speeches are not consonant from you that have been brought up amongst knights-errant, the flowers of courtesy.' 'Oh,' said he of the Wood, 'sir squire, how you mistake, and how little you know what belongs to praising ! What ! have you never observed that when any knight in the market-place gives the bull a sure thrust with his lance, or when anybody doth a thing well, the common people use to say, "Ah, whoreson whoremaster, how bravely he did it !" So that that which seems to be a dispraise, in that sense is a notable commendation ; and renounce you those sons and daughters that do not the works that may make their parents deserve such-like praises.' 'I do renounce,' said Sancho, 'and, if you meant no otherwise, I pray you clap a whole whore-house at once upon my wife and children ; for all they do or say are extremes worthy of such praises ; and so I may see them, God deliver me out of this mortal sin—that is, out of this dangerous profession of being a squire—into which this second time I have incurred, being enticed and



deceived with the purse of the hundred ducats which I found one day in the heart of Sierra Morena; and the devil cast that bag of pistolets before mine eyes; methinks every foot I touch it, hug it, and carry it to mine house, set leases and rents, and live like a prince; and still when I think of this all the toil that I pass with this blockhead my master seems easy and tolerable to me, who, I know, is more madman than knight.' 'Hereupon,' said he of the Wood, 'it is said that "All covet, all lose." And now you talk of madmen, I think my master is the greatest in the world; he is one of them that cries, "Hang sorrow!" and, that another knight may recover his wits, he'll make himself mad, and will seek after that which perhaps, once found, will tumble him upon his snout.' 'And is he amorous, haply?' 'Yes,' said he of the Wood; 'he loves one Casildea de Vandalia, the most raw and most roasted lady in the world; but she halts not on that foot of her rawness, for other manner of impostures do grunt in those entrails of hers, which ere long will be known.' 'There is no way so plain,' quoth Sancho, 'that hath not some rub or pit, or, as the proverb goes, "In some houses they seethe beans, and in mine whole kettles-full." So madness hath more companions, and more needy ones, than wisdom. But, if that which is commonly spoken be true, that to have companions in misery is a lightener of it, you may comfort me, that serve as sottish a master as I do.' 'Sottish but valiant,' answered he of the Wood, 'but more knave than fool or than valiant.' 'It is not so with my master,' said Sancho; 'for he is ne'er a whit knave; rather he is as dull as a beetle, hurts nobody, does good to all; he hath no malice, a child will make him believe 'tis night at noonday; and for his simplicity, I love him as my heart-strings, and cannot find in my heart to leave him for all his fopperies.' 'For all that, brother and friend,' said he of the Wood, 'if the blind guide the blind, both will be in danger to fall into the pit. 'Tis better to retire fair and softly, and return to our loved homes; for they that hunt after adventures do not always light upon good.'

Sancho spit often, and, as it seemed, a kind of gluey and dry matter, which noted by the charitable woody squire, he said, 'Methinks with our talking our tongues cleave to our roofs; but I have a suppler hangs at the pommel of my horse as good as touch.' And, rising up, he returned presently with a borracha of wine, and a baked-meat at least half a yard long; and it is no lie, for it was of a parboiled cony so large that Sancho, when he felt it, thought it had been of a goat, and not a kid, which being seen by Sancho, he said, 'And had ye this with you too, sir?' 'Why, what did ye think?' said the other. 'Do you take me to be some hungry squire? I have better provision at my horse's crupper than a general carries with him upon a march.' Sancho fell to without invitation, and champed his bits in the dark, as if he had scraunched knotted cords, and said, 'Ay, marry, sir, you are a true legal squire, round and sound, royal and liberal, as appears by your feast, which if it came not hither by way of enchantment, yet it seems so at least; not like me, unfortunate wretch, that only carry in my wallets a little cheese, so hard that you may break a giant's head with it, and only some dozens of Saint John's weed leaves, and some few walnuts and small nuts,—plenty in the strictness of my master, and the opinion he hath and the method he observes, that knights-errant must only be maintained and sustained only with a little dry fruit and sallets.' 'By my faith, brother,' replied he of the Wood, 'my stomach is not made to your thistles nor your stalks, nor your mountain roots; let our masters deal with their opinions and their knightly statutes, and eat what they will; I have my cold meats, and this bottle hanging at the pommel of my saddle, will he or nill he, which I reverence and love so much that a minute passeth not in which I give it not a thousand kisses and embraces.' Which said, he gave it to Sancho, who, rearing it on end at his mouth, looked a quarter of an hour together upon the stars; and when he had ended his draught he held his neck on one side, and, fetching a great sigh, cries, 'O whoreson rascal,

how Catholic it is!’ ‘Law ye there!’ said he of the Wood, in hearing Sancho’s ‘whoreson,’ ‘how you have praised the wine in calling it whoreson!’ ‘I say,’ quoth Sancho, ‘that I confess I know it is no dishonour to call anybody whoreson, when there is a meaning to praise him. But tell me, sir, by the remembrance of her you love best, is this wine of Ciudad Real?’<sup>1</sup> ‘A brave taste,’ said he of the Wood; ‘it is no less, and it is of some years’ standing too.’ ‘Let me alone,’ said Sancho; ‘you could not but think I must know it to the height. Do you think it strange, sir squire, that I should have so great and so natural an instinct in distinguishing betwixt wines, that, coming to smell any wine, I hit upon the place, the grape, the savour, the lasting, the strength, with all circumstances belonging to wine? But no marvel, if in my lineage by my father’s side I had two of the most excellent tasters that were known in a long time in Mancha, for proof of which you shall know what befel them. They gave to these two some wine to taste out of a hogshead, asking their opinions of the state, quality, goodness or badness of the wine: the one of them proved it with the tip of his tongue, the other only smelt to it. The first said that that wine savoured of iron; the second said, Rather of goat’s leather. The owner protested the hogshead was clean, and that the wine had no kind of mixture by which it should receive any savour of iron or leather. Notwithstanding, the two famous tasters stood to what they had said. Time ran on, the wine was sold, and when the vessel was cleansed there was found in it a little key with a leathern thong hanging at it. Now you may see whether he that comes from such a race may give his opinion in these matters.’ ‘Therefore I say to you,’ quoth he of the Wood, ‘let us leave looking after these adventures, and, since we have content, let us not seek after dainties, but return to our cottages, for there God will find us, if it be His will.’ ‘Till my master come to Saragosa, I mean,’ quoth Sancho, ‘to serve him, and then we’ll all take a new course.’

<sup>1</sup> A place in Spain that hath excellent wines.

In fine, the two good squires talked and drank so much that it was fit sleep should lay their tongues and slake their thirst, but to extinguish it was impossible; so both of them fastened to the nigh-empty bottle, and, their meat scarce out of their mouths, fell asleep, where for the present we will leave them, and tell what passed between the two knights.

## CHAPTER XIV

### *How the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood is prosecuted*

AMONGST many discourses that passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood, the history says that he of the Wood said to Don Quixote, 'In brief, sir knight, I would have you know that my destiny, or, to say better, my election, enamoured me upon the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. Peerless I call her, as being so in the greatness of her stature, and in the extreme of her being and beauty. This Casildea I tell you of repaid my good and virtuous desires in employing me, as did the stepmother of Hercules, in many and different perils, promising me, at the accomplishing of each one, in performing another I should enjoy my wishes; but my labours have been so linked one upon another that they are numberless, neither know I which may be the last to give an accomplishment to my lawful desires. Once she commanded me to give defiance to that famous giantess of Seville called the Giralda, who is so valiant and so strong as being made of brass, and, without changing place, is the most moveable and turning woman in the world. I came, I saw, and conquered her, and made her stand still and keep distance; for a whole week together no winds blew but the north. Otherwhiles she commanded me to lift up the ancient stones of the fierce bulls of Guisando,<sup>1</sup> an enterprise fitter for porters than knights. Another time she commanded me to go down

<sup>1</sup>As if we should say, to remove the stones at Stonage in Wiltshire.

and dive in the vault of Cabra—a fearful and unheard-of attempt—and to bring her relation of all that was enclosed in that dark profundity. I stayed the motion of the Giralda; I weighed the bulls of Guisando; I cast myself down the steep cave, and brought to light the secrets of that bottom; but my hopes were dead, how dead! her disdains still living, how living! Lastly, she hath now commanded me that I run over all the provinces of Spain, and make all the knights-errant that wander in them confess that she alone goes beyond all other women in beauty, and that I am the valiantest and most enamoured knight of the world, in which demand I have travelled the greatest part of Spain, and have overcome many knights that durst contradict me. But that which I prize and esteem most is that I have conquered in single combat that so famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is fairer than his Dulcinea; and in this conquest only I make account that I have conquered all the knights in the world, because the aforesaid Don Quixote hath conquered them all, and I having overcome him, his fame, his glory, and his honour hath been transferred and passed over to my person, and the conqueror is so much the more esteemed by how much the conquered was reputed, so that the innumerable exploits of Don Quixote now mentioned are mine, and pass upon my account.’

Don Quixote admired to hear the Knight of the Wood, and was a thousand times about to have given him the lie, and had his ‘Thou liest’ upon the point of his tongue; but he deferred it as well as he could, to make him confess with his own mouth that he lied, and so he told him calmly: ‘That you may have overcome, sir knight, all the knights-errant of Spain and the whole world I grant ye; but that you have overcome Don Quixote de la Mancha, I doubt it; it may be some other like him, though few there be so like.’ ‘Why not?’ replied he of the Wood: ‘I can assure you, sir, I fought with him, overcame, and made him yield. He is a tall fellow, withered-faced, lank and dry in his limbs, somewhat hoary, sharp-nosed, and crooked; his mustachoes long, black, and fallen; he

marcheth under the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance; he presses the loin and rules the bridle of a famous horse called Rozinante; and has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometimes called Aldonsa Lorenzo, just as mine, that because her name was Casilda, and of Andalusia, I call her Casildea de Vandalia; and, if all these tokens be not enough to countenance the truth, here is my sword that shall make incredulity itself believe it.'

'Have patience, good sir knight,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and here what I shall say. Know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the greatest friend I have in this world, and so much that I may tell you I love him as well as myself, and by the signs that you have given of him, so punctual and certain, I cannot but think it is he whom you have overcome. On the other side, I see with mine eyes, and feel with my hands, that it is not possible it should be he, if it be not that, as he hath many enchanters that be his enemies, especially one that doth ordinarily persecute him, there be some one that hath taken his shape on him, and suffered himself to be overcome, to defraud him of the glory which his noble chivalry hath gotten and laid up for him throughout the whole earth. And, for confirmation of this, I would have you know that these enchanters mine enemies, not two days since, transformed the shape and person of the fair Dulcinea del Toboso into a foul and base country-wench, and in this sort belike they have transformed Don Quixote; and, if all this be not sufficient to direct you in the truth, here is Don Quixote himself, that will maintain it with his arms on foot or on horseback, or in what manner you please'; and he grasped his sword, expecting what resolution the Knight of the Wood would take; who with a staid voice answered and said: 'A good paymaster needs no surety; he that could once, Don Quixote, overcome you when you were transformed, may very well hope to restore you to your former being. But because it becomes not knights to do their feats in the dark, like highway robbers and ruffians, let us stay for the day, that the sun may behold our actions;



and the condition of our combat shall be that he that is overcome shall stand to the mercy of the conqueror, who, by his victory, shall have power to do with him according to his will, so far as what he ordaineth shall be fitting for a knight.' 'I am overjoyed with this condition and agreement,' quoth Don Quixote.

And this said, they went where their squires were, whom they found snorting, and just as they were when sleep first stole upon them. They wakened them, and commanded they should make their horses ready, for by sunrising they meant to have a bloody and unequal single combat. At which news Sancho was astonished and amazed, as fearing his master's safety, by reason of the Knight of the Wood's valour, which he had heard from his squire; but, without any reply, the two squires went to seek their cattle, for by this the three horses and Dapple had smelt out one another, and were together.

By the way, he of the Wood said to Sancho, 'You must understand, brother, that your combatants of Andalusia use, when they are sticklers in any quarrel, not to stand idly with their hands in their pockets, whilst their friends are fighting. I tell you this, because you may know that whilst our masters are at it we must skirmish too, and break our lances to shivers.' 'This custom, sir squire,' answered Sancho, 'may be current there, and pass amongst your ruffians and combatants you talk of; but with your squires that belong to knights-errant, not so much as a thought of it; at least I have not heard my master so much as speak a word of any such custom, and he knows without book all the ordinances of knight-errantry. But let me grant ye that 'tis an express ordinance that the squires fight, whilst their masters do so, yet I will not fulfil that, but pay the penalty that shall be imposed upon such peaceable squires; for I do not think it will be above two pound of wax,<sup>1</sup> and I had rather pay them, for I know they will cost me less than the lint that I shall spend in making tents to cure my head, which already I make

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to some penalties enjoined by confessors, to pay to burn in candles in the church.

account is cut and divided in two ; besides, 'tis impossible I should fight, having never a sword, and I never wore any.'

'For that,' quoth he of the Wood, 'I'll tell you a good remedy: I have here two linen bags of one bigness ; you shall have one, and I the other, and with these equal weapons we'll fight at bag-blows.' 'Let us do so an' you will,' said Sancho ; 'for this kind of fight will rather serve to dust than to wound us.' 'Not so,' said the other ; 'for within the bags, that the wind may not carry them to and fro, we will put half a dozen of delicate smooth pebbles of equal weight, and so we may bag-baste one another without doing any great hurt.' 'Look ye, body of my father!' quoth Sancho, 'what martens' or sables' fur, or what fine carded wool he puts in the bags, not to beat out our brains, or make privet of our bones ! But know, sir, if they were silk balls I would not fight ; let our masters fight, and hear on it in another world ; let us drink and live, for time will be careful to take away our lives, without our striving to end them before their time and season, and that they drop before they are ripe.' 'For all that,' said he of the Wood, 'we must fight half an hour.' 'No, no,' said Sancho ; 'I will not be so discourteous and ungrateful as to wrangle with whom I have eaten and drunk, let the occasion be never so small—how much more I being without choler or anger ; who the devil can barely without these fight ?' 'For this,' said he of the Wood, 'I'll give you a sufficient cause, which is, that before we begin the combat I will come me finely to you, and give you three or four boxes, and strike you to my feet, with which I shall awake your choler, although it sleep like a dormouse.' 'Against this cut I have another,' quoth Sancho, 'that comes not short of it : I will take me a good cudgel, and before you waken my choler I will make you sleep so soundly with bastinadoing you that you shall not wake but in another world, in which it shall be known that I am not he that will let any man handle my face ; and every man look to the shaft he shoots ; and the best way were to let every man's choler sleep with him, for no

man knows what's in another, and many come for wool that return shorn; and God blessed the peace-makers, and cursed the quarreller; for if a cat shut into a room, much baited and straitened, turn to be a lion, God knows what I that am a man may turn to. Therefore from henceforward, sir squire, let me intimate to you that all the evil and mischief that shall arise from our quarrel be upon your head.' 'Tis well,' quoth he of the Wood; 'let it be day and we shall thrive by this.'

And now a thousand sorts of painted birds began to chirp in the trees, and in their different delightful tones it seemed they bade good-morrow and saluted the fresh Aurora, that now discovered the beauty of her face thorough the gates and bay-windows of the east, shaking from her locks an infinite number of liquid pearls, bathing the herbs in her sweet liquor, that it seemed they also sprouted and rained white and small pearls. The willows did distil their savoury manna; the fountains laughed; the brooks murmured; the woods were cheered; and the fields were enriched with her coming.

But the brightness of the day scarce gave time to distinguish things, when the first thing that offered itself to Sancho's sight was the Squire of the Wood's nose, which was so huge that it did as it were shadow his whole body. It is said, indeed, that it was of an extraordinary bigness, crooked in the midst, and all full of warts of a darkish-green colour, like a berengene, and hung some two fingers over his mouth. This hugeness, colour, warts, and crookedness did so disfigure his face that Sancho, in seeing him, began to lay about him backward and forward, like a young raw ancient, and resolved with himself to endure two hundred boxes before his choler should waken to fight with that hobgoblin.

Don Quixote beheld his opposite, and perceived that his helmet was on and drawn, so that he could not see his face; but he saw that he was well set in his body, though not tall: upon his armour he wore an upper garment or cassock, to see to, of pure cloth of gold, with many moons of shining looking-glasses spread about it,

which made him appear very brave and gorgeous ; a great plume of green feathers waved about his helmet, with others white and yellow ; his lance, which he had reared up against a tree, was very long and thick, and with a steel pike above a handful long. Don Quixote observed and noted all, and by what he had seen and marked judged that the said knight must needs be of great strength ; but yet he was not afraid, like Sancho, and with a bold courage thus spoke to the Knight of the Looking-glasses : ‘ If your eagerness to fight, sir knight, have not spent your courtesy, for it I desire you to lift up your visor a little, that I may behold whether the liveliness of your face be answerable to that of your disposition, whether vanquished or vanquisher you be in this enterprise.’ ‘ Sir knight,’ answered he of the Looking-glasses, ‘ you shall have time and leisure enough to see me ; and, if I do not now satisfy your desire, it is because I think I shall do a great deal of wrong to the fair Casildea de Vandalia, to delay so much time as to lift up my visor, till I have first made you confess what I know you go about.’ ‘ Well, yet while we get a-horseback,’ Don Quixote said, ‘ you may resolve me whether I be that Don Quixote whom you said you had vanquished.’ ‘ To this I answer you,’ said he of the Looking-glasses, ‘ you are as like the knight I conquered as one egg is to another ; but, as you say, enchanters persecute you, and therefore I dare not affirm whether you be he or no.’ ‘ It sufficeth,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘ for me that you believe your being deceived ; but that I may entirely satisfy you let’s to horse ; for in less time than you should have spent in the lifting up your visor, if God, my mistress, and mine arm defend me, will I see your face ; and you shall see that I am not the vanquished Don Quixote you speak of.’

And here cutting off discourse, to horse they go, and Don Quixote turned Rozinante about to take so much of the field as was fit for him to return to encounter his enemy ; and the Knight of the Looking-glasses did the like. But Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces from

him when he heard that he of the Looking-glasses called him ; so the two parting the way, he of the Glasses said, 'Be mindful, sir knight, that the condition of our combat is that the vanquished, as I have told you before, must stand to the discretion of the vanquisher.' 'I know it,' said Don Quixote, 'so that what is imposed and commanded the vanquished be within the bounds and limits of cavallery.' 'So it is meant,' said he of the Glasses.

Here Don Quixote saw the strange nose of the squire, and he did not less wonder at the sight of it than Sancho ; insomuch that he deemed him a monster, or some new kind of man not usual in the world. Sancho, that saw his master go to fetch his career, would not tarry alone with Nose-autem, fearing that at one snap with t'other's nose upon his, their fray would be ended ; that either with the blow, or it, he should come to ground ; so he ran after his master, laying hold upon one of Rozinante's stirrup-leathers ; and when he thought it time for his master to turn back he said, 'I beseech your worship, master mine, that before you fall to your encounter you help me to climb up yon cork-tree, from whence I may better, and with more delight than from the ground, see the gallant encounter you shall make with this knight.'

'Rather, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou wouldst get aloft, as into a scaffold to see the bulls without danger.' 'Let me deal truly,' said Sancho ; 'the ugly nose of that squire hath astonished me, and I dare not come near him.' 'Such an one it is,' said Don Quixote, 'that any other but I might very well be afraid of it ; and therefore come and I'll help thee up.'

Whilst Don Quixote was helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, he of the Looking-glasses took up room for his career, and thinking that Don Quixote would have done the like, without looking for trumpet's sound, or any other warning sign, he turned his horse's reins—no better to see to, nor swifter, than Rozinante—and with his full speed, which was a reasonable trot, he went to encounter his enemy ; but, seeing him busied in the mounting of Sancho, he held in his reins and stopped in the midst of his career,

for which his horse was most thankful, as being unable to move. Don Quixote, who thought his enemy by this came flying, set spurs lustily to Rozinante's hinder flank, and made him post in such manner that, the story says, now only he seemed to run, for all the rest was plain trotting heretofore; and with this unspeakable fury he came where he of the Looking-glasses was jaggling his spurs into his horse to the very hoops, without being able to remove him a finger's length from the place where he had set up his rest for the career.

In this good time and conjuncture Don Quixote found his contrary puzzled with his horse, and troubled with his lance; for either he could not or else wanted time to set it in his rest. Don Quixote, that never looked into these inconveniences, safely and without danger encountered him of the Looking-glasses so furiously that in spite of his teeth he made him come to the ground from his horse-crupper, with such a fall that, stirring neither hand nor foot, he made show as if he had been dead. Sancho scarce saw him down, when he slid from the cork-tree, and came in all haste to his master, who dismounted from Rozinante, got upon him of the Looking-glasses, and unlacing his helmet to see if he were dead or if he were alive, to give him air, he saw—who can tell without great admiration, wonder, and amaze to him that shall hear it?—he saw, says the history, the selfsame face, the same visage, the same aspect, the same physiognomy, the same shape, the same perspective of the bachelor Samson Carrasco; and as he saw it he cried aloud, ‘Come, Sancho, and behold what thou mayst see, and not believe; run, whoreson, and observe the power of magic, what witches and enchanters can do.’

Sancho drew near, and saw the bachelor Samson Carrasco's face, and so began to make a thousand crosses, and to bless himself as oft. In all this while the overthrown knight made no show of living. And Sancho said to Don Quixote, ‘I am of opinion, sir, that by all means you thrust your sword down this fellow's throat that is so like the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and so perhaps in him you



shall kill some of your enemies the enchanters.' 'Tis not ill advised,' quoth Don Quixote. So drawing out his sword, to put Sancho's counsel in execution, the knight's squire came in, his nose being off that had so disfigured him, and said aloud, 'Take heed, Sir Don Quixote, what you do ; for he that is now at your mercy is the bachelor Samson Carrasco your friend, and I his squire.'

Now Sancho, seeing him without his former deformity, said to him, 'and your nose?' To which he answered, 'Here it is in my pocket'; and, putting his hand to his right side, he pulled out a pasted nose and a varnished vizard, of the manufacture described. And Sancho, more and more beholding him, with a loud and admiring voice said, 'Saint Mary defend me! and is not this Thomas Cecial my neighbour and my gossip?' 'And how say you by that?' quoth the unnosed squire. 'Thomas Cecial I am, gossip and friend Sancho, and straight I will tell you the conveyances, sleights, and tricks that brought me hither; in the meantime request and entreat your master that he touch not, misuse, wound, or kill the Knight of the Looking-glasses, now at his mercy, for doubtless it is the bold and ill-advised bachelor Samson Carrasco our countryman.'

By this time the Knight of the Looking-glasses came to himself, which Don Quixote seeing, he clapt the bare point of his sword upon his face, and said, 'Thou diest, knight, if thou confess not that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia in beauty; and moreover you shall promise, if from this battle and fall you remain with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself from me before her, that she may dispose of you as she pleaseth; and if she pardon you you shall return to me; for the track of my exploits will be your guide, and bring you where I am, to tell me what hath passed with her. These conditions, according to those we agreed on before the battle, exceed not the limits of knight-errantry.' 'I confess,' said the fallen knight, that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and foul shoe is more worth than the ill-combed hair, though clean, of Casildea; and here I

promise to go and come from her presence to yours, and give entire and particular relation of all you require.' 'You shall also confess and believe,' added Don Quixote, 'that the knight whom you overcame neither was nor could be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but some other like him, as I confess and believe that you, although you seem to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco, are not he, but one like him, and that my enemies have cast you into his shape, that I may withhold and temper the force of my choler, and use moderately the glory of my conquest.' 'I confess, judge, and allow of all, as you confess, judge, and allow,' answered the back-broken knight. 'Let me rise, I pray you, if the blow of my fall will let me; for it hath left me in ill case.'

Don Quixote helped him to rise, and Thomas Cecial his squire, on whom Sancho still cast his eyes, asking him questions, whose answers gave him manifest signs that he was Thomas Cecial indeed, as he said; but the apprehension that was made in Sancho by what his master had said, that the enchanters had changed the form of the Knight of the Glasses into Samson Carrasco's, made him not believe what he saw with his eyes. To conclude, the master and man remained still in their error; and he of the Glasses and his squire, very moody and ill errants, left Don Quixote, purposing to seek some town where he might cerecloth himself, and settle his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho held on their way to Saragosa, where the story leaves them, to tell who was the Knight of the Glasses and his nosy squire.

## CHAPTER XV

*Who the Knight of the Looking-glasses and his Squire were*

DON QUIXOTE was extremely contented, glad, and vain-glorious, that he had subdued so valiant a knight as he

imagined he of the Looking-glasses was, from whose knightly word he hoped to know if the enchantment of his mistress were certain, since of necessity the said vanquished knight was to return, on pain of not being so, to relate what had happened unto him; but Don Quixote thought one thing, and he of the Glasses another, though for the present he minded nothing but to seek where he might cerecloth himself. The history then tells us that, when the bachelor Samson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to prosecute his forsaken cavallery, he entered first of all into counsel with the vicar and the barber to know what means they should use that Don Quixote might be persuaded to stay at home peaceably and quietly, without troubling himself with his unlucky adventures; from which counsel, by the common consent of all and particular opinion of Carrasco, it was agreed that Don Quixote should abroad again, since it was impossible to stay him; and that Samson should meet him upon the way like a knight-errant, and should fight with him, since an occasion would not be wanting, and so to overcome him, which would not be difficult, and that there should be a covenant and agreement that the vanquished should stand to courtesy of the vanquisher, so that, Don Quixote being vanquished, the bachelor knight should command him to get him home to his town and house, and not to stir from thence in two years after, or till he should command him to the contrary; the which in all likelihood Don Quixote, once vanquished, would infallibly accomplish, as unwilling to contradict or be defective in the laws of knighthood, and it might so be that, in this time of sequestering, he might forget all his vanities, or they might find out some convenient remedy for his madness. Carrasco accepted of it, and Thomas Cecial offered himself to be his squire—Sancho Panza's neighbour and gossip, a merry knave and a witty. Samson armed himself, as you have heard, and Thomas Cecial fitted the false nose to his own, and afterwards he clapt on his vizard, that he might not be known by his gossip when they should meet. So they held on the same voyage with Don Quixote, and they

came even just as he was in the adventure of Death's waggon ; and at last they lighted on them in the wood, where what befel them the discreet reader hath seen ; and, if it had not been for the strange opinion that Don Quixote had, that the bachelor was not the self-same man, he had been spoiled for ever for taking another degree, since he missed his mark.

Thomas Cecial, that saw what ill use he had made of his hopes, and the bad effect that his journey took, said to the bachelor, ' Truly, Master Samson, we have our deserts ; things are easily conceived, and enterprises easily undertaken, but very hardly performed. Don Quixote mad, we wise ; but he is gone away sound and merry, you are here bruised and sorrowful ; let us know, then, who is the greatest madman, he that is so and cannot do withal, or he that is so for his pleasure.' To which quoth Samson : ' The difference between these madmen is, that he that of necessity is so will always remain so, and he that accidentally is so may leave it when he will.' ' Since it is so,' said Thomas Cecial, ' I that for my pleasure was mad, when I would needs be your squire, for the same reason I would leave the office and return home to my own house.' ' 'Tis fit you should,' said Samson ; ' yet to think that I will do so till I have soundly banged Don Quixote is vain. And now I go not about to restore him to his wits, but to revenge myself on him ; for the intolerable pain I feel in my ribs will not permit me a more charitable discourse.'

Thus they two went on parleying till they came to a town where by chance they lighted upon a bone-setter, who cured the unfortunate Samson. Thomas Cecial went home and left him, and he stayed musing upon his revenge : and the history hereafter will return to him, which at present must make merry with Don Quixote.

## CHAPTER XVI

*What befel Don Quixote with a Discreet Gentleman  
of Mancha*

DON QUIXOTE went on his journey with the joy, content, and gladness as hath been mentioned, imagining that for the late victory he was the most valiant knight that that age had in the world ; he made account that all adventures that should from thenceforward befall him were brought to a happy and prosperous end ; he cared not now for any enchantments or enchanters ; he forgot the innumerable bangs that in the prosecution of his chivalry had been given him, and the stones cast, that strook out half his teeth, and the unthankfulness of the galley-slaves, and the boldness and showers of stakes of the Yangueses. In conclusion, he said to himself that, if he could find any art, manner, or means how to disenchant his mistress Dulcinea, he would not envy the greatest happiness or prosperity that ever any knight-errant of former times had obtained.

He was altogether busied in these imaginations when Sancho told him : ‘How say you, sir, that I have still before mine eyes that ill-favoured, more than ordinary, nose of my gossip Thomas Cecial ?’ ‘And do you happily, Sancho, think that the Knight of the Looking-glasses was the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and his squire Thomas Cecial your gossip ?’ ‘I know not what to say to it,’ quoth Sancho ; ‘only I know that the tokens he gave me of my house, wife, and children, no other could give ’em me but he ; and his face, his nose being off, was the same, that Thomas Cecial’s, as I have seen him many times in our town, and next house to mine ; and his voice was the same.’ ‘Let us be reasonable, Sancho,’ quoth Don Quixote ; ‘come hither. How can any man imagine that the bachelor Samson Carrasco should come like a knight-errant, armed with arms offensive and defensive, to fight

with me? Have I ever given him occasion that he should dog me? Am I his rival; or is he a professor of arms, to envy the glory that I have gotten by them?' 'Why, what should I say,' answered Sancho, 'when I saw that knight, be he who he will, look so like the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire to Thomas Cecial my gossip? And if it were an enchantment, as you say, were there no other two in the world they might look like?' 'All is juggling and cunning,' quoth Don Quixote, 'of the wicked magicians that persecute me, who, foreseeing that I should remain victor in this combat, had provided that the vanquished knight should put on the shape of my friend Carrasco, that the friendship I bear him might mediate betwixt the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, and temper my heart's just indignation; and so that he might escape with his life that with tricks and devices sought to take away mine. For proof of which, O Sancho! thou knowest, by experience that will not let thee lie or be deceived, how easy it is for enchanterers to change one face into another, making the beautiful deformed, and the deformed beautiful; and it is not two days since with thine own eyes thou sawest the beauty and liveliness of the peerless Dulcinea in its perfection and natural conformity, and I saw her in the foulness and meanness of a coarse milkmaid, with blear eyes and stinking breath, so that the perverse enchanter that durst cause so wicked a metamorphosis, 'tis not much that he hath done the like in the shapes of Samson Carrasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my conquest. Notwithstanding, I am of good comfort; for, in what shape soever it were, I have vanquished mine enemy.' 'God knows all,' said Sancho; and, whereas he knew the transformation of Dulcinea had been a trick of his, his master's chimeras gave him no satisfaction; but he durst not reply a word, for fear of discovering his cozenage.

Whilst they were thus reasoning, one overtook them that came their way, upon a fair flea-bitten mare, upon his back a riding-coat of fine green cloth, welted with tawny velvet, with a hunter's cap of the same; his mare's furni-



ture was for the field, and after the jennet fashion, of the said tawny and green; he wore a Moorish scimitar, hanging at a broad belt of green and gold; his buskins were wrought with the same that his belt was; his spurs were not gilt, but laid on with a green varnish, so smooth and burnished that they were more suitable to the rest of his clothes than if they had been of beaten gold. Coming near, he saluted them courteously, and, spurring his mare, rode on; but Don Quixote said to him, 'Gallant, if you go our way, and your haste be not great, I should take it for a favour that we might ride together.' 'Truly, sir,' said he with the mare, 'I should not ride from you, but that I fear your horse will be unruly with the company of my mare.' 'You may well, sir,' said Sancho, 'you may well rein in your mare; for our horse is the honestest and mannerliest horse in the world; he is never unruly upon these occasions; and once, when he flew out, my master and I paid for it with a witness. I say again, you may stay if you please, for, although your mare were given him between two dishes, he would not look at her.'

The passenger held in his reins, wondering at Don Quixote's countenance and posture, who was now without his helmet, for Sancho carried it in a cloak-bag at the pommel of Dapple's pack-saddle; and, if he in the green did much look at Don Quixote, Don Quixote did much more eye him, taking him to be a man of worth. His age showed him to be about fifty, having few grey hairs; his face was somewhat sharp, his countenance of an equal temper; lastly, in his fashion and posture, he seemed to be a man of good quality. His opinion of Don Quixote was that he had never seen such a kind of man before; the lankness of his horse, the tallness of his own body, the spareness and paleness of his face made him admire; his arms, his gesture, and composition, a shape and picture, as it were, had not been seen many ages before in that country.

Don Quixote noted well with what attention the traveller beheld him, and in his suspense read his desire, and, being so courteous and so great a friend to give all men content,

before he demanded him anything, to prevent him, he said: 'This 'outside of mine that you have seen, sir, because it is so rare and different from others now in use, may, no doubt, have bred some wonder in you, which you will cease when I shall tell you, as now I do, that I am a knight, one of those, as you would say, that seek their fortunes. I went out of my country, engaged mine estate, left my pleasure, committed myself to the arms of Fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. My desire was to raise again the dead knight-errantry; and long ago, stumbling here and falling there, casting myself headlong in one place and rising up in another, I have accomplished a great part of my desire, succouring widows, defending damosels, favouring married women, orphans, and distressed children, the proper and natural office of knights-errant; so that by my many valiant and Christian exploits I have merited to be in the press, in all or most nations of the world; thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed, and thirty thousand millions more are like to be, if Heaven permit. Lastly, to shut up all in a word, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance; and, though one should not praise himself, yet I must needs do it,—that is, there being none present that may do it for me; so that, kind gentleman, neither this horse, this lance, nor this shield, nor this squire, nor all these arms together, nor the paleness of my face, nor my slender macilency, ought henceforward to admire you, you knowing now who I am, and the profession I maintain.'

This said, Don Quixote was silent, and he with the green coat was a great while ere he could answer, as if he could not hit upon't; but, after some pause, he said: 'You were in the right, sir knight, in knowing, by my suspension, my desire; but yet you have not quite removed my admiration, which was caused with seeing you; for, although that, as you say, sir, that to know who you are might make me leave wondering, it is otherwise rather, since, now I know it, I am in more suspense and wonderment. And is it possible that at this day there be

knights-errant in the world, and that there be true histories of knighthood printed? I cannot persuade myself that any now favour widows, defend damosels, honour married women, or succour orphans; and I should never have believed it, if I had not in you beheld it with mine eyes. Blessed be heavens! for with this history you speak of, which is printed, of your true and lofty chivalry, those innumerable falsities of feigned knights-errant will be forgotten, which the world was full of, so hurtful to good education and prejudicial to true stories.' 'There is much to be spoken,' quoth Don Quixote, 'whether the histories of knights-errant were feigned or true.' 'Why, is there any that doubts,' said he in the green, 'that they be not false?' 'I do,' said Don Quixote, 'and let it suffice; for, if our journey last, I hope in God to let you see that you have done ill to be led with the stream of them that hold they are not true.'

At this last speech of Don Quixote the traveller suspected he was some idiot, and expected when some others of his might confirm it; but, before they should be diverted with any other discourse, Don Quixote desired to know who he was, since he had imparted to him his condition and life. He in the green made answer: 'I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, am a gentleman born in a town where, God willing, we shall dine to-day; I am well to live; my name is Don Diego de Miranda; I spend my life with my wife and children, and friends: my sports are hunting and fishing; but I have neither hawk nor greyhounds, only a tame cock-partridge, or a murdering ferret; some six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some history, others devotion; your books of knighthood have not yet entered the threshold of my door; I do more turn over your profane books than religious, if they be for honest recreation, such as may delight for their language, and admire and suspend for their invention, although in Spain there be few of these. Sometimes I dine with my neighbours and friends, and otherwhiles invite them; my meals are neat and handsome, and nothing scarce. I neither love to backbite myself, nor to hear others do it;

I search not into other men's lives, or am a lynce to other men's actions; I hear every day a mass; part my goods with the poor, without making a muster of my good deeds, that I may not give way to hypocrisy and vain-glory to enter into my heart, enemies that easily seize upon the wariest breast; I strive to make peace between such as are at odds; I am devoted to our Blessed Lady, and always trust in God's infinite mercy.'

Sancho was most attentive to this relation of the life and entertainments of this gentleman, which seeming to him to be good and holy, and that he that led it worked miracles, he flung himself from Dapple, and in great haste laid hold of his right stirrup, and with the tears in his eyes often kissed his feet, which being seen by the gentleman, he asked him, 'What do you, brother? Wherefore be these kisses?' 'Let me kiss,' quoth Sancho, 'for methinks your worship is the first saint that in all the days of my life I ever saw a-horseback.' 'I am no saint,' said he, 'but a great sinner; you, indeed, brother, are, and a good soul, as your simplicity shows you to be.' Sancho went again to recover his pack-saddle, having, as it were, brought into the market-place his master's laughter out of a profound melancholy, and caused a new admiration in Don Diego.

Don Quixote asked him how many sons he had, who told him that one of the things in which the philosopher's *summum bonum* did consist (who wanted the true knowledge of God) was in the goods of nature and in those of fortune; in having many friends, and many and virtuous children. 'I, Sir Don Quixote,' answered the gentleman, 'have a son, whom if I had not, perhaps you would judge me more happy than I am,—not that he is so bad, but because not so good as I would have him. He is about eighteen years of age, six of which he hath spent in Salamanca, learning the tongues, Greek and Latin: and, when I had a purpose that he should fall to other sciences, I found him so besotted with poesy, and that science, if so it may be called, that it is not possible to make him look upon the law, which I would have him study, nor divinity, the queen of all sciences. I would he were the crown of all his lineage,

since we live in an age wherein our King doth highly reward good learning; for learning without goodness is like a pearl cast in a swine's snout. All the day long he spends in his criticisms, whether Homer said well or ill in such a verse of his Iliads, whether Martial were bawdy or no in such an epigram, whether such or such a verse in Virgil ought to be understood this way or that way. Indeed, all his delight is in these aforesaid poets, and in Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus; but of your modern writers he makes small account: yet, for all the grudge he bears to modern poesy, he is mad upon your catches, and your glossing upon four verses, which were sent him from Salamanca, and that I think is his true study.'

To all which Don Quixote answered: 'Children, sir, are pieces of the very entrails of their parents, so, let them be good or bad, they must love them, as we must love our spirits that give us life. It concerns their parents to direct them from their infancy in the paths of virtue, of good manners, and good and Christian exercises, that when they come to years they may be the staff of their age and the glory of their posterity; and I hold it not so proper to force them to study this or that science, though to persuade them were not amiss: and, though it be not to study to get his bread—the student being so happy that God hath given him parents able to leave him well—mine opinion should be that they let him follow that kind of study he is most inclined to, and, though that of poetry be less profitable than delightful, yet it is none of those that will dishonour the professor. Poetry, signior, in my opinion, is like a tender virgin, young and most beautiful, whom many other virgins—to wit, all the other sciences—are to enrich, polish, and adorn; she is to be served by them all, and all are to be authorised by her. But this virgin will not be handled and hurried up and down the streets, nor published in every market-nook nor court-corners; she is made of a kind of alchymy that he that knows how to handle her will quickly turn her into the purest gold of inestimable value; he that enjoyeth her must hold her at distance, not letting her lash out in unclean satires nor in

dull sonnets; she must not by any means be vendible, except in heroic poems, in lamentable tragedies, or pleasant and artificial comedies; she must not be meddled with by jesters, nor by the ignorant vulgar, uncapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures that are locked up in her. And think not, sir, that I call here only the common people vulgar, for whosoever is ignorant, be he potentate or prince, he may and must enter into the number of the vulgar; so that he who shall handle and esteem of poetry with these requisites I have declared, he shall be famous, and his name shall be extolled in all the politic nations of the world. And whereas, sir, you say your son neglects modern poesy, I persuade myself he doth not well in it; and the reason is this: great Homer never wrote in Latin, because he was a Grecian; nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Latin; indeed, all your ancient poets wrote in the tongue which they learnt from their cradle, and sought not after strange languages to declare their lofty conceits. Which being so, it were reason this custom should extend itself through all nations, and that your German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his language, nor the Castilian or Biscayner because they write in theirs. But your son, as I suppose, doth not dislike modern poesy, but poets that are merely modern, without knowledge of other tongues or sciences that may adorn, rouse up, and strengthen their natural impulse; and yet in this there may be an error. For it is a true opinion that a poet is born so; the meaning is, a poet is naturally born a poet from his mother's womb, and, with that inclination that Heaven hath given him, without further study or art, he composeth things that verify his saying that said, "Est Deus in nobis," etc. Let me also say, that the natural poet that helps himself with art shall be much better and have the advantage of that poet that only out of his art strives to be so: the reason is because art goes not beyond nature, but only perfects it; so that nature and art mixed together, and art with nature, make an excellent poet. Let this, then, be the scope of my discourse, sir: let your son proceed whither his star calls him; for, if he be so good a student as he ought to



be, and have happily mounted the first step of the sciences, which is the languages, with them, by himself, he will ascend to the top of human learning, which appears as well in a gentleman, and doth as much adorn, honour, and ennoble him, as a mitre doth a bishop, or a loose cassock a civilian. Chide your son if he writes satires that may prejudice honest men; punish him and tear them; but if he make *Sermones*, like those of Horace, to the reprehension of vice in general, as he so elegantly did, then cherish him; for it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to inveigh against envious persons, in his verse, and so against other vices, if so be he aim at no particular person; but you have poets that, instead of uttering a jerk of wit, they will venture a being banished to the islands of Pontus. If a poet live honestly, he will be so in his verses; the pen is the mind's tongue; as the conceits are which be engendered in it, such will the writings be; and, when kings and princes see the miraculous science of poesy in wise, virtuous, and grave subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich them, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree which the thunderbolt offends not,<sup>1</sup> in token that none shall offend them that have their temples honoured and adorned with such crowns.'

The gentleman admired Don Quixote's discourse, and so much that now he forsook his opinion he had of him, that he was a coxcomb. But in the midst of this discourse Sancho, that was weary of it, went out of the way to beg a little milk of some shepherds not far off, curing of their sheep; so the gentleman still maintained talk with Don Quixote, being wonderfully taken and satisfied with his wise discourse. But Don Quixote, lifting up suddenly his eyes, saw that in the way toward them there came a cart full of the king's colours, and, taking it to be some rare adventure, he called to Sancho for his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called on, left the shepherds and spurred Dapple apace, and came to his master, to whom a rash and stupendous adventure happened.

<sup>1</sup> The laurel.

## CHAPTER XVII

*Where is showed the Last and Extremest Hazard to which the Unheard-of Courage of Don Quixote did or could arrive, with the Prosperous Accomplishment of the Adventure of the Lions*

THE history says that when Don Quixote called to Sancho to bring him his helmet he was buying curds which the shepherds sold him, and, being hastily laid at by his master, he knew not what to do with them, or how to bestow them without losing them, for he had paid for them; so he bethought himself, and clapped them into his master's helmet; and, this good order taken, he went to see what he would have, who, when he came, said, 'Give me, friend, that same helmet; for either I know not what belongs to adventures, or that I see yonder is one that will force me to take arms.' He of the green coat, that heard this, turned his eyes every way, and saw nothing but a cart that came toward them with two or three small flags, which made him think that the said cart carried the king's money, and so he told Don Quixote; but he believed him not, always thinking that everything he saw was adventure upon adventure; so he answered the gentleman, 'He that is warned is half armed; there is nothing lost in being provided; for I know by experience that I have enemies visible and invisible, and I know not when, nor where, nor at what time, or in what shape they will set upon me.' And, turning to Sancho, he demanded his helmet, who, wanting leisure to take the curds out, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and, not perceiving what was in it, clapped it suddenly upon his head; and, as the curds were squeezed and thrust together, the whey began to run down Don Quixote's face and beard, at which he was in such a fright that he cried out to Sancho, 'What ails me, Sancho? for methinks my skull is softened, or my brains melt, or that I sweat from top to

toe; and, if it be sweat, I assure thee it is not for fear. I believe certainly that I am like to have a terrible adventure of this; give me something, if thou hast it, to wipe on, for this abundance of sweat blinds me.' Sancho was silent, and gave him a cloth, and with it thanks to God that his master fell not into the business. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that, as he thought, did benumb his head, and, seeing those white splashes in his helmet, he put them to his nose, and, smelling to them, said, 'By my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso's life, they are curds that thou hast brought me here, thou base traitor and unmannerly squire.' To which Sancho very cunningly, and with a great deal of pause, answered: 'If they be curds, give them me, pray, and I'll eat 'em. But let the devil eat 'em, for he put 'em there! Should I be so bold as to foul your worship's helmet? And there you have found, as I told you, who did it! In faith, sir, as sure as God lives, I have my enchanters too that persecute me as a creature and part of you, and I warrant have put that filth there to stir you up to choler, and to make you bang my sides, as you use to do. Well, I hope this time they have lost their labour; for I trust in my master's discretion, that he will consider that I have neither curds nor milk, nor any such thing; for, if I had, I had rather put it in my stomach than in the helmet.' 'All this may be,' said Don Quixote.

The gentleman observed all, and wondered, especially when Don Quixote, after he had wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, clapped it on again, settling himself well in his stirrups, searching for his sword and grasping his lance, he cried out, 'Now come on't what will, for here I am with a courage to meet Satan himself in person.'

By this the cart with the flags drew near, in which there came no man but the carter with his mules, and another upon the foremost of them. Don Quixote put himself forward, and asked, 'Whither go ye, my masters? what cart is this? what do you carry in it? and what

colours be these?' To which the carter answered, 'The cart is mine, the carriage is two fierce lions caged up, which the General of Oran sends to the King at court for a present: these colours be his Majesty's, in sign that what goes here is his.' 'And are the lions big?' said Don Quixote. 'So big,' said he that went toward the cart door, 'that there never came bigger out of Africa into Spain; and I am their keeper, and have carried others, but never any so big. They are male and female; the male is in this first grate, the female in the hindermost, and now they are hungry, for they have not eat to-day; and therefore I pray, sir, give us way, for we had need come quickly where we may meat them.' To which quoth Don Quixote, smiling a little, 'Your lion whelps to me? to me your lion whelps? and at this time of day? Well, I vow to God, your General that sends 'em this way shall know whether I be one that am afraid of lions. Alight, honest fellow, and, if you be the keeper, open their cages, and let me your beasts forth; for I'll make 'em know, in the midst of this champion, who Don Quixote is, in spite of those enchanters that sent 'em.' 'Fie! fie!' said the gentleman at this instant to himself, 'our knight shows very well what he is; the curds have softened his skull and ripened his brains.'

By this Sancho came to him and said, 'For God's love handle the matter so, sir, that my master meddle not with these lions, for if he do they'll worry us all.' 'Why, is your master so mad,' quoth the gentleman, 'that you fear or believe he will fight with wild beasts?' 'He is not mad,' said Sancho, 'but hardy.' 'I'll make him otherwise,' said the gentleman; and coming to Don Quixote, that was hastening the keeper to open the cages, said, 'Sir knight, knights-errant ought to undertake adventures that may give a likelihood of ending them well, and not such as are altogether desperate; for valour grounded upon rashness hath more madness than fortitude. How much more, these lions come not to assail you; they are carried to be presented to his Majesty, and therefore 'twere not good to stay or hinder their journey.'

'Pray get you gone, gentle sir,' quoth Don Quixote, 'and deal with your tame partridge and your murdering ferret, and leave every man to his function; this is mine, and I am sufficient to know whether these lions come against me or no.' So, turning to the keeper, he cried: 'By this——! goodman slave,<sup>1</sup> if you do not forthwith open the cage, I'll nail you with my lance to your cart.'

The carter, that perceived the resolution of that armed vision, told him, 'Signior mine, will you be pleased in charity to let me unyoke my mules, and to put myself and them in safety, before I unsheath my lions? for if they should kill them I am undone all days of my life, for I have no other living but this cart and my mules.' 'O thou wretch of little faith!' quoth Don Quixote, 'light, and unyoke, and do what thou wilt, for thou shalt see thou mightest have saved a labour.'

The carter alighted, and unyoked hastily, and the keeper cried out aloud, 'Bear witness, my masters all, that I am forced against my will to open the cages and to let loose the lions, and that I protest to this gentleman that all the harm and mischief that these beasts shall do light upon him; besides that he pay me my wages and due. Shift you, sirs, for yourselves, before I open, for I am sure they'll do me no hurt.'

The gentleman persuaded him the second time that he should not attempt such a piece of madness, for such a folly was to tempt God. To which Don Quixote answered that he knew what he did. The gentleman replied that he should consider well of it, for he knew he was deceived. 'Well, sir,' said Don Quixote, 'if you will not be a spectator of this which you think tragedy, pray spur your flea-bitten, and put yourself in safety.' Which when Sancho heard, with tears in his eyes, he beseeched him to desist from that enterprise, in comparison of which that of the windmills was cakebread, and that fearful one also of the fulling-mill, or all the exploits that ever he had done in his life. 'Look ye, sir,' said Sancho, 'here's no enchantment, nor any such thing; for I have looked

<sup>1</sup>'*Voto a tal.*' When he would seem to swear, but swears by nothing.

thorough the grates and chinks of the cages, and have seen a claw of a true lion, by which claw I guess the lion is as big as a mountain.'

'Thy fear, at least,' said Don Quixote, 'will make him as big as half the world. Get thee out of the way, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die in the place thou knowest our agreement: repair to Dulcinea, and that's enough.' To these he added other reasons, by which he cut off all hope of his leaving the prosecution of that foolish enterprise.

He of the green coat would have hindered him, but he found himself unequally matched in weapons, and thought it no wisdom to deal with a madman, for now Don Quixote appeared no otherwise to him, who, hastening the keeper afresh and reiterating his threats, made the gentleman set spurs to his mare, and Sancho to his Dapple, and the carter to his mules, each of them striving to get as far from the cart as they could, before the lions should be unhampered. Sancho bewailed his master's loss, for he believed certainly that the lion would catch him in his paws; he cursed his fortune, and the time that ever he came again to his master's service; but, for all his wailing and lamenting, he left not punching of Dapple, to make him get far enough from the cart. The keeper, when he saw those that fled far enough off, began anew to require and intimate to Don Quixote what he had formerly done, who answered that he heard him, and that he should leave his intimations, for all was needless, and that he should make haste.

Whilst the keeper was opening the first cage, Don Quixote began to consider whether it were best to fight on foot or on horseback; and at last he determined it should be on foot, fearing that Rozinante would be afraid to look upon the lions; and thereupon he leaped from his horse, cast by his lance, buckled his shield to him, and unsheathed his sword: fair and softly, with a marvellous courage and valiant heart, he marched toward the cart, recommending himself first to God and then to his lady Dulcinea.



And here it is to be noted that, when the author of the true history came to this passage, he exclaims and cries : 'O strong and beyond all comparison courageous Don Quixote ! Thou looking-glass in which all the valiant knights of the world may behold themselves ! Thou new and second Don Manuel de Leon, who was the honour and glory of the Spanish knights ! With what words shall I recount this fearful exploit, or with what arguments shall I make it credible to ensuing times ? Or what praises shall not fit and square with thee, though they may seem hyperboles above all hyperboles ? Thou on foot, alone, undaunted, and magnanimous, with thy sword only—and that none of your cutting fox-blades—with a shield, not of bright and shining steel, expectest and attendest two of the fiercest lions that ever were bred in African woods. Let thine own deeds extol thee, brave Manchegan ; for I must leave 'em here abruptly, since I want words to endear them.'

Here the author's exclamation ceased, and the thread of the story went knitting itself on, saying :—The keeper seeing Don Quixote in his posture, and that he must needs let loose the male lion, on pain of the bold knight's indignation, he set the first cage wide open, where the lion, as is said, was of an extraordinary bigness, fearful and ugly to see to. The first thing he did was to tumble up and down the cage, stretch one paw, and rouse himself ; forthwith he yawned and gently sneezed ; then with his tongue, some two handfuls long, he licked the dust out of his eyes, and washed his face, which done he thrust his head out of the cage and looked round about him, with his eyes like fire-coals, a sight and gesture able to make temerity itself afraid. Only Don Quixote beheld him earnestly, and wished he would leap out of the cart, that they might grapple, for he thought to slice him in pieces. Hitherto came the extreme of his not-heard-of madness. But the generous lion, more courteous than arrogant, neglecting such childishness and bravadoes, after he had looked round about him, as is said, turned his back, and showed his tail to Don Quixote, and very quietly lay

down again in the cage. Which Don Quixote seeing, he commanded the keeper to give him two or three blows to make him come forth. 'No, not I,' quoth the keeper, 'for if I urge him I shall be the first he will tear in pieces. I pray you, sir knight, be contented with your day's work, which is as much as could in valour be done, and tempt not a second hazard. The lion's door was open; he might have come out if he would; but, since he hath not hitherto, he will not come forth all this day. You have well showed the stoutness of your courage; no brave combatant, in my opinion, is tied to more than to defy his enemy and to expect him in field; and, if his contrary come not, the disgrace is his, and he that expected remains with the prize.'

'True it is,' answered Don Quixote. 'Friend, shut the door, and give me a certificate, in the best form that you can, of what you have seen me do here: to wit, that you opened to the lion, that I expected him, and he came not out; that I expected him again, yet all would not do, but he lay down. I could do no more. Enchantments avaunt! God maintain right and truth, and true chivalry! Shut, as I bade you, whilst I make signs to them that are fled that they may know this exploit from thy relation.'

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote putting his handkerchief on the point of his lance, with which he had wiped the curd-shower from off his face, he began to call those that fled, and never so much as looked behind them, all in a troop, and the gentleman the fore-man; but Sancho, seeing the white cloth, said, 'Hang me if my master have not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls us.' All of them made a stand, and knew it was Don Quixote that made the sign; so, lessening their fear, by little and little they drew near him, till they could plainly hear that he called them. At length they returned to the cart; and Don Quixote said to the carter, 'Yoke your mules again, brother, and get you on your way: and, Sancho, give him two pistolets in gold, for him and the lion-keeper, in recompense of their stay.' 'With a very good will,' said Sancho. 'But what's become of the lions? are they alive or dead?' Then the keeper fair and softly began to tell

them of the bickering, extolling as well as he could Don Quixote's valour, at whose sight the lion, trembling, would not or durst not sally from the cage, although the door were open a pretty while; and that because he had told the knight that to provoke the lion was to tempt God, by making him come out by force—as he would that he should be provoked in spite of his teeth, and against his will—he suffered the door to be shut. 'What think you of this, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Can enchantment now prevail against true valour? Well may enchanters make me unfortunate; but 'tis impossible they should bereave me of my valour.'

Sancho bestowed the pistolets, and the carter yoked; the keeper took leave of Don Quixote, and thanked him for his kindness, and promised him to relate his valorous exploit to the King himself, when he came to court. 'Well, if his Majesty chance to ask who it was that did it, tell him "the Knight of the Lions"; for henceforward I will that my name be trucked, exchanged, turned, and changed now from that I had of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance; and in this I follow the ancient use of knights-errant, that would change their names when they pleased, or thought it convenient.'

The cart went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he in the green held on theirs. In all this while Don Diego de Miranda spoke not a word, being busied in noting Don Quixote's speeches and actions, taking him to be a wise madman, or a mad man that came somewhat near a wise man. He knew nothing as yet of the first part of his history; for, if he had read that, he would have left admiring his words and deeds, since he might have known the nature of his madness; but, for he knew it not, he held him to be wise and mad by fits; for what he spoke was consonant, elegant, and well delivered, but his actions were foolish, rash, and unadvised. 'And,' thought he to himself, 'what greater madness could there be than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and to make us believe that enchanters had softened his skull? or what greater rashness or foppery than forcibly to venture upon lions?'

Don Quixote drew him from these imaginations, saying, 'Who doubts, Signior Don Diego de Miranda, but that you will hold me in your opinion for an idle fellow, or a madman? And no marvel that I be held so, for my actions testify no less; for all that, I would have you know that I am not so mad or so shallow as I seem. It is a brave sight to see a goodly knight in the midst of the market-place, before his prince, to give a thrust with his lance to a fierce bull;<sup>1</sup> and it is a brave sight to see a knight armed in shining armour pass about the tilt-yard at the cheerful jousts before the ladies; and all those knights are a brave sight that in military exercises, or such as may seem so, do entertain, revive, and honour their princes' courts; but, above all these, a knight-errant is a better sight, that by deserts and wildernesses, by crossways and woods and mountains, searcheth after dangerous adventures, with a purpose to end them happily and fortunately, only to obtain glorious and lasting fame. A knight-errant, I say, is a better sight, succouring a widow in some desert, than a court knight courting some damosel in the city. All knights have their particular exercises. Let the courtier serve ladies, authorise his prince's court with liveries, sustain poor gentlemen at his table, appoint jousts, maintain tourneys, show himself noble, liberal, and magnificent, and, above all, religious; and in these he shall accomplish with his obligation. But, for the knight-errant, let him search the corners of the world, enter the most intricate labyrinths, every foot undertake impossibilities, and in the deserts and wilderness let him resist the sunbeams in the midst of summer, and the sharp rigour of the winds and frosts in winter; let not lions fright him, nor spirits terrify him, nor hobgoblins make him quake; for to seek these, to set upon them, and to overcome all, are his prime exercises. And since it fell to my lot to be one of the number of these knights-errant, I cannot but undergo all that I think comes under the jurisdiction of my profession. So that the encountering those lions did

<sup>1</sup>In Spain they use with horsemen and footmen to course their bulls to death in the market-places.

directly belong to me, though I knew it to be an exorbitant rashness; for well I know that valour is a virtue betwixt two vicious extremes, as cowardice and rashness; but it is less dangerous for him that is valiant to rise to a point of rashness than to fall or touch upon the coward. For, as it is more easy for a prodigal man to be liberal than a covetous, so it is easier for a rash man to be truly valiant than a coward to come to true valour. And, touching the onset in adventures, believe me, Signior Don Diego, it is better playing a good trump than a small; for it sounds better in the hearer's ears, "Such a knight is rash and hardy," than "Such a knight is fearful and cowardly." "I say, signior," answered Don Diego, "that all that you have said and done is levelled out by the line of reason, and I think, if the statutes and ordinances of knight-errantry were lost, they might be found again in your breast, as in their own storehouse and register. And so let us haste, for the day grows on us; let us get to my village and house, where you shall ease yourself of your former labour, which, though it have not been bodily, yet it is mental, which doth often redound to the body's weariness." "I thank you for your kind offer, signior," quoth Don Quixote; and, spurring on faster, about two of the clock they came to the village and Don Diego's house, whom Don Quixote styled the Knight of the Green Cassock.

## CHAPTER XVIII

*What happened to Don Quixote in the Castle, or Knight of the Green Cassock his House, with other Extravagant Matters*

DON QUIXOTE perceived that Don Diego de Miranda's house was spacious, after the country manner; and his arms, though of coarse stone, upon the door towards the street; his wine-cellar in the court, his other cellar or vault

in the entry, with many great stone vessels round about that were of Toboso, which renewed the remembrance of his enchanted and transformed Mistress Dulcinea ; so sighing, and not minding who was by, said :

‘O happy pledges, found out to my loss,  
Sweet and reviving, when the time was, once !<sup>1</sup>

O you Tobosian tuns, that bring to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness !’

The scholar poet, son to Don Diego, that came out with his mother to welcome him, heard him pronounce this, and the mother and son were in some suspense at the strange shape of Don Quixote, who, alighting from Rozinante, very courteously desired to kiss her hands ; and Don Diego said, ‘I pray, wife, give your wonted welcome to this gentleman, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight-errant, and the valiantest and wisest in the world.’ The gentlewoman, called Donna Christina, welcomed him very affectionately and with much courtesy, which Don Quixote retorted with many wise and mannerly compliments, and did, as it were, use the same over again to the scholar, who, hearing Don Quixote speak, took him to be wondrous wise and witty.

Here the author paints out unto us all the circumstances of Don Diego his house, deciphering to us all that a gentleman and a rich farmer’s house may have ; but it seemed good to the translator to pass over these and such-like trifles, because they suited not with the principal scope of this history, the which is more grounded upon truth than upon bare digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a hall ; Sancho unarmed him, so that now he had nothing on but his breeches and a chamois doublet, all smudged with the filth of his armour ; about his neck he wore a little scholastical band, unstarched and without lace ; his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes close on each side ; his good sword he girt to him, that hung at a belt of seawolves’ skins, for it was thought

<sup>1</sup>*O dulces prendas.* A beginning of a sonnet in ‘Diana de Montemayor,’ which Don Quixote here raps out upon a sudden.



he had the running of the reins many years ; he wore also a long cloak of good russet cloth ; but first of all, in five or six kettles of water—for touching the quantity there is some difference—he washed his head and his face ; and for all that the water was turned whey-colour—God-amerCy on Sancho's gluttony, and the buying those dismal black curds that made his master so white. With the aforesaid bravery, and with a sprightly air and gallantry, Don Quixote marched into another room, where the scholar stayed for him to entertain him till the cloth was laid ; for the mistress of the house, Donna Christina, meant to show to her honourable guest that she knew how to make much of them that came to her house.

Whilst Don Quixote was disarming himself, Don Lorenzo had leisure—for that was Don Diego's son's name—to ask his father, 'What do you call this gentleman, sir, that you have brought with you ; for his name, his shape, and your calling him knight-errant makes my mother and me wonder?' 'Faith, son,' quoth Don Diego, 'I know not what I should say to thee of him ; only I may tell thee I have seen him play the maddest pranks of any madman in the world, and speak again speeches so wise as blot out and undo his deeds. Do thou speak to him, and feel the pulse of his understanding, and, since thou art discreet, judge of his discretion or folly as thou seest best, though, to deal plainly with thee, I rather hold him to be mad than wise.'

Hereupon Don Lorenzo, as is said, went to entertain Don Quixote ; and, amongst other discourse that passed betwixt them, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo : 'Signior Don Diego de Miranda, your father, hath told me of your rare abilities and subtle wit, and chiefly that you are an excellent poet.' 'A poet, perhaps,' replied Don Lorenzo ; 'but excellent, by no means ; true it is that I am somewhat affectionated to poesy, and to read good poets, but not so that I may deserve the name of excellent that my father styles me with.' I do not dislike your modesty,' quoth Don Quixote, 'for you have seldom-times any poet that is not arrogant, and thinks himself to

be the best poet in the world.' 'There is no rule,' quoth Don Lorenzo, 'without an exception; and some one there is that is so, yet thinks not so.' 'Few,' said Don Quixote. 'But tell me, sir, what verses be those that you have now in hand, that your father says do trouble and puzzle you? and, if it be some kind of gloss, I know what belongs to glossing, and should be glad to hear them; and, if they be of your verses for the prize, content yourself with the second reward;<sup>1</sup> for the first goes always by favour, or according to the quality of the person; and the second is justly distributed; so that the third comes, according to this account, to be the second, and the first the third, according to degrees that are given in universities: but for all that the word "first" is a great matter.' 'Hitherto,' thought Don Lorenzo to himself, 'I cannot think thee mad; proceed we.' And he said, 'It seems, sir, you have frequented the schools; what sciences have you heard?' 'That of knight-errantry,' quoth Don Quixote, 'which is as good as your poetry, and somewhat better.' 'I know not what science that is,' quoth Don Lorenzo, 'neither hath it as yet come to my notice.' 'Tis a science,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that contains in it all or most of the sciences of the world, by reason that he who professes it must be skilful in the laws, to know justice distributive and commutative, to give every man his own and what belongs to him; he must be a divine, to know how to give a reason clearly and distinctly of his Christian profession, wheresoever it shall be demanded him; he must be a physician, and chiefly an herbalist, to know in a wilderness or desert what herbs have virtue to cure wounds, for your knight-errant must not be looking every pissing-while who shall heal him; he must be an astronomer, to know in the night by the stars what o'clock 'tis, and in what part and climate of the world he is; he must be skilful in the mathematics, because every foot he shall have need of them; and, to let pass that he must be adorned with all divine and moral virtues, descend-

<sup>1</sup> '*De justa literaria*': a custom in universities in Spain, of rewards proposed to them that make the best verses,

ing to other trifles, I say he must learn to swim, as they say, Fish Nicholas, or Nicolao, did ; he must know how to shoe a horse, to mend a saddle or bridle ; and, coming again to what went before, he must serve God and his mistress inviolably ; he must be chaste in his thoughts, honest in his words, liberal in his deeds, valiant in his actions, patient in afflictions, charitable towards the poor, and, lastly, a defender of truth, although it cost him his life for it. Of all these great and lesser parts a good knight-errant is composed, that you may see, Signior Don Lorenzo, whether it be a snivelling science that the knight that learns it professeth, and whether it may not be equalled to the proudest of them all taught in the schools.' 'If it be so,' said Don Lorenzo, 'I say this science goes beyond them all.' 'If it be so !' quoth Don Quixote. 'Why, let me tell you,' said Don Lorenzo, 'I doubt whether there be any knights-errant now adorned with so many virtues.' 'Oft have I spoken,' replied Don Quixote, 'that which I must now speak again, that the greatest part of men in the world are of opinion that there be no knights-errant ; and I think, if Heaven do not miraculously let them understand the truth, that there have been such and that at this day there be, all labour will be in vain, as I have often found by experience. I will not now stand upon showing you your error ; all I will do is to pray to God to deliver you out of it, and to make you understand how profitable and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in former ages, and also would be at present, if they were in request ; but now, for our sins, sloth, idleness, gluttony, and wantonness do reign.' 'I' faith,' thought Don Lorenzo, 'for this once our guest hath scaped me ; but, for all that, he is a lively ass, and I were a dull fool if I did not believe it.'

Here they ended their discourse, for they were called to dinner. Don Diego asked his son what trial he had made of their guest's understanding, to which he made answer, 'All the physicians and scriveners in the world will not wipe out his madness. He is a curious madman, and hath neat dilemmas.'

To dinner they went, and their meat was such as Don Diego upon the way described it, such as he gave to his guests, well-dressed, savoury, and plentiful ; but that which best pleased Don Quixote was the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it had been a covent of Carthusians ; so that, lifting up his eyes, and grace being said, and that they had washed hands, he earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to speak his prize verses. To which quoth he : ‘ Because I will not be like your poets, that when they are over-entreated they use to make scruple of their works, and when they are not entreated they vomit ’em up, I will speak my gloss, for which I expect no reward, as having written them only to exercise my muse.’ ‘ A wise friend of mine,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ was of opinion that to gloss was no hard task for any man, the reason being that the gloss could ne’er come near the text, and most commonly the gloss was quite from the theme given ; besides that the laws of glossing were too strict, not admitting interrogations of “ Said he ? ” or “ Shall I say ? ” or changing nouns into verbs, without other ligaments and strictnesses to which the glosser is tied, as you know.’ ‘ Certainly, Signior Don Quixote,’ said Don Lorenzo, ‘ I desire to catch you in an absurdity, but cannot, for still you slip from me like an eel.’ ‘ I know not,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ what you mean by your slipping.’ ‘ You shall know my meaning,’ said Don Lorenzo ; ‘ but for the present I pray you hearken with attention to my glossed verses, and to the gloss, as for example,—

“ If that my ‘ was ’ might turn to ‘ is,’  
I look for ’t, then it comes complete ;  
Oh, might I say, ‘ Now, now time ’tis,’  
Our after-griefs may be too great.”

#### THE GLOSS.

“ As everything doth pass away,  
So Fortune’s good, that erst she gave,  
Did pass, and would not with me stay,  
Though she gave once all I could crave.

Fortune, 'tis long since thou hast seen  
Me prostrate at thy feet, I wis ;  
I shall be glad, as I have been,  
If that my 'was' return to 'is.'

"Unto no honour am I bent,  
No prize, conquest, or victory,  
But to return to my content,  
Whose thought doth grieve my memory :  
If thou to me do it restore,  
Fortune, the rigour of my heat  
Allayed is ; let it come before  
I look for 't, then it comes complete.

"Impossibles do I desire  
To make time past return, in vain ;  
No power on earth can once aspire,  
Past, to recall him back again.  
Time doth go, time runs and flies  
Swiftly, his course doth never miss,  
He's in an error then that cries,  
'Oh, might I say, "now, now, time 'tis."'

"I live in great perplexity,  
Sometimes in hope, sometimes in fear ;  
Far better were it for to die,  
That of my griefs I might get clear ;  
For me to die 'twere better far ;  
Let me not that again repeat :  
Fear says, "'Tis better live long, for  
Our after-griefs may be too great.'"

When Don Lorenzo had ended, Don Quixote stood up and cried aloud, as if he had screeched, taking Don Lorenzo by the hand, and said : 'Assuredly, generous youth, I think you are the best poet in the world, and you deserve the laurel, not of Cyprus or Gaeta, as a poet said (God forgive him !), but of Athens, if it were extant, Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. I would to God those judges that would deny you the prize might be shot to death with arrows by Phoebus, and that the Muses never come within their thresholds. Speak, sir, if you please, some of your loftier verses, that I may altogether feel the pulse of your admirable wit.'

How say you by this, that Don Lorenzo was pleased, when he heard himself thus praised by Don Quixote,

although he held him to be a madman? O power of flattery, how far thou canst extend, and how large are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, since he condescended to Don Quixote's request, speaking this following sonnet to him, of the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe :

'The wall was broken by the virgin fair,  
That oped the gallant breast of Pyramus ;  
Love parts from Cyprus, that he may declare,  
Once seen, the narrow breach prodigious.  
There nought but silence speaks ; no voice doth dare,  
Thorough so strait a strait, be venturous ;  
Let their minds speak ; Love works this wonder rare,  
Facilitating things most wonderful.  
Desire in her grew violent, and haste  
In the fond maid, instead of heart's delight,  
Solicits death. See, now the story's past :  
Both of them in a moment, O strange sight !  
One sword, one sepulchre, one memory,  
Doth kill, doth cover, makes them never die.'

'Now, thanked be God,' quoth Don Quixote, having heard this sonnet, 'that amongst so many consummated poets as be, I have found one consummate, as you are, sir, which I perceive by your well-framed sonnet.'

• Don Quixote remained four days, being well entertained, in Don Diego's house, at the end of which he desired to take his leave, and thanked him for the kindness and good welcome he had received : but, because it was not fit that knights-errant should be too long idle, he purposed to exercise his function, and to seek after adventures he knew of ; for the place whither he meant to go to would give him plenty enough to pass his time with, till it were fit for him to go to the jousts at Saragosa, which was his more direct course ; but that first of all he meant to go to Montesinos' vault, of which there were so many admirable tales in every man's mouth, so to search and inquire the spring and origin of those seven lakes commonly called of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son commended his noble determination, and bid him furnish himself with what he pleased of their house and wealth, for that he should



receive it with all love and good will ; for the worth of his person, and his honourable profession, obliged them to it.

To conclude, the day for his parting came, as pleasing to him as bitter and sorrowful to Sancho, who liked wondrous well of Don Diego's plentiful provision, and was loth to return to the hunger of the forests and wilderness, and to the hardness of his ill-furnished wallets, notwithstanding he filled and stuffed them with the best provision he could. And Don Quixote, as he took his leave of Don Lorenzo, said, 'I know not, sir, whether I have told you heretofore, but, though I have, I tell you again, that when you would save a great deal of labour and pains, to arrive at the inaccessible top of Fame's temple, you have no more to do but to leave on one hand the strait and narrow path of poesy, and to take the most narrow of knight-errantry, sufficient to make you an emperor, ere you would say, "What's this?"'

With this epilogue Don Quixote shut up the comedy of his madness ; only this he added : 'God knows, I would willingly carry Signior Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him what belongs to pardoning the humble, to curbing and restraining the proud, virtues annexed to my profession ; but, since his slender age is not capable, and his laudable enterprises will not permit him, I am only willing to advise you that being a poet you may be famous, if you govern yourself by other men's judgments more than by your own ; for you have no parents that dislike their own children, fair or foul, and this error is more frequent in men's understandings.'

The father and the son afresh admired at Don Quixote's oft-interposed reasons, some wise, some foolish, and at his obstinate being bent altogether upon his unlucky adventures, which he aimed at, as the mark and end of his desire. They renewed again their kind offers and compliments with him ; but Don Quixote, taking his leave of the lady of the castle, mounted his Rozinante, and Sancho his Dapple : so they parted.

## CHAPTER XIX

*Of the Adventure of the Enamoured Shepherd, with  
other (indeed) Pleasant Accidents*

DON QUIXOTE was not gone far from Don Diego's town, when he overtook two men that seemed to be parsons, or scholars, with two husbandmen that were mounted upon four asses. One of the scholars had (as it were in a portmanteau) a piece of white cloth for scarlet, wrapped up in a piece of green buckram, and two pair of cotton stockings; the other had nothing but two foils and a pair of pumps; the husbandmen had other things, which showed they came from some market town, where they had bought them to carry home to their village. So as well the scholars as the husbandmen fell into the same admiration that all they had done who first saw Don Quixote, and they longed to know what manner of fellow he was, so different from all other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and after he asked them whither they went, and that they had said they went his way, he offered them his company, and desired them to go softlier, for that their young asses travelled faster than his horse: and, to oblige them the more, he told them who he was, and of his profession, that he was a knight-errant, that he went to seek adventures round about the world. He told them his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, but his ordinary name the Knight of the Lions.

All this to the husbandmen was heathen Greek or pedlar's French; but not to the scholars, who straight perceived the weakness of Don Quixote's brain: notwithstanding, they beheld him with great admiration and respect, and one of them said, 'Knight, if you go no set journey, as they which seek adventures seldom do, I pray go with us, and you shall see one of the bravest and most sumptuous marriages that ever was kept in the Mancha, or in many leagues round about.' Don Quixote asked them

if it were of any prince, for so he imagined. 'No, sir,' said he, 'but betwixt a farmer and a farmer's daughter; he is the richest in all the country, and she the fairest alive. Their provision for this marriage is new and rare, and it is to be kept in a meadow near the bride's town. She is called, the more to set her out, Quiteria the Fair, and he Camacho the Rich; she is about eighteen years of age, and he two-and-twenty; both well met, but that some nice people, that busy themselves in all men's lineages, will say that the fair Quiteria is of better parentage than he; but that's nothing, riches are able to solder all clefts. To say true, this Camacho is liberal, and he hath longed to make an arbour, and cover all the meadow on the top, so that the sun will be troubled to enter to visit the green herbs underneath. He hath also certain warlike morrices, as well of swords as little jingling bells; for we have those in the town that will jangle them. For your foot-clappers I say nothing; you would wonder to see them bestir themselves; but none of these, nor others I have told you of, are like to make this marriage so remarkable as the despised Basilius. This Basilius is a neighbouring swain of Quiteria's town, whose house was next door to her father's. From hence love took occasion to renew unto the world the long forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilius loved Quiteria from a child, and she answered his desires with a thousand loving favours; so that it grew a common talk in the town, of the love between the two little ones. Quiteria began to grow to some years, and her father began to deny Basilius his ordinary access to the house; and, to avoid all suspicion, purposed to marry her to the rich Camacho, not thinking it fit to marry her to Basilius, who was not so rich in fortune's goods as in those of the mind; for, to say truth without envy, he is the activest youth we have, a famous bar-pitcher, an excellent wrestler, a great tennis-player, he runs like a deer, outleaps a she-goat, and plays at ten-pins miraculously, sings like a lark, plays upon a gittern as if he made it speak, and, above all, fenceth as well as the best.'

‘For that sleight only,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘the youth deserves not only to match with the fair Quiteria, but with Queen Ginebra herself, if she were now alive, in spite of Lansarote, and all that would gainsay it.’ ‘There’s for my wife now,’ quoth Sancho, that had been all this while silent, ‘that would have every one marry with their equals, holding herself to the proverb that says, “Like to like, quoth the devil to the collier.” All that I desire is, that honest Basilius, for methinks I love him, were married to Quiteria; and God give ’em joy, I was saying, those that go about to hinder the marriage of two that love well.’

‘If all that love well,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘should marry, parents would lose the privilege of marrying their children when and with whom they ought; and, if daughters might choose their husbands, you should have some would choose their father’s servants, and others any passenger in the street, whom they thought to be a lusty swaggerer, although he were a cowardly ruffian; for love and affection do easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which is only fit to choose, and the state of matrimony is a ticklish thing, and there is great heed to be taken, and a particular favour to be given from above, to make it light happily. Any man that would but undertake some voyage, if he be wise, before he is on his way he will seek him some good companion. And why should not he do so that must travel all his lifetime till he come to his resting-place, death; and the rather if his company must be at bed and at board, and in all places, as the wife’s company must be with the husband? Your wife is not a commodity like others, that is bought and sold, or exchanged, but an inseparable accident that lasts for term of life. It is a noose that, being fastened about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, which cannot be undone but by Death’s sickle. I could tell ye much more in this business, were it not for the desire I have to be satisfied by master parson if there be any more to come of Basilius his story.’

To which he answered, ‘This is all: that from the instant that Basilius knew the fair Quiteria was to be

married to the rich Camacho he was never seen to smile, or talk sensibly ; and he is always sad and pensative, talks to himself—an evident token that he is distracted—eats little, sleeps much ; all he eats is fruits, and all his sleep is in the fields, upon the hard ground, like a beast ; now and then he looks up to heaven, and sometimes casts his eyes downward, so senseless as if he were only a statue clothed, and the very air strikes off his garments. In fine, he hath all the signs of a passionate heart, and we are all of opinion that by that time Quiteria to-morrow gives the “Ay” it will be the sentence of his death.’

‘God forbid,’ said Sancho ; ‘for God gives the wound, and God gives the salve ; nobody knows what may happen ; ’tis a good many hours between this and to-morrow ; and in one hour, nay, one minute, a house falls ; and I have seen the sun shine and foul weather in an instant ; one goes to bed sound at night, and stirs not the next morning ; and pray tell me, is there anyone here that can say he hath stayed the course of Fortune’s great wheel ? No, truly, and between a woman’s “Ay” and “No” I would be loth to put a pin’s point, for it would hardly enter. Let me have Mistress Quiteria love Basilius with all her heart, and I’ll give him a bag full of good luck ; for your love, as I have heard tell, looks wantonly with eyes that make copper seem gold, and poverty riches, and filth in the eyes pearls.’

‘Whither a plague runn’st thou, Sancho ?’ quoth Don Quixote. ‘When thou goest threading on thy proverbs and thy flimflams, Judas himself, [though he] take thee, cannot hold thee. Tell me, beast, what knowest thou of Fortune or her wheel, or anything else ?’ ‘Oh, if you understand me not, no marvel though my sentences be held for fopperies. Well, I know what I say, and know I have not spoken much from the purpose ; but you, sir, are always the turney to my words and actions.’ ‘Attorney, thou wouldst say ; God confound thee, thou prevaricator of language !’ ‘Do not you deal with me,’ said Sancho, ‘since you know I have not been brought up in court, nor studied in Salamanca to know whether I add or diminish any

of my syllables. Lord God! you must not think your Galician<sup>1</sup> can speak like your Toledonian, and they neither are not all so nimble.' 'For matter of your court language,' quoth the parson, 'tis true; for they that are bred in the tanner-rows and the Zocodoner<sup>2</sup> cannot discourse like them that walk all day in the high church cloisters; yet all are Toledonians. The language is pure, proper, and elegant, indeed, only in your discreet courtiers, let them be born where they will; discreet, I say, because many are otherwise, and discretion is the grammar of good language, which is accompanied with practice. I, sir, I thank God, have studied the canons in Salamanca, and presume sometimes to yield a reason in plain and significant terms.' 'If you did not presume,' said the other scholar, 'more on your using the foils you carry than your tongue, you might have been senior in your degree, whereas now you are lag.' 'Look you, bachelor,' quoth the parson, 'you are in the most erroneous opinion of the world touching the skill of the weapon, since you hold it frivolous.' 'Tis no opinion of mine,' said Corchuelo, 'but a manifest truth; and, if you will have me show it by experience, there you have foils commodious: I have an arm and strength, which, together with my courage, which is not small, will make you confess I am not deceived. Alight, and keep your distance, your circles, your corners, and all your science; I hope to make you see the stars at noonday with my skill, which is but modern and mean, which though it be small, I hope to God the man is yet unborn that shall make me turn my back; and there is no man in the world but I'll make him give ground.' 'For turning your back,' said the skilful, 'I meddle not, though perhaps where you first set your foot, there your grave might be digged,—I mean, you might be killed for despising skill.' 'That you shall try,' said Corchuelo; and, lighting hastily from his ass, he snatched one of the swords that the parson carried. 'Not so,' said Don Quixote instantly; 'I'll be the master of this fence, and the judge of this

<sup>1</sup>One of that province that speak a bastard language to the Spanish.

<sup>2</sup>The market-place so called in Toledo.



undecided controversy.' And, lighting from Rozinante, and taking his lance, he stepped between them till such time as the parson had put himself into his posture and distance against Corchuelo, who ran, as you would say, darting fire out of his eyes.

The two husbandmen that were by, without lighting from their asses, served for spectators of the mortal tragedy. The blows, the stockadoes, your false thrusts, your back-blows, your doubling-blows, that came from Corchuelo, were numberless, as thick as hops or hail ; he laid on like an angry lion ; but still the parson gave him a stopple for his mouth, with the button of his foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury ; and he made him kiss it as if it had been a relic, though not with so much devotion as is due to them. In a word, the parson with pure stockadoes told all the buttons of his cassock which he had on, his skirts flying about him like a fish's tail. Twice he struck off his hat, and so wearied him that, what for despite, what for choler and rage, he took the sword by the hilt and flung it into the air so forcibly that one of the husbandmen that was by, who was a notary, and went for it, gave testimony after that he flung it almost three-quarters of a mile, which testimony serves, and hath served, that it may be known and really seen that force is overcome by art.

Corchuelo sat down, being very weary, and Sancho, coming to him, said, ' Truly, sir bachelor, if you take my advice, hereafter challenge no man to fence, but to wrestle or throw the bar, since you have youth and force enough for it ; for I have heard those that you call your skilful men say that they will thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needle.' ' I am glad,' quoth Corchuelo, ' that I came from my ass, and that experience hath showed me what I would not have believed.' So, rising up, he embraced the parson, and they were as good friends as before. So, not staying for the notary that went for the sword, because they thought he would tarry long, they resolved to follow, and come betimes to Quiteria's village, of whence they all were. By the way the parson discourses to them of the excellency of the art of fencing, with so many demonstrative

reasons, with so many figures and mathematical demonstrations, that all were satisfied with the rareness of the science, and Corchuelo reduced from his obstinacy.

It began to grow dark, but before they drew near they all saw a kind of heaven of innumerable stars before the town. They heard likewise harmonious and confused sounds of divers instruments, as flutes, tabors, psalteries, recorders, hand-drums, and bells; and, when they drew near, they saw that the trees of an arbour, which had been made at the entrance of the town, were all full of lights, which were not offended by the wind, that then blew not, but was so gentle that it scarce moved the leaves of the trees. The musicians were they that made the marriage more sprightly, who went two and two in companies, some dancing and singing, others playing upon divers of the aforesaid instruments; nothing but mirth ran up and down the meadow; others were busied in raising scaffolds, that they might the next day see the representations and dances commodiously, dedicated to the marriage of the rich Camacho, and the obsequies of Basilius.

Don Quixote would not enter the town, although the husbandmen and the bachelor entreated him; for he gave a sufficient excuse for himself, as he thought, that it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than in habitations, though it were under golden roofs; so he went a little out of the way, much against Sancho's will, who remembered the good lodging he had in the castle or house of Don Diego.

## CHAPTER XX

*Of the Marriage of Rich Camacho, and the Success of  
Poor Basilius*

SCARCE had the silver morn given bright Phoebus leave, with the ardour of his burning rays, to dry the liquid

pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, rose up, and called Sancho his squire, that still lay snorting; which Don Quixote seeing, before he could wake, he said: 'O happy thou above all that live upon the face of the earth, that without envy, or being envied, sleepest with a quiet breast, neither persecuted by enchanters nor frightened by enchantments! Sleep, I say once again—nay, an hundred times—sleep; let not thy master's jealousy keep thee continually awake, nor let care to pay thy debts make thee watchful, or how another day thou and thy small but straitened family may live, whom neither ambition troubles nor the world's vain pomp doth weary, since the bounds of thy desires extend no farther than to thinking of thine ass; for, for thine own person, that thou hast committed to my charge,—a counterpoise and burden that nature and custom hath laid upon the masters. The servant sleeps, and the master wakes, thinking how he may maintain, good him, and do him kindnesses; the grief that it is to see heaven obdurate in relieving the earth with seasonable moisture troubles not the servant, but it doth the master, that must keep, in sterility and hunger, him that served him in abundance and plenty.'

Sancho answered not a word to all this, for he was asleep, neither would he have awaked so soon, if Don Quixote had not made him come to himself with the little end of his lance. At length he awaked sleepy and drowsy, and, turning his face round about, he said: 'From this arbour, if I be not deceived, there comes a steam and smell rather of good broiled rashers than thyme and rushes; a marriage that begins with such smells, by my holidam, I think 'twill be brave and plentiful.' 'Away, glutton!' quoth Don Quixote. 'Come and let us go see it, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius.' 'Let him do what he will,' said Sancho, 'were it not better that he were poor still and married to Quiteria? There is no more in it, but let the moon lose one quarter and she'll fall from the clouds. Faith, sir, I am of opinion that the poor fellow be contented with

his fortunes, and not seek after things impossible. I'll hold one of mine arms that Camacho will cover Basilius all over with sixpences; and if it be so, as 'tis like, Quiteria were a very fool to leave her bravery and jewels that Camacho hath and can give her, and choose Basilius for his bar-pitching and fencing. In a tavern they will not give you a pint of wine for a good throw with the bar, or a trick at fence; such abilities that are worth nothing have 'em whoso will for me; but when they light upon one that hath crowns withal, let me be like that man that hath them. Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised, and money is the best bottom and foundation that is in the world.' 'For God's love, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'conclude thy tedious discourse, with which, I believe, if thou wert let alone, thou wouldst neither eat nor sleep for talking.' 'If you had a good memory,' said Sancho, 'you would remember the articles of our agreement before we made our last sally from home, one of which was that you would let me speak as much as I list, on condition that it were not against my neighbour or against your authority; and hitherto I am sure I have not broken that article.' 'I remember no such article, Sancho,' said he; 'and, though it were so, I would have you now be silent and come with me; for now the instruments we heard over night begin to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the marriage is kept in the cool of the morning, and not deferred till the afternoon's heat.'

Sancho did what his master willed him, and, saddling Rozinante, with his pack-saddle clapped likewise on Dapple, the two mounted, and fair and softly entered the arbour. The first thing that Sancho saw was a whole steer spitted upon a whole elm, and for the fire, where it was to be roasted, there was a pretty mountain of wood, and six pots that were round about this bonfire, which were never cast in the ordinary mould that other pots were, for they were six half olive-buttoes, and every one was a very shambles of meat, they had so many whole sheep soaking in 'em which were not seen, as if they had been

pigeons. The flayed hares and the pulled hens that were hung upon the trees to be buried in the pots were numberless; birds and fowl of divers sorts infinite, that hung on the trees, that the air might cool them. Sancho counted above threescore skins of wine, each of them of above two arrobas<sup>1</sup>, and as it afterward seemed, of sprightly liquor; there were also whole heaps of purest bread, heaped up like corn in the threshing-floors; your cheeses, like bricks piled one upon another, made a goodly wall; and two kettles of oil, bigger than a dyer's, served to fry their paste-work, which they took out with two strong peels when they were fried, and they ducked them in another kettle of honey that stood by for the same purpose. There were cooks above fifty, men and women, all cleanly, careful, and cheerful. In the spacious belly of the steer there were twelve sucking pigs, which, being sewed there, served to make him more savoury. The spices of divers sorts, it seems they were not bought by pounds, but by arrobas, and all lay open in a great chest. To conclude, this preparation for the marriage was rustical, but so plentiful that it might furnish an army.

Sancho Panza beheld all, and was much affected with it; and first of all the goodly pots did captivate his desires, from whence with all his heart he would have been glad to have received a good pipkin-full; by and by he was enamoured on the skins; and last of all on the fried meats, if so be those vast kettles might be called frying-pans: so, without longer patience, as not being able to abstain, he came to one of the busy cooks, and with courteous and hungry reasons desired him that he might sop a cast of bread in one of the pots. To which the cook replied, 'Brother, this is no day on which hunger may have any jurisdiction, thanks be to the rich Camacho; alight, and see if you can find ever a ladle there, and skim out a hen or two, and much good may they do you!' 'I see none,' said Sancho. 'Stay,' said the cook; 'God forgive me, what a ninny 'tis!' And saying this, he laid

<sup>1</sup> Arroba, a measure of 25 lb. weight, which may be some six gallons of wine.

hold of a kettle, and, sousing into it one of the half-butts, he drew out of it three hens and two geese, and said to Sancho, 'Eat, friend, and break your fast with this froth till dinner-time.' 'I have nothing to put it in,' said Sancho. 'Why, take spoon and all,' said the cook; 'for Camacho's riches and content will very well bear it.'

Whilst Sancho thus passed his time, Don Quixote saw that by one side of the harbour there came a dozen husbandmen upon twelve goodly mares, with rich and sightly furniture fit for the country, with many little bells upon their petrels, all clad in bravery for that day's solemnity, and all in a joint troop ran many careers up and down the meadow, with a great deal of mirth and jollity, crying, 'Long live Camacho and Quiteria! he as rich as she fair, and she the fairest of the world.' Which when Don Quixote heard, thought he to himself, 'It well appears that these men have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for, if they had, they would not be so forward in praising this their Quiteria.'

A while after there began to enter, at divers places of the harbour, certain different dances, amongst which there was one sword-dance by four-and-twenty swains, handsome lusty youths, all in white linen, with their handkerchiefs wrought in several colours of fine silk; and one of the twelve upon the mares asked him that was the foreman of these, a nimble lad, if any of the dancers had hurt themselves. 'Hitherto,' said he, 'nobody is hurt; we are all well, God be thanked.' And straight he shuffled in amongst the rest of his companions, with so many tricks and so much sleight that Don Quixote, though he were used to such kind of dances, yet he never liked any so well as this. He also liked another very well, which was of fair young maids, so young that never a one was under fourteen nor none above eighteen, all clad in coarse green, their hair partly filleted and partly loose—but all were yellow, and might compare with the sun—upon which they had garlands of jasmines,<sup>1</sup> roses, woodbine, and

<sup>1</sup> Jasmines, a little sweet white flower that grows in Spain in hedges, like our sweet marjoram.



honeysuckles. They had for their guides a reverend old man and a matronly woman, but more light and nimble than could be expected from their years. They danced to the sound of a Zamora bagpipe<sup>1</sup>, so that with their honest looks and their nimble feet, they seemed to be the best dancers in the world.

After this there came in another artificial dance, of those called brawls; it consisted of eight nymphs, divided into two ranks; god Cupid guided one rank and Money the other: the one with his wings, his bow, his quiver and arrows; the other was clad in divers rich colours of gold and silk. The nymphs that followed Love carried a white parchment scroll at their backs, in which their names were written in great letters. The first was Poesy, the second Discretion, the third Nobility, the fourth Valour. In the same manner came those whom god Money led: the first was Liberality, the second Reward, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet Possession. Before them came a wooden castle, which was shot at by two savages clad in ivy, and canvas dyed in green, so to the life that they had well-nigh frightened Sancho. Upon the frontispiece and of each side of the castle was written, 'The Castle of Good Heed.' Four skilful musicians played to them on a tabor and pipe; Cupid began the dance, and, after two changes, he lifted up his eyes and bent his bow against a virgin that stood upon the battlements of the castle, and said to her in this manner:

'I am the powerful deity,  
In heaven above and earth beneath,  
In sea's and hell's profundity,  
O'er all that therein live or breathe.

'What 'tis to fear, I never knew;  
I can perform all that I will;  
Nothing to me is strange or new;  
I bid, forbid, at pleasure still.'

The verse being ended, he shot a flight over the castle, and retired to his standing. By and by came out Money, and

<sup>1</sup> Zamora, a town in Castile famous for that kind of music like our Lancashire hornpipe.

performed his two changes; the tabor ceased, and he spoke:

‘Lo! I that can do more than love,  
Yet Love is he that doth me guide;  
My offspring great’st on earth, to Jove  
Above I nearest am allied.

‘I Money am, with whom but few  
Perform the honest works they ought;  
Yet here a miracle to show,  
That without me they could do aught.’

Money retired, and Poetry advanced, who, after she had done her changes as well as the rest, her eyes fixed upon the damsel of the castle, she said:

‘Lady, to thee, sweet Poesy  
Her soul in deep conceits doth send,  
Wrapped up in writs of sonnetry,  
Whose pleasing strains do them commend.

‘If, with my earnestness, I thee  
Importune not, fair damsel, soon  
Thy envied fortune shall, by me,  
Mount to the circle of the moon.’

Poetry gave way, and from Money’s side came Liberality, and, after her changes, spoke:

‘To give is Liberality,  
In him that shuns two contraries,  
The one of prodigality,  
T’other of hateful avarice.

‘I’ll be profuse in praising thee,  
Profuseness hath accounted been  
A vice, yet sure it cometh nigh  
Affection, which in gifts is seen.’

In this sort both the shows of the two squadrons came in and out, and each of them performed their changes and spoke their verses, some elegant, some ridiculous. Don Quixote only remembered (for he had a great memory) the rehearsed ones. And now the whole troop mingled together, winding in and out with great sprightliness and dexterity; and still as Love went before the castle he

shot a flight aloft, but Money broke gilded balls, and threw into it.

At last, after Money had danced a good while, he drew out a great purse made of a Roman cat's skin, which seemed to be full of money, and, casting it into the castle, with the blow the boards were disjoined and fell down, leaving the damsel discovered, without any defence. Money came with his assistants, and, casting a great chain of gold about her neck, they made a show of leading her captive, which when Love and his party saw, they made show as if they would have rescued her; and all these motions were to the sound of the tabors. With skilful dancing the savages parted them, who very speedily went to set up and join the boards of the castle, and the damosel was there enclosed anew; and with this the dance ended, to the great content of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who had so dressed and ordered her. She answered, a parson of the town, who had an excellent capacity for such inventions. 'I'll lay a wager,' said Don Quixote, 'he was more Basilius his friend than Camacho's, and that he knows better what belongs to a satire than an evensong; he hath well fitted Basilius his abilities to the dance, and Camacho's riches.'

Sancho Panza, that heard all, said, 'The king is my cock; I hold with Camacho.' 'Well, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'thou art a very peasant, and like them that cry, "Long live the conqueror!"' 'I know not who I am like,' said Sancho; 'but I know I shall never get such delicate froth out of Basilius his pottage-pots as I have out of Camacho's.' And with that showed him the kettle full of geese and hens, and, laying hold on one, he fell to it merrily and hungerly. And for Basilius' abilities this he said to their teeth: 'So much thou art worth as thou hast, and so much as thou hast thou art worth. An old grandam of mine was wont to say there were but two lineages in the world, Have-much and Have-little; and she was mightily inclined to the former; and at this day, master, your physician had rather feel a having pulse than a knowing pulse, and an ass covered with gold makes a

better show than a horse with a pack-saddle. So that I say again I am of Camacho's side, the scum of whose pots are geese, hens, hares, and conies, and Basilius his, be they near or far off, but poor thin water.'

'Hast thou ended with thy tediousness, Sancho?' said Don Quixote. 'I must end,' said he, 'because I see it offends you; for, if it were not for that, I had work cut out for three days.' 'Pray God, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that I may see thee dumb before I die.' 'According to our life,' said Sancho, 'before you die, I shall be mumbling clay, and then perhaps I shall be so dumb that I shall not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday.' 'Although it should be so, Sancho,' said he, 'thy silence will never be equal to thy talking past and thy talk to come; besides, 'tis very likely that I shall die before thee, and so I shall never see thee dumb,—no, not when thou drinkest or sleepest, to paint thee out thoroughly.' 'In good faith, master,' quoth Sancho, 'there is no trusting in the Raw-bones, I mean Death, that devours lambs as well as sheep; and I have heard our vicar say she tramples as well on the high towers of kings as the humble cottages of poor men. This lady hath more power than squeamishness; she is nothing dainty, she devours all, plays at all, and fills her wallets with all kind of people, ages, and pre-eminences; she is no mower that sleeps in the hot weather, but mows at all hours, and cuts as well the green grass as the hay; she doth not chew, but swallows at once, and crams down all that comes before her; she hath a canine appetite, that is never satisfied; and, though she have no belly, yet she may make us think she is hydropsical, with the thirst she hath to drink all men's lives, as if it were a jug of cold water.' 'No more, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'at this instant; hold while thou art well, and take heed of falling, for certainly thou hast spoken of Death, in thy rustical terms, as much as a good preacher might have spoken. I tell thee, Sancho, that for thy natural discretion thou mightst get thee a pulpit, and preach thy fine knacks up and down the world.' 'He preaches well that lives well,' said

Sancho, 'and I know no other preaching.' 'Thou needest not,' quoth he; 'but I wonder at one thing, that wisdom beginning from the fear of God, that thou, who fearest a lizard more than Him, shouldst be so wise?' 'Judge you of your knight-errantry,' said Sancho, 'and meddle not with other men's fears or valours, for I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours, and so let me snuff away this scum;<sup>1</sup> for all the rest are but idle words, for which we must give account in another life.'

And in so saying he began to give another assault to the kettle, with such a courage that he wakened Don Quixote, that undoubtedly would have taken his part, if he had not been hindered by that that of necessity must be set down.

## CHAPTER XXI

### *Of the Prosecution of Camacho's Marriage, with other Delightful Accidents*

As Don Quixote and Sancho were in their discourse mentioned in the former chapter, they heard a great noise and outcry, which was caused by them that rode on the mares, who with a large career and shouts went to meet the married couple, who, hemmed in with a thousand tricks and devices, came in company of the vicar, and both their kindreds, and all the better sort of the neighbouring towns, all clad in their best apparel.

And as Sancho saw the bride he said, 'In good faith she is not dressed like a country-wench, but like one of your nice court dames; by the mass, methinks her glass necklaces she should wear are rich coral, and her coarse green of Cuenca is a thirty-piled velvet<sup>2</sup>; and her lacing, that should be white linen, I vow by me! is satin. Well look on her hands, that should have their jet rings; let me not

<sup>1</sup> Meaning to eat his hen and the goose.

<sup>2</sup> Instead of three-piled.

thrive if they be not golden rings, arrant gold, and set with pearls as white as a sillabub, each of them as precious as an eye. Ah, whoreson, and what locks she hath! for, if they be not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in my life. Well, well, find not fault with her liveliness and stature, and compare her me to a date-tree, that bends up and down when it is loaden with bunches of dates; for so doth she with her trinkets hanging at her hair and about her neck. I swear by my soul, she is a wench of mettle, and may very well pass the pikes in Flanders.'

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's rustic praises, and he thought that, setting his mistress Dulcinea aside, he never saw a fairer woman. The beautiful Quiteria was somewhat pale, belike, with the ill night that brides always have when they dress themselves for the next day's marriage. They drew near to a theatre on one side of the meadow that was dressed with carpets and boughs, where the marriage was to be solemnised, and where they should behold the dances and inventions; and just as they should come to the place they heard a great outcry behind them, and a voice saying, 'Stay a while, rash people as well as hasty'; at whose voice and words they all turned about, and saw that he that spoke was one clad, to see to, in a black jacket, all welted with crimson in flames, crowned, as they straight perceived, with a crown of mournful cypress; in his hand he had a great truncheon; and, coming nearer, he was known by all to be the gallant Basilius, who were in suspense, expecting what should be the issue of those cries and words, fearing some ill success from this so unlooked-for arrival. He drew near, weary and out of breath; and, coming before the married couple and clapping his truncheon upon the ground, which had a steel pike at the end of it, his colour changed, and, his eyes fixed upon Quiteria, with a fearful and hollow voice thus spoke: 'Well knowest thou, forgetful Quiteria, that, according to the law of God that we profess, that whilst I live thou canst not be married to any other; neither are you ignorant that, because I would stay till time and my industry might better my fortunes, I would not break that



decorum that was fitting to the preserving of thy honesty ; but you, forgetting all duty due to my virtuous desires, will make another master of what is mine, whose riches serve not only to make him happy in them, but every way fortunate ; and, that he may be so to the full (not as I think he deserves it, but as the Fates ordain it for him), I will with these hands remove the impossibility or inconvenience that may disturb him, removing myself out of the way. Live, rich Camacho, live with the ungrateful Quiteria many and prosperous years ; and let your poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his happiness, and laid him in his grave.'

And, saying this, he laid hold of his truncheon that he had stuck in the ground, and, the one-half of it remaining still there, showed that it served for a scabbard to a short tuck that was concealed in it ; and, putting that which might be called the hilt on the ground, with a nimble spring and a resolute purpose he cast himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point appeared out of his back, with half the steel blade, the poor soul weltering in his blood all along on the ground, run thorough with his own weapon. His friends ran presently to help him, grieved with his misery and miserable hap, and Don Quixote, forsaking his Rozinante, went also to help him, took him in his arms, but found that as yet there was life in him. They would have pulled out the tuck, but the vicar, there present, was of opinion that it were not best, before he had confessed himself ; for that the drawing it out and his death would be both at one instant. But Basilius, coming a little to himself, with a faint and doleful voice said, 'If thou wouldst, O Quiteria, yet in this last and forcible trance give me thy hand to be my spouse, I should think my rashness might something excuse me, since with this I obtain to be thine.' The vicar, hearing this, bade him he should have a care of his soul's health, rather than of the pleasures of his body, and that he should heartily ask God forgiveness for his sins, and for his desperate action. To which Basilius replied that he would by no means confess himself if Quiteria did not first give

him her hand to be his spouse, for that content would make him cheerfully confess himself. When Don Quixote heard the wounded man's petition he cried aloud that Basilius desired a thing very just and reasonable, and that Signior Camacho would be as much honoured in receiving Quiteria, the worthy Basilius his widow, as if he had received her from her father's side : ' Here is no more to do but give one "Ay," no more than to pronounce it, since the nuptial bed of this marriage must be the grave.'

Camacho gave ear to all this, and was much troubled, not knowing what to do or say ; but Basilius his friends were so earnest, requesting him to consent that Quiteria might give him her hand to be his spouse, that he might not endanger his soul by departing desperately, that they moved him and enforced him to say that if Quiteria would he was contented, seeing it was but deferring his desires a minute longer. Then all of them came to Quiteria, some with entreaties, others with tears, most with forcible reasons, and persuaded her she should give her hand to poor Basilius ; and she, more hard than marble, more lumpish than a statue, would not answer a word, neither would she at all, had not the vicar bid her resolve what she would do, for Basilius was even now ready to depart, and could not expect her irresolute determination. Then the fair Quiteria, without answering a word, all sad and troubled, came where Basilius was with his eyes even set, his breath failing him, making show as if he would die like a Gentile, and not like a Christian.

Quiteria came at length, and upon her knees made signs to have his hand. Basilius unjoined his eyes, and, looking steadfastly upon her, said, ' O Quiteria ! thou art now come to be pitiful, when thy pity must be the sword that shall end my life, since now I want force to receive the glory that thou givest in choosing me for thine, or to suspend the dolour that so hastily closeth up mine eyes with the fearful shade of death. All I desire thee is (O fatal star of mine !) that the hand thou requirest, and that that thou wilt give me, that it be not for fashion-sake, nor once more to deceive me, but that thou confess and say,

without being forced to it, that thou givest me thy hand freely, as to thy lawful spouse, since it were unmerciful in this trance to deceive me, or to deal falsely with him that hath been so true to thee.' In the midst of this discourse he fainted, so that all the standers-by thought now he had been gone. Quiteria, all honest and shamefaced, laying hold with her right hand on Basilius his, said to him, 'No force can work upon my will, and so I give thee the freest hand I have, to be thy lawful spouse, and receive thine, if thou give it me as freely, and that the anguish of thy sudden accident do not too much trouble thee.' 'I give it,' said Basilius, 'lively and courageously, with the best understanding that Heaven hath endowed me withal, and therefore take me, and I deliver myself as thy espousal.' 'And I,' said Quiteria, 'as thy spouse, whether thou live long, or whether from my arms they carry thee to thy grave.'

'This young man,' said Sancho, 'being so wounded, talks much methinks; let him leave his wooing, and attend his soul's health, which methinks appears more in his tongue than in his teeth.'

Basilius and Quiteria having their hands thus fastened, the vicar, tender-hearted and compassionate, poured his blessing upon them, and prayed God to give good rest to the new-married man's soul, who as soon as he received this benediction suddenly starts up, and, with an unlooked-for agility, drew out the tuck which was sheathed in his body. All the spectators were in a maze, and some of them, more out of simplicity than curiosity, began to cry out, 'A miracle! a miracle!' But Basilius replied, 'No miracle, no miracle; but a trick, a trick.' But the vicar, heedless and astonished, came with both his hands to feel the wound, and found that the blade had neither passed through flesh or ribs, but through a hollow pipe of iron, that he filled with blood, well fitted in that place, and, as after it was known, prepared so that it could not congeal. At last the vicar and Camacho, and all the standers-by, thought that they were mocked and made a laughing-stock. The bride made no great show of sorrow; rather

when she heard say that the marriage could not stand current, because it was deceitful, she said that she anew confirmed it; by which they all collected that the business had been plotted by the knowledge and consentment of them both. At which Camacho and his friends were so abashed that they remitted their revenge to their hands, and, unsheathing many swords, they set upon Basilius, in whose favour in an instant there were as many more drawn; and Don Quixote, taking the vanguard on horseback, with his lance at his rest, and well covered with his shield, made way through 'em all. Sancho, whom such fears did never please or solace, ran to the pottage-pot from whence he had gotten the skimmings, thinking that to be a sanctuary, and so to be respected. Don Quixote cried aloud, 'Hold, hold, sirs; for there is no reason that you should take revenge for the wrongs that love doth us; and observe that love and war are all one; and, as in war it is lawful to use sleights and stratagems to overcome the enemy, so, in amorous strifes and competencies, impostures and juggling-tricks are held for good, to attain to the wished end, so it be not in prejudice and dishonour of the thing affected. Quiteria was due to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and favourable inclination of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his delight, and whom God hath joined let no man separate. Basilius hath but this one sheep; let none offer to take it from him, be he never so powerful; he that first attempts it must first pass through the point of this lance.' At which he shook his lance strongly and cunningly, that he frightened all that knew him not.

But Quiteria's disdain was so inwardly fixed in Camacho's heart that he forgot her in an instant; so that the vicar's persuasions prevailed with him (who was a good, discreet, and honest-minded man), by which Camacho and his complices were pacified and quieted, in sign of which they put up their swords, rather blaming Quiteria's facility than Basilius his industry. Camacho framed this discourse to himself,—that if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a maid she would also have continued her love to him though

she had been his wife, so that he ought to give God thanks rather for having ridden him of her than to have given her to him.

Camacho, then, and those of his crew being comforted and pacified, all Basilius his likewise were so; and Camacho, to show that he stomached not the jest, nor cared for it, was willing the feast should go forward, as if he had been really married. But neither Basilius, nor his spouse, nor their followers would stay, but went to Basilius his town; for your poor that be virtuous and discreet have as well those that will follow, honour, and uphold them, as the rich theirs, and such as will flatter them. Don Quixote went with them too, for they esteemed him to be a man of worth and valour; but Sancho's mind was in a mist to see that it was impossible for him to stay for Camacho's sumptuous feast and sports that lasted till the evening; so that straitened and sorrowful he followed on with his master that went in Basilius his squadron, and thus left behind him those flesh-pots of Egypt, though he bore them with him in his mind, whose scum which he carried in the kettle, being consumed now and ended, represented unto him the glorious and abundant happiness he lost; so that all sad and sorrowful, though hungerless, without alighting from Dapple, he followed Rozinante's track.

## CHAPTER XXII

*Of the Famous Adventure of Montesinos' Cave, which is in the Heart of Mancha, which the Valorous Don Quixote happily accomplished*

THE married couple made wonderful much of Don Quixote, obliged thereunto for the willingness he showed to defend their cause, and with his valour they paralleled his discretion, accounting him a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence. The good Sancho recreated himself three



days at the bridegroom's charge, and now knew that Quiteria knew nothing of the feigned wounding, but that it was a trick of Basilius, who hoped for the success that hath been showed. True it was that he had made some of his loving friends acquainted with his purpose, that they might help him at need, and make good his deceit.

'They cannot be called deceits,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that are done to a virtuous end, and that the marriage of a loving couple was an end most excellent. But, by the way, you must know that the greatest opposite that love hath is want and continual necessity; for love is all mirth, content, and gladness, and the more when he that loves enjoys the thing loved, against which necessity and poverty are open and declared enemies.' All this he spoke with a purpose to advise Basilius that he should leave exercising his youthful abilities; that, although they got him a name, yet they brought no wealth; and that he should look to lay up something now by lawful and industrious means, which are never wanting to those that will be wary and apply themselves. 'The honest poor man, if so be the poor man may be called honest, hath a jewel of a fair woman, which if any man bereave him of, dishonours him and kills her. She that is fair and honest when her husband is poor deserves to be crowned with laurel and triumphant bays. Beauty alone attracts the eyes of all that behold it, and the princely eagles and high-flying birds do stoop to it as to the pleasing lure; but, if extreme necessity be added to that beauty, then kites and crows will grapple with it, and other ravenous birds; but she that is constant against all these assaults doth well deserve to be her husband's crown. Mark, wise Basilius,' proceeds Don Quixote, 'it was an opinion of I know not what sage man, that there was but one good woman in the world; and his advice was that every man should think, that was married, that his wife was she, and so he should be sure to live contented. I never yet was married, neither have I any thought hitherto that way; notwithstanding, I could be able to give any man counsel herein that should ask it, and how he should choose his



wife. First of all I would have him rather respect fame than wealth; for the honest woman gets not a good name only with being good, but in appearing so; for your public looseness and liberty doth more prejudice a woman's honesty than her sinning secretly. If you bring her honest to your house, 'tis easy keeping her so, and to better her in that goodness; but if you bring her dishonest, 'tis hard mending her, for it is not very pliable to pass from one extreme into another,—I say not impossible, but I hold it to be very difficult.'

Sancho heard all this, and said to himself, 'This master of mine, when I speak matters of marrow and substance, is wont to tell me that I may take a pulpit in hand, and preach my fine knacks up and down the world; but I may say of him that when he once begins to thread his sentences he may not only take a pulpit in hand, but in each finger too, and go up and down the market-place, and cry, "Who buys my ware?"' The devil take thee for a knight-errant, how wise he is! On my soul, I thought he had known only what belonged to his knight-errantry; but he snaps at all, and there is no boat that he hath not an oar in.'

Sancho spoke this somewhat aloud, and his master overheard him, and asked, 'What is that thou art grumbling, Sancho?' 'I say nothing, neither do I grumble,' quoth he; 'I was only saying to myself that I would I had heard you before I was married, and perhaps I might now have said, "The sound man needs no physician."' 'Is Teresa so bad, Sancho?' said Don Quixote. 'Not very bad,' said Sancho, 'and yet not very good—at least, not so good as I would have her.' 'Thou dost ill, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'to speak ill of thy wife, who is indeed mother of thy children.' 'There's no love lost,' quoth Sancho, 'for she speaks ill of me too when she list, especially when she is jealous; for then the devil himself will not cope with her.'

Well, three days they stayed with the married couple, where they were welcomed like princes. Don Quixote desired the skilful parson to provide him a guide that

might show him the way to Montesinos' Cave, for he had a great desire to enter into it, and to see with his own eyes if those wonders that were told of it up and down the country were true. The parson told him that a cousin-german of his, a famous student and much addicted to books of knighthood, should go with him, who should willingly carry him to the mouth of the cave, and should show the famous lake of Ruydera, telling him he would be very good company for him, by reason he was one that knew how to publish books and direct them to great men.

By and by the young student comes me upon an ass with foal, with a coarse packing-cloth or doubled carpet upon his pack-saddle. Sancho saddled Rozinante, and made ready his Dapple, furnished his wallets, and carried the student's too, as well provided; and so taking leave and bidding all God be with you, they went on, holding their course to Montesinos' Cave. By the way Don Quixote asked the scholar of what kind or quality the exercises of his profession and study were. To which he answered that his profession was humanity, his exercises and study to make books for the press, which were very beneficial to himself and no less grateful to the commonwealth; that one of his books was intituled *The Book of the Liveries*, 'where are set down seven hundred and three sorts of liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and ciphers, from whence any may be taken at festival times and shows by courtiers, without begging them from anybody, or distilling, as you would say, from their own brains to suit them to their desires and intentions; for I give to the jealous, to the forsaken, to the forgotten, to the absent, the most agreeable, that will fit them as well as their punks. Another book I have, which I mean to call the *Metamorphosis, or Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention; for, imitating Ovid in it, by way of mocking, I show who the Giralda of Seville was, the Angel of the Magdalena, who was the pipe of Vecinguerra of Cordova, who the bulls of Guisando, Sierra Morena, the springs of Leganitos and Lavapies in Madrid<sup>1</sup>; not forgetting that of Pioio,

<sup>1</sup> All these several rarities of Spain.

that of the gilded pipe and of the abbess ; and all this with the allegories, metaphors, and translations, that they delight, suspend, and instruct all in a moment. Another book I have, which I call a Supply to Polydore Virgil, concerning the invention of things, which is of great reading and study, by reason that I do verify many matters of weight that Polydore omitted, and declare them in a very pleasing style. Virgil forgot to tell us who was the first that had a catarrh in the world, and the first that was anointed for the French disease, and I set it down presently after I propose it, and authorise it with at least four-and-twenty writers, that you may see whether I have taken good pains, and whether the said book may not be profitable to the world.'

Sancho, that was very attentive to the scholar's narration, asked him, 'Tell me, sir, so God direct your right hand in the impression of your books,—can you tell me (for I know you can, since you know all) who was the first man that scratched his head, for I believe it was our first father Adam?' 'Yes, marry, was it,' said he; 'for Adam, no doubt, had both head and hair, and, being the first man in the world, would sometimes scratch himself.' 'I believe it,' quoth Sancho; but tell me now, who was the first vaulter in the world?' 'Truly, brother,' said he, 'I cannot at present resolve you; I will study it when I come to my books, and then I'll satisfy you when we see one another again; for I hope this will not be the last time.' 'Well, sir,' said Sancho, 'never trouble yourself with this, for now I can resolve the doubt: know that the first tumbler in the world was Lucifer, when he was cast out of heaven, and came tumbling down to hell.' 'You say true,' quoth the scholar. And Don Quixote said, 'This answer, Sancho, is none of thine; thou hast heard somebody say so.' 'Peace, sir,' quoth Sancho, 'for, if I fall to question and answer, I shall not make an end between this and morning; and to ask foolish questions, and answer unlikelihoods, I want no help of my neighbours.' 'Thou hast spoken more, Sancho, than thou thinkest for,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for you have some

that are most busied in knowing and averring things, whose knowledge and remembrance is not worth a button.'

All that day they passed in these and other delightful discourses, and at night they lodged in a little village, from whence the scholar told them they had but two little leagues to Montesinos' Cave, and that if he meant to enter it he must be provided of ropes to tie and let himself down into the depth. Don Quixote said that, though it were as deep as hell, he would see whither it reached; so they bought an hundred fathom of cordage, and the next day at two of the clock they came to the cave, whose mouth is wide and spacious, but full of briars and brambles, and wild fig-trees, and weeds so intricate and thick that they altogether blind and dam it up. When they came to it, Sancho and the scholar alighted, and Don Quixote whom they tied strongly with the cordage; and, whilst they were swathing and binding of him, Sancho said to him, 'Take heed, sir, what you do; do not bury yourself alive, and do not hang yourself, like a bottle to be cooled in some well, for it neither concerns nor belongs to you to search this place, worse than a dungeon.' 'Bind me and peace,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for such an enterprise as this, Sancho, was reserved for me.' Then said the guide, 'I beseech you, Signior Don Quixote, that you take heed, and look about you with an hundred eyes, to see what is within; for perhaps you may meet with things that will be fit for me to put in my book of Transformations.' 'He hath his instrument in his hand,' quoth Sancho, 'that knows how to use it.'

This said, and Don Quixote's binding ended, which was not upon his harness, but upon his arming-doulet, he said, 'We did unadvisedly in not providing ourselves of some small bell, that might have been tied with me to the same cord, by whose sound you might know that I were still toward the bottom and alive; but, since there is now no remedy, God be our good speed!' And straight he kneeled upon his knees, and made a soft prayer to God Almighty, desiring His aid, and to give him good success

in that (to see to) dangerous and strange adventure ; and then straightways he cried aloud, ' O thou mistress of my actions and motions, most excellent, peerless Dulcinea del Toboso ! if it be possible that the prayers and requests of this thy happy lover come to thine ears, hearken, I beseech thee, by thy unheard-of beauty ; deny not now unto me thy favour and protection, which I so much need. I go to cast myself headlong to a plunge, and sink myself into the *abyssus* that presents itself to me, that the world may know that if thou favour me there shall be nothing impossible for me to undergo and end.'

And in saying this he came to the mouth, but saw he could not come near to be let down, except it were by making way with main force, or with cutting through ; and so, laying hand on his sword, he began to cut and slash the weeds that were at the mouth of the cave, at whose rushing and noise there came out an infinite company of crows and daws, so thick and so hastily that they tumbled Don Quixote on the ground ; and, if he had been as superstitious as good Christian, he would have taken it for an ill sign, and not have proceeded.

Well, he rose, and seeing the crows were all gone, and that there were no other night-birds, as bats, that came out amongst the crows, Sancho and the scholar let him down to search the bottom of that fearful cave ; but Sancho first bestowed his benediction on him, and, making a thousand crosses over him, said, ' God and the Rock of France, together with the Trinity of Gaeta,<sup>1</sup> guide thee, thou flower, cream, and scum of knights-errant. There thou goest, hackster of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass ; God again be thy guide, and deliver thee sound and without scar to the light of this world which thou leavest, to bury thyself in the obscurity which thou seekest.'

The scholar did, as it were, make the same kind of wishes and deprecations. Don Quixote cried out that they should yet give him more rope, which they gave by little and little ; and when his voice, that was stopt in the

<sup>1</sup> Several places of devotion.



gutters of the cave, could be no longer heard, and that they had let down their hundred fathom of rope, they were of opinion to hoist him up again, since they could give him no more cord; for all that, they stayed some half an hour, and then began easily to draw up the rope, and without any weight, which made them think Don Quixote was within; and Sancho believing it wept bitterly, and drew up apace, that he might be satisfied; but, coming somewhat near fourscore fathom, they felt a weight, which made them very much rejoice. At length, when they came to ten, they plainly saw Don Quixote, to whom Sancho cried out, saying, 'You are well returned, sir, for we thought you had stayed there for breed.'

But Don Quixote did not answer a word, but, drawing him altogether out, they saw that his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep; they stretched him on the ground and unbound him, and for all this he awaked not. But they so turned, tossed, and shook him that a pretty while after he came to himself, lazing himself, as if he had wakened out of a great and profound sleep, and, looking wildly around about him, said, 'God forgive you, friends, for you have raised me from one of the delicatest and pleasingest lives and sights that ever was seen by human eye. Now at length I perceive that all the delights of this world do pass like a shadow or dream, or wither like a flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O ill-wounded Durandarte! O luckless Belerma! O mournful Guadiana! and you, unfortunate daughters of Ruydera, that show by your waters those your fair eyes wept!'

The scholar and Sancho gave ear to these words which Don Quixote spake, as if with great pain they came from his very entrails; they desired him to let them know his meaning, and to tell them what he had seen in that hellish place. 'Hellish, call ye it?' said Don Quixote. 'Well, call it not so, for it deserves not the name, as straight you shall hear.' He desired them to give him somewhat to eat, for he was exceeding hungry. They laid the scholar's coarse wrapper upon the green grass, and went to the spence of their wallets; and, all three of them being set



like good fellows, eat their bever, and supped all together. The cloth taken up, Don Quixote said, 'Sit still, ho! let none of you rise, and mark me attentively.'

## CHAPTER XXIII

*Of the Admirable Things that the Unparalleled Don Quixote recounted, which he had seen in Montesinos' Profound Cave, whose Strangeness and Impossibility makes this Chapter be held for Apocrypha*

It was well toward four of the clock, when the sun, covered between two clouds, showed but a dim light, and with his temperate beams gave Don Quixote leave, without heat or trouble, to relate to his two conspicuous auditors what he had seen in Montesinos' Cave; and he began as followeth:

'About a twelve or fourteen men's heights in the profundity of this dungeon, on the right hand, there is a concavity and space able to contain a cart, mules and all; some light there comes into it by certain chinks and loopholes, which answer to it afar off in the superficies of the earth. This space and concavity saw I, when I was weary and angry to see myself hanging by the rope, to go down to that obscure region, without being carried a sure or known way; so I determined to enter into it, and to rest a little. I cried out unto you, that you should let down no more rope till I bade you, but it seemed you heard me not; I went gathering up the rope you let down to me, and, rolling of it up into a heap, sat me down upon it very pensative, thinking with myself what I might do to get to the bottom; and, being in this thought and confusion, upon a sudden, without any former inclination in me, a most profound sleep came upon me, and when I least thought of it, without knowing how, nor which way, I awaked out of it, and found myself in the midst of the

fairest, most pleasant, and delightful meadow that ever Nature created, or the wisest human discretion can imagine. I snuffed mine eyes, wiped them, and saw that I was not asleep, but really awake ; notwithstanding, I felt upon my head and my breast, to be assured if I were there myself or up in person, or that it were some illusion or counterfeit ; but my touching, feeling, and my reasonable discourse that I made to myself certified me that I was then present, the same that I am now. By and by I saw a princely and sumptuous palace or castle, whose walls and battlements seemed to be made of transparent crystal, from whence, upon the opening of two great gates, I saw that there came towards me a reverend old man, clad in a tawny baize frock, that he dragged upon the ground ; over his shoulders and breast he wore a tippet of green satin, like your fellows of colleges, and upon his cap a black Milan bonnet, and his hoary beard reached down to his girdle. He had no kind of weapon in his hand, but only a rosary of beads, somewhat bigger than reasonable walnuts, and the credo-beads about the bigness of ostrich-eggs ; his countenance, pace, gravity, and his spreading presence, each thing by itself, and altogether, suspended and admired. He came to me, and the first thing he did was to embrace me straitly, and forthwith said : “ It is long since, renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we who live in these enchanted deserts have hoped to see thee, that thou mightest let the world know what is contained here, and enclosed in this profound cave which thou hast entered, called Montesinos’ Cave ; an exploit reserved only to be attempted by thy invincible heart and stupendious courage. Come with me, thou most illustrious knight, for I will show thee the wonders that this transparent castle doth conceal, of which I am the governor and perpetual chief warder, as being the same Montesinos from whom the cave takes name.” Scarce had he told me that he was Montesinos, when I asked him whether it were true that was bruited here in the world above, that he had taken his great friend Durandarte’s heart out of the midst of his bosom with a little dagger, and carried it to

the Lady Belerma, as he willed at the instant of his death. He answered me that all was true; but only that of the dagger; for it was no dagger, but a little stiletto as sharp as a nawl.'

'Belike,' quoth Sancho, 'it was of Ramon de Hozes the Sevillian's making.' 'I know not,' said Don Quixote; 'but 'twas not of that stiletto-maker, for he lived but the other day, and that battle of Roncesvalles, where this accident happened, was many years since. But this averring is of no importance or let, neither alters the truth, or story's text.' 'You say right,' quoth the scholar, 'for I hearken with the greatest delight in the world.'

'With no less do I tell it you,' said Don Quixote, 'and proceed. The venerable Montesinos brought me into the crystalline palace, where in a low hall, exceeding fresh and cool, all of alabaster, was a great sepulchre of marble, made with singular art, upon which I saw a knight laid at length, not of brass, marble, or jasper, as you use to have in other tombs, but of pure flesh and bone; he held his right hand (which was somewhat hairy and sinewy, a sign that the owner was very strong) upon his heart side; and before I asked Montesinos aught, that saw me in suspense, beholding the tomb, he said: "This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and mirror of chivalry, of the enamoured and valiant knights of his time; he is kept here enchanted, as myself and many more knights and ladies are, by Merlin, that French enchanter who, they say,<sup>1</sup> was son to the devil; but, as I believe, he was not so, only he knew more than the devil. Why or how he enchanted us, nobody knows, which the times will bring to light, that I hope are not far off; all that I admire is, since I know for certain, as it is now day, that Durandarte died in my arms, and that after he was dead I took out his heart (and surely it weighed above two pounds; for, according to natural philosophy, he that hath the biggest heart is more valiant than he that hath but a less), which being so, and that this knight died really how he complains and sighs sometimes as if he were alive."

<sup>1</sup>For so I translate it, to show the author's mistake.

Which said, the wretched Durandarte, crying out aloud, said, "O my cousin Montesinos, the last thing that I requested you when I was dying, and my soul departing, was that you would carry my heart to Belerma, taking it out of my bosom, either with poniard or dagger." Which when the venerable Montesinos heard, he kneeled before the grieved knight, and with tears in his eyes said, "Long since, O Durandarte, long since, my dearest cousin, I did what you enjoined me in that bitter day of our loss. I took your heart, as well as I could, without leaving the least part of it in your breast; I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and posted with it towards France, having first laid you in the bosom of the earth, with so many tears as was sufficient to wash my hands, or to wipe off the blood from them which I had gotten by stirring them in your entrails; and, for more assurance that I did it, my dearest cousin, at the first place I came to from Roncesvalles, I cast salt upon your heart, that it might not stink, and might be fresh and embalmed when it should come to the presence of the Lady Belerma, who with you and me, Guadiana your squire, the waiting-woman Ruydera, and her seven daughters, and her two nieces, and many other of your acquaintances and friends, have been enchanted here by Merlin, that wizard, long since; and, though it be above five hundred years ago, yet none of us is dead; only Ruydera, her daughters and nieces are wanting, whom, by reason of their lamentation, Merlin, that had compassion on them, turned them into so many lakes now living in the world; and in the province of Mancha they are called the lakes of Ruydera; seven belong to the Kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the Knights of the most Holy Order of Saint John. Guadiana your squire, wailing in like manner this mishap, was turned into a river that bore his own name, who, when he came to the superficies of the earth, and saw the sun in another heaven, such was his grief to have left you that he straight plunged himself into the entrails of the earth; but, as it is not possible for him to leave his natural current, sometimes he appears and shows himself where the sun and men may see him. The afore-

said lakes do minister their waters to him, with which, and many others, he enters Portugal in pomp; but, which way soe'er he goes, he shows his sorrow and melancholy, and contemns the breeding of dainty fish in his waters and such as are esteemed, but only muddy and unsavoury, far differing from those of golden Tagus. And what I now tell you, cousin mine, I have told you often, and, since you answer me nothing, I imagine you either believe me not, or not hear me, for which God knows I am heartily sorry. One news I will let you know, which, though perhaps it may not any way lighten your grief, yet it will no way increase it. Know that you have here in your presence—open your eyes and you shall see him—that famous knight of whom Merlin prophesied such great matters, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say, that now newly, and more happily than former ages, hath raised the long-forgotten knight-errantry, by whose means and favour it may be that we also may be disenchanted; for great exploits are reserved for great personages.” “And if it be otherwise,” answered the grieved Durandarte, with a faint and low voice, “if it be otherwise, O cousin, I say, patience and shuffle”;<sup>1</sup> and, turning on one side, he returned to his accustomed silence, without speaking one word.

‘By this we heard great howling and moan, accompanied with deep sighs and short-breathed accents: I turned me about and saw that in another room there came passing by the crystal waters a procession of a company of most beautiful damsels, in two ranks, all clad in mourning, with turbants upon their heads, after the Turkish fashion; at last, and in the end of the ranks, there came a lady, who by her majesty appeared so, clothed in like manner in black, with a white dressing on her head, so large that it kissed the very ground. Her turban was twice as big as the biggest of the rest; she was somewhat beetle-browed, flat-nosed, wide-mouthed, but red-lipped; her teeth, for sometimes she discovered them, seemed to be thin and not

<sup>1</sup> ‘*Patencia y baraiar*’; a metaphor taken from card-players, who, when they lose, cry to the dealer, ‘Patience, and shuffle the cards.’



very well placed, though they were as white as blanched almonds; in her hand she carried a fine cloth, and within it, as might be perceived, a mummied heart, by reason of the dry embalming of it. Montesinos told me that all those in that procession were servants to Durandarte and Belerma, that were there enchanted with their masters; and that she that came last with the linen cloth and the heart in her hand was the Lady Belerma, who, together with her damsels, four days in the week did make that procession, singing, or, to say truer, howling their dirges over the body and grieved heart of his cousin; and if now she appeared somewhat foul to me, or not so fair as fame hath given out, the cause was her bad nights, but worse days, that she endured in that enchantment, as I might see by her deep-sunk eyes and her broken complexion. "And her monthly disease is not the cause of these (an ordinary thing in women), for it is many months since, and many years, that she hath not had it, nor known what it is, but the grief that she hath in her own heart, for that she carries in her hand continually, which renews and brings to her remembrance the unfortunateness of her luckless lover; for, if it were not for this, scarce would the famous Dulcinea del Toboso equal her in beauty, wit, or liveliness, that is so famous in the Mancha, and all the world over." "Not too fast," then said I, "Signior Don Montesinos; on with your story as befits; for you know all comparisons are odious, and so leave your comparing: the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Belerma is what she is and hath been; and let this suffice." To which he answered, "Pardon me, Signior Don Quixote; for I confess I did ill, and not well, to say the Lady Dulcinea would scarce equal the Lady Belerma, since it had been sufficient that I understood—I know not by what aim—that you are her knight, enough to have made me bite my tongue, before I had compared her with anything but heaven itself." With this satisfaction that Montesinos gave me, my heart was free from that sudden passion I had, to hear my mistress compared to Belerma.



'And I marvel,' said Sancho, 'that you got not to the old carle and banged his bones and pulled his beard, without leaving him a hair in it.' 'No, friend Sancho,' said he; 'it was not fit for me to do so; for we are all bound to reverence our elders, although they be no knights, and most of all when they are so, and are enchanted. I know well enough I was not behindhand with him in other questions and answers that passed between us.'

Then said the scholar, 'I know not, Signior Don Quixote, how you in so little time as it is since you went down have seen so many things, and spoken and answered so much.' 'How long is it,' quoth he, 'since I went down?' 'A little more than an hour,' said Sancho. 'That cannot be,' replied Don Quixote, 'because it was morning and evening, and evening and morning, three times; so that, by my account, I have been three days in those parts so remote and hidden from our sight.' 'Surely my master,' quoth Sancho, 'is in the right; for, as all things that befall him are by way of enchantment, so perhaps that which appears to us but an hour is to him there three nights and three days.' 'He hath hit it,' said Don Quixote. 'And have you eat, sir, in all this time?' quoth the scholar. 'Not a bit,' quoth Don Quixote, 'neither have I been hungry, or so much as thought of eating.' 'And the enchanted, eat they?' said the scholar. 'No,' said he, 'neither are they troubled with your greater excrements, although it be probable that their nails, their beards, and their hairs grow.' 'Sleep they haply?' said Sancho. 'No, indeed,' said Don Quixote; 'at least, these three days that I have been with them, not one of them hath closed his eyes, nor I neither.' 'That fits the proverb,' quoth Sancho, 'which says, "You shall know the person by his company." You have been amongst the enchanted, and those that watch and fast; no marvel, therefore, though you neither slept nor eat whilst you were amongst them. But pray, sir, pardon me if I say, God—or the devil, I was about to say—take me, if I believe a word of all this you have spoken.' 'Why not?' said the scholar. 'Do you think Signior Don Quixote would lie to us; for, though

he would, he hath not had time to compose or invent such a million of lies?' 'I do not believe,' quoth Sancho, 'that my master lies.' 'But what do you believe, then?' quoth Don Quixote. 'Marry, I believe,' said Sancho, 'that that Merlin, or those enchanter, that enchanted all that rabble that you say you have seen and conversed with there below, clapped into your apprehension or memory all this machine that you have told us, and all that remains yet to be told.' 'All this may be, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'but 'tis otherwise; for what I have told I saw with these eyes, and felt with these hands. But what wilt thou say when I shall tell thee that amongst infinite other matters and wonders that Montesinos showed me, which at more leisure and at fitting time in process of our journey I shall tell thee, he showed me three country-wenches, that went leaping and frisking up and down those pleasant fields, like goats? and I scarce saw them when I perceived the one was the peerless Dulcinea, and the other two the selfsame that we spoke to when we left Toboso. I asked Montesinos whether he knew them, who answered me, not; but that sure they were some ladies of quality there enchanted, that but lately appeared in those fields; and that it was no wonder, for that there were many others of former times, and these present, that were enchanted in strange and different shapes, amongst whom he knew Queen Guinivere, and her woman Quintaniona, filling Lansarote's cups when he came from Britain.'

When Sancho heard his master thus far, it made him stark mad, and ready to burst with laughter; for by reason that he knew the truth of Dulcinea's enchantment, as having been himself the enchanter, and the raiser of that tale, he did undoubtedly ratify his belief that his master was mad and out of his wits; and so told him, 'In an ill time, and dismal day, patron mine, went you down into the other world, and at an ill season met with Signior Montesinos, that hath returned you in this pickle; you were well enough here above, in your right senses as God hath given them you, uttering sentences and giving good counsel every foot, and not, as now, telling the greatest unlikelihoods that can be

imagined.' 'Because I know thee, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I make no account of thy words.' 'Nor I of yours,' said he; 'you may strike or kill me if you will, either for those I have spoken or those I mean to speak, if you do not correct and amend yourself. But pray tell me, sir, whilst we are at quiet, how knew you it was our mistress. Spoke you to her? What said she? And what answered you?'

'I knew her,' said Don Quixote, 'by the same clothes she had on at such time as thou show'dst her me. I spoke to her, but she gave me not a word, but turned her back, and scudded away so fast that a flight would not have overtaken her. I meant to have followed her, and had done it, but that Montesinos told me it was in vain, and the rather, because it was now high time for me to return out of the cave. He told me likewise that in process of time he would let me know the means of disenchanting Durandarte, and Belerma, and himself, together with all the rest that were there. But that which most grieved me was, that whilst I was thus talking with Montesinos, one of the unfortunate Dulcinea's companions came on one side of me, I not perceiving it, and, with tears in her eyes and hollow voice, said to me, "My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso commends her to you, and desires to know how you do; and withal, because she is in great necessity, she desires you with all earnestness that you would be pleased to lend her three shillings upon this new cotton petticoat that I bring you, or what you can spare, for she will pay you again very shortly." This message held me in suspense and admiration; so that, turning to Signior Montesinos, I asked him, "Is it possible, Signior, that those of your better sort that be enchanted are in want?" To which he answered, "Believe me, Signior Don Quixote, this Necessity rangeth and extends itself everywhere, and overtakes all men, neither spares she the enchanted; and therefore, since the Lady Dulcinea demands these three shillings of you, and that the pawn seems to be good, lend them her, for sure she is much straitened." "I will take no pawn," quoth I, "neither can I lend what she requires,

for I have but two shillings." These I gave, which were the same, Sancho, that thou gavest me t'other day for alms to the poor we met; and I told the maid, "Friend, tell your mistress that I am sorry with all my heart for her wants, and I would I were a Fucar<sup>1</sup> to relieve them; and let her know that I neither can nor may have health, wanting her pleasing company and discreet conversation; and that I desire her, as earnestly as may be, that this her captive servant and way-beaten knight may see and treat with her. You shall also say, that when she least thinks of it she shall hear say that I have made an oath and vow, such as was the Marquis his of Mantua, to revenge his nephew Baldwine, when he found him ready to give up the ghost in the midst of the mountain, which was, not to eat his meat with napkins, and other flim-flams added thereunto, till he had revenged his death; and so swear I, not to be quiet till I have travelled all the seven partitions of the world, more punctually than Prince Don Manuel of Portugal, till I have disenchanted her." "All this and more you owe to my mistress," said the damsel; and, taking the two shillings, instead of making me a courtesy, she fetched a caper two yards high in the air.'

'Blessed God!' Sancho cried out, 'and is it possible that enchanter and enchantments should so much prevail upon him as to turn his right understanding into such a wild madness? Sir, sir, for God's love have a care of yourself, and look to your credit; believe not in these bubbles that have lessened and crazed your wits.' 'Out of thy love, Sancho, thou speakest this,' said Don Quixote; 'and, for want of experience in the world, all things that have never so little difficulty seem to thee to be impossible: but time will come, as I have told thee already, that I shall relate some things that I have seen before, which may make thee believe what I have said, which admits no reply or controversy.'

<sup>1</sup>Fucares were a rich family and name in Germany that maintained a bank of moneys in Spain, and still used to furnish Philip the Second with moneys in his wars.

## CHAPTER XXIV

*Where are recounted a Thousand Flim-flams, as impertinent as necessary to the Understanding of this Famous History*

THE translator of this famous history out of his original, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, says that, when he came to the last chapter going before, these words were written in the margin by the same Hamet : 'I cannot believe or be persuaded that all that is written in the antecedent chapter happened so punctually to the valorous Don Quixote ; the reason is, because all adventures hitherto have been accidental and probable ; but this of the cave, I see no likelihood of the truth of it, as being so unreasonable : yet to think Don Quixote would lie, being the worthiest gentleman and noblest knight of his time, is not possible, for he would not lie though he were shot to death with arrows. On the other side, I consider that he related it with all the aforesaid circumstances, and that in so short a time he could not frame such a machina of fopperies ; and, if this adventure seem to be apocrypha, the fault is not mine ; so that, leaving it indifferent, I here set it down. Thou, O reader, as thou art wise, judge as thou thinkest good, for I can do no more ; though one thing be certain, that when he was upon his deathbed he disclaimed this adventure, and said that he had only invented it because it suited with such as he had read of in his histories. So he proceeds, saying :

The scholar wondered as well at Sancho's boldness as his master's patience ; but he thought that by reason of the joy that he received in having seen his mistress Dulcinea, though enchanted, that softness of condition grew upon him ; for, had it been otherwise, Sancho spoke words that might have grinded him to powder, for in his opinion he was somewhat saucy with his master, to whom he said : 'Signior Don Quixote, I think the journey that I have made with you very well employed, because in it I



have stored up four things: the first is the having known yourself, which I esteem as a great happiness; the second, to have known the secrets of this Montesinos' Cave, with the transformations of Guadiana and Ruydera's lakes, which may help me in my Spanish Ovid I have in hand; the third is, to know the antiquity of card-playing, which was used at least in time of the Emperor Charles the Great, as may be collected out of the words you say Durandarte used, when, after a long speech between him and Montesinos, he awakened saying, "Patience and shuffle" (and this kind of speaking he could not learn when he was enchanted, but when he lived in France, in time of the aforesaid emperor); and this observation comes in pudding-time for the other book that I am making, which is my Supply to Polydore Virgil in the Invention of Antiquities; and I believe in his he left out cards, which I will put in, as a matter of great importance, especially having so authentic an author as Signior Durandarte. The fourth is to have known for a certain the true spring of the river Guadiana, which hath hitherto been concealed.'

'You have reason,' said Don Quixote; 'but I would fain know of you, now that it hath pleased God to give you abilities to print your books, to whom will you direct them?' 'You have lords and grandees<sup>1</sup> in Spain,' said the scholar, 'to whom I may direct them.' 'Few of them,' said Don Quixote; 'not because they do not deserve the dedications, but because they will not admit of them, not to oblige themselves to the satisfaction that is due to the author's pains and courtesy. One prince I know that may supply the deserts of the rest, with such advantage that, should I speak of it, it might stir up envy in some noble breasts; but let this rest till some fit time, and let us look out where we may lodge to-night.' 'Not far from hence,' said the scholar, 'there is a hermitage, where dwells a hermit that they say hath been a soldier, and is thought to be a good Christian, and very discreet and charitable. Beside the hermitage, he hath a little house which he hath

<sup>1</sup>A name given to men of title, as dukes, marquises, or earls, in Spain, whose only privilege is to stand covered before the king.



built at his own charge; yet, though it be little, it is fit to receive guests.' 'Hath he any hens, trow?' said Sancho. 'Few hermits are without 'em,' quoth Don Quixote; 'for your hermits nowadays are not like those that lived in the deserts of Egypt, that were clad in palm-leaves, and lived upon the roots of the earth; but mistake me not, that because I speak well of them I should speak ill of these, only the penitency of these times comes not near those; yet, for aught I know, all are good, at least I think so; and, if the worst come to the worst, your hypocrite that feigns himself good doth less hurt than he that sins in public.'

As they were thus talking they might espy a footman coming towards them, going apace, and beating with his wand a he-mule laden with lances and halberds. When he came near them he saluted them and passed on; but Don Quixote said to him, 'Honest fellow, stay, for methinks you make your mule go faster than needs.' 'I cannot stay, sir,' said he, 'because these weapons that you see I carry must be used to-morrow morning, so I must needs go on my way. Farewell; but, if you will know why I carry them, I shall lodge to-night in the vent<sup>1</sup> above the hermitage; and, if you go that way, there you shall have me, and I will tell you wonders; and so once more, farewell.' So the mule pricked on so fast that Don Quixote had no leisure to ask him what wonders they were; and as he was curious, and always desirous of novelties, he took order that they should presently go and pass that night in the vent, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar would have stayed that night.

So all three of them mounted, and went toward the vent, whither they reached somewhat before it grew dark, and the scholar invited Don Quixote to drink a sup by the way at the hermitage, which as soon as Sancho heard, he made haste with Dapple, as did Don Quixote and the scholar likewise; but, as Sancho's ill-luck would have it,

<sup>1</sup> *Ventas*—places in Spain, in barren unpeopled parts, for lodging, like our beggarly alehouses upon the highways.

the hermit was not at home, as was told them by the under-hermit. They asked him whether he had any of the dearer sort of wine, who answered his master had none, but, if they would have any cheap water, he would give it them with a good will. 'If my thirst would be quenched with water, we might have had wells to drink at by the way. Ah, Camacho's marriage and Don Diego's plenty, how oft shall I miss you !'

Now they left the hermitage, and spurred toward the vent, and a little before them they overtook a youth that went not very fast before them ; so they overtook him. He had a sword upon his shoulder, and upon it, as it seemed, a bundle of clothes, as breeches and cloak and a shirt—for he wore a velvet jerkin that had some kind of remainder of satin, and his shirt hung out—his stockings were of silk, and his shoes square at toe, after the court fashion ; he was about eighteen years of age, and active of body to see to ; to pass the tediousness of the way, he went singing short pieces of songs, and as they came near him he made an end of one, which the scholar, they say, learned by heart, and it was this :

'To the wars I go for necessity,  
At home would I tarry if I had money.'

Don Quixote was the first that spoke to him, saying, 'You go very naked, sir gallant ; and whither, a God's name ? Let's know, if it be your pleasure to tell us ?' To which the youth answered, 'Heat and poverty are the causes that I walk so light, and my journey is to the wars.' 'Why for poverty ?' quoth Don Quixote ; 'for heat it may well be.' 'Sir,' said the youth, 'I carry in this bundle a pair of slops, fellows to this jerkin ; if I wear 'em by the way, I shall do myself no credit with them when I come to any town, and I have no money to buy others with ; so as well for this as to air myself I go till I can overtake certain companies of foot, which are not above twelve leagues from hence, where I shall get me a place, and shall not want carriages to travel in, till I come to our embarking-place, which, they say, must be in

Cartagina, and I had rather have the king to my master, and serve him, than any beggarly courtier.' 'And pray tell me, have you any extraordinary pay?' said the scholar. 'Had I served any grandee, or man of quality,' said the youth, 'no doubt I should; for that comes by your serving good masters, that out of the scullery men come to be lieutenants or captains, or to have some good pay; but I always had the ill luck to serve your shagrag and upstarts, whose allowance was so bare and short that one half of it still was spent in starching me a ruff, and it is a miracle that one venturing page amongst a hundred should ever get any reasonable fortune.' 'But tell me, friend,' quoth Don Quixote, 'is it possible that in all the time you served you never got a livery?' 'Two,' said the page; 'but, as he that goes out of a monastery before he professeth hath his habit taken from him, and his clothes given him back, so my masters returned me mine, when they had ended their businesses for which they came to the court, and returned to their own homes, and withheld their liveries which they had only showed for ostentation.'

'A notable Espilorcheria<sup>1</sup>, as saith your Italian,' quoth Don Quixote. 'For all that, think yourself happy that you are come from the court with so good an intention, for there is nothing in the world better nor more profitable than to serve God first, and next your prince and natural master, especially in the practice of arms, by which, if not more wealth, yet at least more honour, is obtained than by learning; as I have said many times, that though learning hath raised more houses than arms, yet your swordmen have a kind of I know not what advantage above scholars, with a kind of splendour that doth advantage them over all. And bear in your mind what I shall now tell you, which shall be much for your good and much lighten you in your travels; that is, not to think upon adversity, for the worst that can come is death, which if it be a good death, the best fortune of all is to die. Julius Caesar, that brave Roman emperor being

<sup>1</sup> Cullionry.

asked which was the best death, answered, "A sudden one, and unthought of"; and, though he answered like a Gentile, and void of the knowledge of the true God, yet he said well, to save human feeling a labour; for say you should be slain in the first skirmish, either with cannon-shot or blown up with a mine, what matter is it? All is but dying, and there's an end; and, as Terence says, a soldier slain in the field shows better than alive and safe in flight; and so much the more famous is a good soldier, by how much he obeys his captains and those that may command him. And mark, child, it is better for a soldier to smell of his gunpowder than of civet; and when old age comes upon you in this honourable exercise, though you be full of scars, maimed or lame, at least you shall not be without honour, which poverty cannot diminish; and, besides, there is order taken now that old and maimed soldiers may be relieved; neither are they dealt withal like those men's *negars*, that when they are old and can do their masters no service, they (under colour of making them free) turn them out of doors and make them slaves to hunger, from which nothing can free them but death.<sup>1</sup> And for this time I will say no more to you, but only get up behind me till you come to the vent, and there you shall sup with me, and to-morrow take your journey, which God speed as your desires deserve.'

The page accepted not of his invitement to ride behind him; but for the supper he did. And at this season, they say, Sancho said to himself, 'Lord defend thee, master! And is it possible that a man that knows to speak such, so many, and so good things as he hath said here should say he hath seen such impossible fooleries as he hath told us of Montesinos' Cave? Well, we shall see what will become of it.'

And by this they came to the vent just as it was night, for which Sancho was glad, because too his master took it to be a true vent, and not a castle, as he was wont. They were no sooner entered when Don Quixote asked the

<sup>1</sup>He describes the right subtle and cruel nature of his damned countrymen.

venter<sup>1</sup> for the man with the lances and halberds, who answered him he was in the stable looking to his moil. Sancho and the scholar did the same to their asses, giving Don Quixote's Rozinante the best manger and room in the stable.

## CHAPTER XXV

*Of the Adventure of the Braying, and the Merry One of the Puppet-man, with the Memorable Soothsaying of the Prophesying Ape*

DON QUIXOTE stood upon thorns till he might hear and know the promised wonders of the man that carried the arms, and went where the venter had told him, to seek him; where finding him, he said that by all means he must tell him presently what he had promised him upon the way. The man answered him, 'The story of the wonders requires more leisure, and must not be told thus standing. Good sir, let me make an end of provendering my beast, and I will tell you things that shall admire you.' 'Let not that hinder you,' quoth Don Quixote, 'for I'll help you'; and so he did, sifting his barley and cleansing the manger, a humility that obliged the fellow to tell him his tale heartily. Thus sitting down upon a bench, Don Quixote by him, with the scholar, page, and Sancho, and the venter, for his complete senate and auditory, he began :

'You shall understand that in a town some four leagues and an half from this vent it fell out that an alderman there, by a trick and wile of a wench, his maid-servant (which were long to tell how), lost his ass; and, though the said alderman used all manner of diligence to find him, it was impossible. His ass was wanting, as the public voice and fame goeth, fifteen days, when the alderman that lost him, being in the market-place, another alderman of the same

<sup>1</sup> *Ventero*, the master of the vent.

town told him, "Pay me for my news, gossip, for your ass is forthcoming." "I will willingly, gossip," said the other; "but let me know where he is." "This morning," said the second, "I saw him upon the mountains without his pack-saddle or any other furniture, so lean that it was pity to see him. I would have gotten him before me, and have driven him to you, but he is so mountainous and wild that when I made towards him he flew from me, and got into the thickest of the wood. If you please, we will both return and seek him; let me first put up this ass at home, and I'll come by and by." "You shall do me a great kindness," quoth he, "and I will repay you, if need be, in the like kind."

'With all these circumstances, just as I tell you, all that know the truth relate it. In fine, the two aldermen, afoot and hand to hand, went to the hills, and, coming to the place where they thought to find the ass, they missed of him, neither could they find him for all their seeking round about. Seeing then there was no appearance of him, the alderman that had seen him said to the other, "Hark you, gossip, I have a trick in my head with which we shall find out this beast, though he be hidden under ground, much more if in the mountain. Thus it is: I can bray excellent well, and so can you a little—well, 'tis a match." "A little, gossip!" quoth the other; "verily, I'll take no odds of anybody, nor of an ass himself." "We shall see then," said the second alderman; "for my plot is that you go on one side of the hill, and I on the other, so that we may compass it round; now and then you shall bray, and so will I, and it cannot be but that your ass will answer one of us, if he be in the mountain."

'To this the owner of the ass answered, "I tell you, gossip, the device is rare, and worthy your great wit." So dividing themselves, according to the agreement, it fell out that just at one instant both brayed, and each of them cozened with the other's braying came to look one another, thinking now there had been news of the ass; and as they met the loser said, "Is it possible, gossip, that it was not mine ass that brayed?" "No, 'twas I," said the other.



"Then," replied the owner, "gossip, between you and an ass there is no difference touching your braying; for in my life I never heard a thing more natural." "These praises and extolling," said the other, "do more properly belong to you than me; for truly you may give two to one to the best and skilfullest brayer in the world; for your sound is lofty, you keep very good time, and your cadences thick and sudden. To conclude, I yield myself vanquished, and give you the prize and glory of this rare ability." "Well," said the owner, "I shall like myself the better for this hereafter, and shall think I know something, since I have gotten a quality; for, though I ever thought I brayed well, yet I never thought I was so excellent at it as you say." "Let me tell you," said the other, "there be rare abilities in the world that are lost and ill employed in those that will not good themselves with them." "Ours," quoth the owner, "can do us no good but in such businesses as we have now in hand, and pray God in this they may."

'This said, they divided themselves again, and returned to their braying, and every foot they were deceived and met, till they agreed upon a countersign, that, to know it was themselves and not the ass, they should bray twice together; so that with this doubling their brays every stitch-while they compassed the hill, the lost ass not answering so much as by the least sign; but how could the poor and ill-thriving beast answer, when they found him in the thicket eaten with wolves? And his owner-seeing him said, "I marvelled he did not answer; for if he had not been dead he would have brayed, if he had heard us, or else he had been no ass. But i' faith, gossip, since I have heard your delicate braying, I think my pains well bestowed in looking this ass, though I have found him dead." "'Tis in a very good hand, gossip," said the other;<sup>1</sup> "and if the abbot sing well the little monk comes not behind him."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'En buena mano esta': alluding to two that strive to make one another drink first.

<sup>2</sup> The one as very an ass as the other.

‘With this, all comfortless and hoarse, home they went, where they told their friends, neighbours, and acquaintances what had happened in the search for the ass, the one exaggerating the other’s cunning in braying, all which was known and spread abroad in the neighbouring towns; and the devil, that always watcheth how he may sow and scatter quarrels and discord everywhere, raising brabbles in the air, and making great chimeras of nothing, made the people of other towns that when they saw any of ours they should bray, as hitting us in the teeth with our aldermen’s braying. The boys at length fell to it, which was as if it had fallen into the jaws of all the devils in hell; so this braying spread itself from one town to the other, that they which are born in our town are as well known as the beggar knows his dish; and this unfortunate scoff hath proceeded so far that many times those that were scoffed at have gone out armed in a whole squadron, to give battle to the scoffers, without fear or wit, neither king nor kaiser being able to prevent them. I believe that tomorrow or next day those of my town will be in field—to wit, the brayers—against the next town, which is two leagues off, one of them that doth most persecute us; and, because we might be well provided, I have bought those halberds and lances that you saw. And these be the wonders that I said I would tell you of; and, if these be not so, I know not what may.’

And here the poor fellow ended his discourse; and now there entered at the door of the vent one clad all in his chamois, in hose and doublet, and called aloud, ‘Mine host, have you any lodging? for here comes the prophesying ape, and the motion of *Melisendra*.’ ‘Body of me!’ quoth the venter, ‘here is Master Peter; we shall have a brave night of it.’ I had forgot to tell how this Master Peter had his left eye and half his cheek covered with a patch of green taffeta, a sign that all that side was sore. So the venter proceeded, saying, ‘You are welcome, Master Peter. Where’s the ape and the motion, that I see ’em not?’ ‘They are not far off,’ quoth the chamois-man; ‘only I am come before to know if you have any lodging.’ ‘I

would make bold with the Duke of Alva himself,' said the venter, 'rather than Master Peter should be disappointed. Let your ape and your motion come, for we have guests here to-night that will pay for seeing that, and the ape's abilities.' 'In good time,' said he of the patch, 'for I will moderate the price, so my charges this night be paid for; and therefore I will cause the cart where they are to drive on.' With this he went out of the vent again.

Don Quixote straight asked the venter what Master Peter that was, and what motion or ape those he brought. To which the venter answered, 'He is a famous puppet-master, that this long time hath gone up and down these parts of Aragon, showing this motion of *Melisendra and Don Gayferos*, one of the best histories that hath been represented these many years in this kingdom. Besides, he hath an ape, the strangest that ever was; for, if you ask him anything, he marketh what you ask, and gets up upon his master's shoulder, and tells him in his ear, by way of answer, what he was asked, which Master Peter declares. He tells things to come as well as things past; and, though he do not always hit upon the right, yet he seldom errs, and makes us believe the devil is in him. Twelvence for every answer we give, if the ape do answer,—I mean, if his master answer for him, after he hath whispered in his ear; so it is thought that Master Peter is very rich. He is a notable fellow, and, as your Italian saith, a boon companion, hath the best life in the world, talks his share for six men, and drinks for a dozen, all at his tongue's charge, his motion, and his ape's.'

By this Master Peter was returned, and his motion and ape came in a small carriage; his ape was of a good bigness, without a tail, and his bum as bare as a felt, but not very ill-favoured. Don Quixote scarce beheld him when he demanded, 'Master prophesier, what fish do we catch? Tell us what will become of us, and here is twelvence,' which he commanded Sancho to give Master Peter, who answered for the ape and said, 'Sir, this beast answers not, nor gives any notice of things to come; of things past he knows something, and likewise a little of

things present.' 'Zwookers!' quoth Sancho, 'I'll not give a farthing to know what is past; for who can tell that better than myself? and to pay for what I know is most foolish; but, since you say he knows things present, here's my twelpence, and let Goodman Ape tell me what my wife Teresa Panza doth, and in what she busies herself.'

Master Peter would not take his money, saying, 'I will not take your reward beforehand, till the ape hath first done his duty'; so, giving a clap or two with his right hand on his left shoulder, at one frisk the ape got up, and, laying his mouth to his ear, grated his teeth apace; and, having showed this feat the space of a creed's saying, at another frisk he leaped to the ground, and instantly Master Peter very hastily ran and kneeled down before Don Quixote, and embracing his legs said, 'These legs I embrace as if they were Hercules' Pillars. O famous reviver of the long-forgotten knight-errantry! O never-sufficiently-extolled knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha! Raiser of the faint-hearted, proper of those that fall, the staff and comfort of all the unfortunate!'

Don Quixote was amazed, Sancho confused, the scholar in suspense, the page astonished, the braytownsman all in a gaze, the venter at his wit's end, and all admiring that heard the puppet-man's speech, who went on saying: 'And thou, honest Sancho Panza, the best squire to the best knight of the world, rejoice, for thy wife Teresa is a good housewife, and at this time she is dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, she hath a good broken-mouthed pot at her left side that holds a pretty scantling of wine, with which she easeth her labour.'

'I believe that very well,' said Sancho, 'for she is a good soul; and if she were not jealous I would not change her for the giantess Andandona, that, as my master says, was a woman for the nonce; and my Teresa is one of those that will not pine herself, though her heirs smart for it.'

'Well, I say now,' quoth Don Quixote, 'he that reads much and travels much sees much and knows much. This I say, for who in the world could have persuaded me that apes could prophesy, which now I have seen with mine

own eyes ? For I am the same Don Quixote that this beast speaks of, although he have been somewhat too liberal in my praise ; but, howsoever I am, I give God thanks that He hath made me so relenting and compassionate ; always inclined to do good to all, and hurt to no man.'

'If I had money,' said the page, 'I would ask master ape what should befall me in the peregrination I have in hand.' To which Master Peter answered (that was now risen from Don Quixote's foot), 'I have told you once that this little beast foretells not things to come ; for, if he could, 'twere no matter for your money ; for here is Signior Don Quixote present, for whose sake I would forego all the interest in the world ; and to show my duty to him, and to give him delight, I will set up my motion, and freely show all the company in the vent some pastime gratis.' Which the ventner hearing, unmeasurably glad, pointed him to a place where he might set it up, which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote liked not the ape's prophesying very well, holding it to be frivolous that an ape should only tell things present, and not past or to come. So, whilst Master Peter was fitting his motion, Don Quixote took Sancho with him to a corner of the stable, and in private said : 'Look thee, Sancho, I have very well considered of this ape's strange quality, and find that this Master Peter hath made a secret express compact with the devil, to infuse this ability into the ape, that he may get his living by it, and when he is rich he will give him his soul, which is that that this universal enemy of mankind pretends. And that which induceth me to this belief is that the ape answers not to things past, but only present, and the devil's knowledge attains to no more ; for things to come he knows not, only by conjecture ; for God alone can distinguish the times and moments ; and to Him nothing is past or to come, but all is present. Which being so, it is most certain that this ape speaks by instinct from the devil, and I wonder he hath not been accused to the Inquisition, and examined, and that it hath not been pressed out of him, to know by what virtue this ape

prophesieth; for certainly neither he nor his ape are astrologers, nor know how to cast figures, which they call judiciary, so much used in Spain; for you have no paltry woman nor page nor cobbler that presumes not to cast a figure, as if it were one of the knaves at cards upon a table, falsifying that wondrous science with their ignorant lying. I knew a gentlewoman that asked one of these figure-fingers if a little foisting-hound of hers should have any puppies, and, if it had, how many, and of what colour the whelps should be. To which my cunning man, after he had cast his figure, answered that the bitch should have young, and bring forth three little whelps, the one green, the other carnation, and the third of a mixed colour,—with this proviso, that she should take the dog between eleven and twelve of the clock at noon, or at night, which should be on the Monday or the Saturday. And the success was that some two days after the bitch died of a surfeit, and master figure-raiser was reputed in the town a most perfect judiciary, as all or the greatest part of such men are.'

'For all that,' said Sancho, 'I would you would bid Master Peter ask his ape whether all were true that befel you in Montesinos' Cave; for I think, under correction, all was cogging and lying, or at least but a dream.' 'All might be,' said Don Quixote; 'yet I will do as thou dost advise me, though I have one scruple remaining.'

Whilst they were thus communing, Master Peter came to call Don Quixote, and to tell him that the motion was now up, if he would please to see it, which would give him content. Don Quixote told him his desire, and wished that his ape might tell him if certain things that befel him in Montesinos' Cave were true or but dreams, for himself was uncertain whether. Master Peter, without answering a word, fetched his ape, and, putting him before Don Quixote and Sancho, said, 'Look you, master ape, Signior Don Quixote would have you tell him whether certain things that happened to him in Montesinos' Cave were true or false.' And, making the accustomed sign, the ape whipped upon his left shoulder, and, seeming to



speak to him in his ear, Master Peter straight interpreted: 'The ape, signior, says that part of those things are false and part of them true, and this is all he knows touching this demand; and now his virtue is gone from him, and, if you will know any more, you must expect till Friday next, and then he will answer you all you will ask, for his virtue will not return till then.'

'Law ye there!' quoth Sancho, 'did not I tell you that I could not believe that all you said of Montesinos' Cave could hold current?' 'The success hereafter will determine that,' quoth Don Quixote, 'for time, the discoverer of all things, brings everything to the sun's light, though it be hidden in the bosom of the earth. And now let this suffice, and let us go see the motion, for I believe we shall have some strange novelty.' 'Some strange one!' quoth Master Peter; 'this motion of mine hath a thousand strange ones. I tell you, signior, it is one of the rarest things to be seen in the world; "Operibus credite et non verbis," and now to work, for it is late, and we have much to do, say, and show.'

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and went where the motion was set and opened, all full of little wax-lights, that made it most sightly and glorious. Master Peter straight clapped himself within it, who was he that was to manage the artificial puppets, and without stood his boy to interpret and declare the mysteries of the motion; in his hand he had a white wand, with which he pointed out the several shapes that came in and out. Thus, all that were in the vent being placed, and some standing over against the motion, Don Quixote, Sancho, the scholar, and the page placed in the best seats, the *trudgeman*<sup>1</sup> began to speak what shall be heard or seen by him that shall hear or read the next chapter.

<sup>1</sup> 'El *Trujaman*, 'an interpreter amongst the Turks, but here taken for any in general.



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